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## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY PROF. H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I have read in some old, wondrous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguer'd the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flow'd between.

No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace;  
The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell  
Proclaim'd the morning prayer,  
The white pavillions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air!

Down the broad valley, fast and far,  
The troubled army fled:  
Uprose the glorious morning star,—  
The ghastly host was dead!

I have read in the wondrous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,  
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamp'd beside life's rushing stream,  
In fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,  
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the river of life between.

No other voice nor sound is there  
In the army of the grave—  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of life's wave.

But when the solemn and deep church bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell—  
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad vale of tears afar,  
The spectral camp has fled;  
Faith shineth as a morning star—  
Our ghastly fears are dead.

November, 1839.

VOL. V.—90

## ISLAND OF CANDIA.\*

The Island of Candia, the ancient Crete, is one of the most interesting regions, from its historical associations, which modern travellers can visit; and it is not less worthy of examination from its geographical position, its natural features, and from the influence, which, under happier auspices, it might exert upon the various countries that surround it. It is the largest of the islands of the Mediterranean, and yields to none of them in the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its climate. It is, indeed, pressed down by an iron government—that of Mehemet Ali; but it is to be hoped that this will either cease ere long, and allow the union of the island to the dominions of King Otho, or that such changes will be gradually introduced, as will be more conformable to the spirit of the age and the condition of the people. Accident led us to this island a short time since, but our personal observation was so limited, that we have little to tell, and no *hair-breadth escapes* to narrate to the reader. We were, however, successful enough to collect some valuable statistical information, concerning its condition and productions, from authentic sources, and we propose to communicate the result of our remarks, regretting, however, that circumstances will necessarily render these meager and imperfect.

A slight inspection of the map of the Mediterranean, will show the advantageous position of this valuable island. It stretches from Greece to Egypt, actually barring the approach to the Archipelago and the Levant, and to the immense and fertile regions, which seek their outlets through them. When it is recollected that these embrace almost all the Turkish possessions, the provinces subjugated by the Pasha of Egypt, the greater part of the new kingdom of Greece, and no inconsiderable portion of the Russian dominions, we shall be ready to agree, that Aristotle had just grounds for the opinion he advanced, that few situations were more favorable for the foundation of a great empire. It touches the Adriatic Sea on one side, and the Nile on the other—thus forming the door, which can open or shut the maritime intercourse between important portions of Europe, Asia and Africa, and the rest of the world. France particularly has not been indifferent to

\* In the October number of the Messenger, we promised to present our readers with an original article from the vigorous and classical pen of Mr. Cass, the present American Minister at Paris, and we take sincere pleasure in now redeeming that promise. An historical, geographical, and statistical account of so important an Island as Candia, or the ancient Crete, derived principally from the personal observation and research of a gentleman so well known in the republic of letters, as well as in political life, cannot fail to be deeply interesting to our readers. To express all the pleasure with which this able contribution to the Messenger has inspired ourselves, might, perhaps, somewhat invade the prerogative of others. We are, therefore, content earnestly to recommend its careful perusal, and to tender to Governor Cass our best thanks for the favor by which we have been distinguished.—[Editor Southern Literary Messenger.]

the military and commercial advantages of this position, and to the aid she might draw from it in her efforts to acquire an ascendancy upon the Mediterranean, as was sufficiently evinced by the military mission, entrusted to General Dumas, under the reign of Louis XVI. In the autobiography of that respectable man, interesting particularly to an American, from his personal participation, under Rochambeau, in the war of our revolution, is a curious narrative of his voyage to Crete, and a full account of the views of the French government in relation to the possession of the island. General Dumas examined the whole country minutely, and presented, on his return, an able report exhibiting all the facts necessary for the action of the ministry. But the elements of a great political change were then in operation in France, and a storm was gathering, which soon burst upon that country and upon Europe with a frightful violence, little favorable in its commencement to the realization of projects of distant aggrandizement. But the advantages of the island are too obvious to escape the statesmen of the present day; and Mr. Lamartine has very recently proposed at the French tribune—in a speech, not less remarkable for its apparent contempt of national faith and established rights, than from the consideration that it proceeded from an eminent author, whose writings abound with declamatory passages upon religion and morality—to take possession of Crete and to hold it as a permanent military station. He has been much less happy in demonstrating the justice of his project, than in exhibiting the value of the possession which he covets for his country. And in one of the latest works upon the East, which has issued from the English press, containing an account of Candia, the travels of captain Scott of the staff corps of the British army, there is a labored memoir, pointing out its value to Great Britain, and endeavoring to show that it is useless to the Pasha of Egypt, and that he would willingly cede it as the price of the recognition of the hereditary right of his family to his other territories.

When the reader recalls to his memory that Crete was the native country of the Titans, and of Saturn, of Jupiter, of Vesta, of Ceres, of Juno, of Neptune, of Pluto—all the latter occupying the most distinguished places in heathen mythology—of Minos, of Rhadamanthus, of Deucalion, and of Idomeneus; that in it were Mount Ida and the Labyrinth; that it was governed by the institutions of Minos, established originally by that lawgiver for its benefit; that it was celebrated for its hundred cities before the war of Troy; and that it sent to the memorable siege of that place eighty vessels, under its king Idomeneus, as we are told by the father of the *Epopœa*—

"Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.  
These marched, Idomeneus, beneath thy care  
And Merion dreadful as the god of war:"

When all this is brought before us, it is easy to comprehend that a very early state of civilization, and perhaps the occurrence of some extraordinary event, must have given great interest to this classic land in the fabulous and traditional periods of the world,—an interest, which the subsequent course of its history kept alive, and which has descended to our times as a tribute, that the present always owes to the glory and decadence of the past.

The vicissitudes of human power have never been more striking than in the moral, social, and political revolutions, which the progress of the history of this island exhibits to the observer. One of the cradles of civilization, remarkable in the earliest periods of the world for its contributions to the heathen mythology, to the systems of education and of legislation, and to many of the arts which minister to human comfort, it is not less remarkable for its political phases. It has been at times independent and subjugated, a monarchy, a republic, and a province. As a monarchy, it was governed by Minos, who is called by Hesiod the greatest of mortal kings. As a republic, it furnishes two lessons for the contemplation of all who are interested in the study of human nature. It never undertook an external offensive war—and its duration, which extended to one thousand years, exceeds that of any other republican government upon record. Happy will our country be, if in following this example, we shall be able to equal the Cretan republic in moderation, and to exceed it in longevity. From an independent nation, it has passed successively under the domination of the Romans, the Arabs, the Greeks, the Latins, the Venitians, the Turks, and last, of the Egyptians. Once the missionary field of St. Paul and the Bishopric of Titus, it is now divided between the Moslem faith and a degraded branch of the Greek church; and the only sign of vital religion it exhibits, is to be found among a little band of generous and devoted persons, who have brought back from the western continent, to this early seat of apostolic labor, the human means of reestablishing the primitive purity of the church, and who, with a few faithful disciples, have fixed their abode in a corner of the island, amid ignorance, fanaticism and ruin.

The slight allusion we have made to the early condition of this island, sufficiently evinces, that it is one of the regions to which a branch of the human family directed the course of its emigration, not long after the separation from the parent stock in the central portions of Asia. The origin, early progress of settlement, and increase of nations, precede the period of authentic history, and are lost in the darkness of that remote epoch. It is to be regretted, indeed, that the infancy of nations has passed under circumstances which have left us no authentic memorials of the most interesting portion of human history. It is difficult to conceive a more curious subject of observation and inquiry, than the first efforts of man to examine the world around him; to accommodate himself to the circumstances of his position; to learn how to provide for his animal wants; to proceed step by step from one result of his experience to another, till he attains a knowledge of his true condition and a sentiment of his real power, and to place himself at the head of that creation which he is destined to embellish and to govern. But it is useless to speculate upon these topics; the necessary facts have forever escaped us. Writers are, indeed, anxious to discover, in the mythological fables and in the gross traditional tales which have come down to us, a shadowing out of the events that actually passed at that remote period; and many a long day has been laboriously and we may add uselessly devoted to these investigations, equally uncertain in their process and profitless in their results. Unfortunately, we are often



so eager to find remote causes, that we overlook those which are more natural and obvious; and in all these investigations, nothing is allowed for the waywardness of the human intellect and the fantasies of the human imagination. The prototypes, therefore, of these legendary monsters, we are determined to seek in nature, rather than in that creative intellectual power, which is never more fertile than in those periods when it is the least regulated by study and knowledge.

The fabulous and traditional history of Crete abounds with illustrations of the preceding remarks. We need not recall them to the reader, because they cannot fail to be suggested by the simple enunciation of the names of the personages we have given, and whose renown occupies so large a space in the poetry and annals of the earlier ages. We pass over, therefore, the race and deeds of the Titans, and the celestial dynasty, descended from Saturn the eldest of them; the reign of Minos and the life of Rhadamanthus, who were so distinguished for their justice, that they were called to preside over the tribunals in the infernal regions; of the exploits of Theseus and the death of the Minotaur; and of the other marvellous incidents with which this period abounds, and pause a moment to survey the condition of the island when authentic history first makes it known to us.

It had then exchanged its monarchical for a republican government. Its executive, composed of ten magistrates, elected annually, performed similar functions to those of the Ephori at Sparta, and probably formed the model of the constitution of the latter. A council of twenty-eight senators, named for life, was a check upon the executive authority; but it is difficult to trace the respective limits of their power, or to ascertain how far a wise jealousy might be carried, before it degenerated into one of those political contests before which human freedom has so often fallen. Its duration of ten centuries is a shining proof of the wisdom of its practical operation; and antiquity vaunts the enlightened men and virtuous citizens it formed. It was praised by Plato and Strabo and copied by Lycurgus; it could have no higher eulogies. The notices which have come to us of its history and condition during this period are few and imperfect. It is evident, however, that the constitution of the island did not prevent internal dissensions; and different cities fought for superiority, with all those incidents attending their alternate ascendancy and subjugation, which mark the history of the Grecian republics, continental and insular. To him, who seeks the causes of the decline and fall of these little interesting states, nothing can appear more contemptible than their differences, perpetually succeeding one another, nor more insensate than the course of the governments and people, forever sacrificing their peace to the childish passions of the moment, and thus preparing the way for the memorable fate which overtook them. In all history there is no chapter more interesting to the friends of equal governments, than that which describes the jealousy and dissensions of the Grecian people—nor any lesson more instructive than is exhibited by their consequences. They displayed so many bright spots during their passage over the horizon, that their memory will never fail to attract the admiration of mankind. But they set in a dark and troubled night.

The Cretan archers and slingers were celebrated

among the ancient warlike nations, and they rendered essential services in the retreat of the ten thousand, and swelled the army of Alexander in its triumphal progress through Asia. The secret springs of the Cretan policy are unknown, and we cannot, therefore, determine what motives induced the people to join the Persians against the Greeks. But the part they took for Mithridates, brought them into contact with the Romans, then on their way to universal conquest, and furnished the cause or the pretext for their subjugation. War was declared against them, and Mark Anthony, the father of the Triumvir, attacked them, but was defeated, and a great part of his fleet taken. Rome could pardon a conquered people, but never a victorious one; and Metellus was sent to repair the disaster and to vindicate the honor of the Roman arms. He debarked upon the island without opposition; but the Cretans soon collected their forces and maintained a vigorous resistance with varied success for three years, diversified by a species of civil war among the invaders, in which a portion of their troops under Octavius joined the islanders. However, after the loss of a large portion of the inhabitants, and the destruction of several cities, the country was at length subdued and added to the list of subjugated nations.

It then became a Roman province, and its fate for ages was bound up with that of the great metropolis. In the division of the empire, it fell to the lot of the eastern Emperors, and seems to have been comparatively flourishing, till it was almost ruined by a remarkable earthquake in the reign of Valentinian I.

In 803 it became connected with the Spanish Saracens, whose romantic adventures furnish such an interesting episode in the history of the various kingdoms now composing the Spanish monarchy. One of those family disputes, which so often marked the progress of these Moorish adventurers, had broken out; and the unsuccessful party dreading the vengeance of their rivals, and determined not to submit to their authority, embarked under their leader and sailed over the Mediterranean rather as pirates than as legitimate warriors. Attracted by the riches of Crete, they landed upon the island, but too feeble to conquer it, they ravaged the coasts, and safely retired with their plunder. But, tempted by the wealth of the country and its weakness, they returned the next year with a more formidable armament, and landed their armed colony. They made an incursion into the interior, and when they returned to the shore, they found their fleet in flames, and comprehended, that they had before them either a conquest or a tomb. Their leader frankly avowed, that this bold measure was his own, and replied to their remonstrances, that he had brought them to a land flowing with milk and honey, to their true country, where they would find wives to recompense them for those they had left. The conqueror of Mexico, when he burnt his fleet and showed his soldiers that they had to choose between the enemy and the sea, had perhaps read this lesson in the history of the roving bands which his own country had sent forth. There are times when the rashest measures are the wisest, and it is the province of true genius to appreciate the circumstances, and to seize the favorable moment for decisive action, taking care to distinguish between the difficult and the impossible.

The Moslem leader reaped the reward of his bold enterprise. He defeated the armies which the Greek emperor, Michael, the stammerer, sent against him, and in less than three years established his domination over the island. He died some years later, and left to his successors a throne, the fruit of his wisdom and enterprise. The Saracens continued in possession of Crete about one hundred and thirty-eight years, when their power was utterly broken, and the country restored to the Greek empire. This union continued till 1204, when the western Europeans having conquered Constantinople, the gratitude or the policy of Baldwin, elected emperor, induced him to cede the island to the Marquis of Montferrat, one of the leaders who had aided in elevating him to his new dignity. The new possessor, however, wanting gold more than territory, sold his kingdom the same year to the republic of Venice, the merchant kings, who wielded equally the sword and the purse, ever ready to acquire from weakness or improvidence.

During four centuries and a half the Venitians retained possession of Candia, and marked their government by a wise and vigorous course of administration. They repelled the efforts of the Genoese and of the Turks to wrest it from them, and improved the condition of the inhabitants. Commerce was extended, the cities repaired, and traces of the prosperity of the country, at this period, have yet survived Turkish and Egyptian domination.

The power, wealth, and enterprise of the small republics of Italy, during the middle ages, furnish a fertile subject for contemplation. Their history places in prominent relief the advantages of freedom and of commercial industry; and Venice and Genoa, particularly, have left many monuments of their successful progress from the Adriatic to the sea of Asoph.

But a power had now arisen in the east, destined to alarm the western nations; and the lion of St. Mark was called upon to defend, by strenuous efforts, one of the most precious jewels in his ducal crown. In 1645 the Turks attacked the island, and landing with a formidable army, laid siege to the city of Canea. After a vigorous resistance this important place was taken, and the invaders extended their conquests in different directions. They had subjugated nearly half the island, when their progress was arrested by some of the bloody revolutions in the seraglio, which have so often stained the course of Turkish history. As the Moslem efforts relaxed, those of the Venitians were redoubled, and their fleets rode triumphant upon the Levant, and actually took possession of the island of Tenedos, which commands the entrance of the Dardanelles. But the fanaticism and perseverance of the Turkish character were never more strikingly displayed than in the progress of this long contest. They succeeded in retaining their hold in Candia, and though the siege of its capital was interrupted, and offensive operations suspended, still the Venitians could not expel them. The latter, tired with this bitter and expensive war, proposed, through the mediation of the French ambassador at Constantinople, to divide the island between themselves and their enemies; but the offer was indignantly rejected, and under such circumstances, that Louis XIV, wounded in his pride, broke with the Turks and joined himself to the Venitians. The

succors he furnished, though they delayed the final result, yet could not change it.

The Grand Vizier Kiuperli, one of the most celebrated warriors known in the Ottoman annals, was then at the helm of the Turkish government, and after repairing the disasters of his fleet, retook from the Venitians their late conquests, and pushed his operations in Candia. The city of Candia had already been invested during some years, when the Grand Vizier himself, in 1667, after the most formidable preparations, debarked upon the island, with large reinforcements and an immense supply of all the *materiel* of war necessary to the most vigorous prosecution of the siege.

Then commenced that death-struggle, for the possession of this important place, which arrested the attention of Europe, and which gave place to a series of the most romantic adventures in the whole history of human daring. The siege itself was the longest upon record. It continued uninterruptedly ten years. Tradition, indeed, has given to Troy a similar contest of equal duration. But there is little versimilitude in the general *contour* of the facts of the Trojan war; and imagination, rather than authentic history, has probably supplied us with the course of its operations. The conduct of the Greeks is utterly irreconcilable with the rudest principles of the art of war. Professing to attack a fortified city at some distance from the coast, they sit down upon the shore, and occasionally advance into the plain to meet the Trojans in the open field, or depart upon distant expeditions for the collection of prisoners and plunder. There were no lines of circumvallation, nor the slightest attempt to invest the city during almost the whole of the war. We looked carefully over the plain of the Troad, and whatever place may be selected for the site of the lost city, it is not the less obvious, that the hostile parties kept themselves at a respectable distance from each other, and that the country was as open to the Trojans as the sea to the Greeks. The theatre of operations was a level plain, enclosed between the ridges of Ida, the Archipelago, and the Hellespont, having in its front the small island of Tenedos. It required a more vigorous imagination than has fallen to our lot, to recognise in either of the little marshy streams which wind their way through it, the rivers so magniloquently described in the Iliad, and with epithets not inapplicable to our own Ohio and Mississippi. Indeed, the prestige of the plain and its associations was almost destroyed by our first access to the shore. At a little distance from the place of landing, upon a rising ground, we perceived a Turkish village—approached it, as well to gratify our curiosity, as to procure information. When almost upon the point of entering, a number of persons made violent gesticulations, which we could not understand; but on the arrival of our interpreter, who had fallen in the rear, we found the plague was raging there, and that the object of this friendly warning was to prevent our entrance. It was the fourth of July, when we roamed over this celebrated plain, recalling, at the same time, the birth of one of the youngest nations, and the death of one of the oldest.

But we must follow the struggles of the contending parties, under the beleaguered walls of Candia. The natural position of the city was strong, and its fortifications had been carefully improved, till it had become



one of the most powerful fortresses of the age, and it was defended by able and zealous officers, and by ten thousand men. And well it needed these advantages, for the Grand Vizier was a renowned warrior, and had invested the place with an army of eighty thousand men, and he had at his command the resources of a mighty empire. During more than two years the operations were carried on without intermission, and all the arts of attack and defence were mutually exhausted. Human life is nothing in a Moslem army; and the Turkish general sacrificed his soldiers without scruple, satisfied if he shed christian blood, and regardless at what expense. The fortifications were battered in breach and levelled; mines were exploded; trenches filled up, and assaults attempted. But christian fortitude still held out against Mahomedan fanaticism. The injuries were repaired as fast as made; and the most desperate attempts at escalade, led on by the Grand Vizier in person, were successfully met and repelled. The Pope was at length roused from inactivity or indifference, and began to regard with anxiety the prospect of the fall of one of the bulwarks of christendom before the Mahometan power. A crusade was preached—but alas! the times had changed, since Peter the Hermit excited the enthusiasm of Europe, and led the western nations to a long and terrible contest, as irrational in its objects, as it was fruitless in its results. However, many of the ardent youth of Europe, led away by a generous sympathy, embarked for Candia, and joined the Venitian forces; thus supplying, from time to time, the loss occasioned by disease and the sword. It was a period of peace, and many, who were desirous of military renown, coveted the glory of being taught in such a school. The engineers particularly sought this distinction,—and Vauban, among others, carried there the tribute of his experience.

Notwithstanding the generous ardor thus displayed, and the pertinacity of the defence, the Turks pressed on, and in the spring of 1669, after a series of desperate actions, succeeded in gaining possession of one of the principal outworks and reducing the fortifications almost to a heap of ruins. Candia approached its fall, when suddenly a French fleet, carrying seven thousand men, arrived to the aid of the defenders. They landed on the very eve of an intended final assault; but their presence dispirited the Turks, and the contemplated effort was abandoned. The French, however, could not consent to defend the city behind its ramparts. They immediately made a sortie, with all the ardor of their nation, and with all the enthusiasm inspired by the nature of the war in which they found themselves engaged. Their attack was so desperate and unexpected, that the Turkish army was thrown into immediate disorder and suffered a heavy loss. Had the assailants then retired, and coolly undertaken the defence of the place, the respect taught by this vigorous effort, and by the reinforcement itself, would probably have paralyzed the operations of the enemy, and might have led to the relief of the city. But the morning light disclosed the small number of the christians, and at the moment when these were upon the point of carrying the Ottoman entrenchments, a powder magazine belonging to the Turks blew up, and the French, fearing the whole ground was mined, retired in disorder,

leaving a large number dead upon the field, among whom was their general, the Duke of Beaufort.

This disaster sealed the fate of the unfortunate city, and with it the domination of the Venitians over the island. Disunion soon sprung up among the discordant materials composing the defence, and one after another, the volunteers, abandoned a task which appeared hopeless, and retired as they could to their respective countries. The Turks, concentrating their energy, and encouraged by these circumstances, made a vigorous assault, which ended in putting them in possession of one of the principal defences, and in opening to them a passage in the heart of the city. It was determined, therefore, to surrender; and a capitulation was entered into, which was followed by the withdrawal of the Venitians, and the establishment of the Turkish power over the island.

Since that period it has had its full share in the miseries entailed upon all the christian people subjected to the Mahometan yoke. The disasters, occasioned by this long contest, have never been repaired, and never will be, till the government of the island is in other hands.

It was divided into three Pashaliks, and subjected to three rapacious despots. In consequence of some internal dissensions between them, a band of the native mountaineers obtained permission to govern themselves. But this concession not being regarded with fidelity, frequent contests were the result, till in 1821, the Candiotes joined the other Greeks in their attempt to shake off the Turkish yoke. Not being able to subdue them, the Sultan ceded the island to Mehemet Ali, who soon obtained possession of it, and it yet forms an integral part of his dominions.

It was the 29th July, 1837, that emerging from the beautiful group of the Cyclades, we approached the ancient kingdom of Minos. We had run down from Constantinople with a favoring breeze and delightful weather, and had passed the various isles and islets which "crown" this glorious "deep," and which have been the theatres of events that will forever render them celebrated in the annals of mankind. All of them are small specks, hardly distinguishable upon the map of the world, and some of them are mere rocks; but there is a deathless interest attached to them, which time cannot annihilate, and which will survive all the revolutions, social or political, they are destined to undergo. This sentiment is a generous tribute to the dignity of human nature. It is not wealth, nor power, nor numbers, which impose upon the imagination. It is none of these, nor the memory of these, which bring the trans-atlantic pilgrim, from the bustle and business and enterprise of a new world, to contemplate these scenes of former civilization and of present decay. No! he renders his homage to a nobler idol—to the memory of genius, industry, advancement in civilization, progress in the arts and sciences, and the cultivation of whatever can best promote the interests of human nature.

We had passed by Lemnos, Tenedos, Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos, Scio, Delos, Syra or Syros, Paros, and the various other islands, which deck these seas, and whose names and history are familiar to the reader; and we had stopped at several of them to examine their condition and to run over their interesting remains.

The compression, if we may so speak, of scenes and events, within a narrow compass, and the powerful emotions which this short voyage is calculated to excite, may be appreciated by this striking fact, that at one point of our passage, we had in view at the same moment, Syra, Tinos, Andros, Delos, Mycone, Naxos, Paros, Antiparos, Siphanto and Serpho. We had passed in the distance the island of Patmos, the residence of St. John, and, if not the scene of the revelations made to him, the place where he wrote the Apocalypse which recorded them.

Our own internal seas present masses of water as large and some of them larger, than this "Egean deep," and abound with picturesque objects, almost unrivalled in the world. The entrance into Lake Superior, with the shores embosomed in woods, the high lands gradually opening and receding on each side, and the water, as clear as crystal, extending beyond the reach of the eye, forms one of the most striking displays of natural beauties it has ever fallen to our lot to witness. And a scene, almost equally impressive, though of a different character, attends the traveller who crosses the small arm of Lake Huron, between the island of Michilimackinac and the entrance of the straits of St. Marie, which communicate with Lake Superior. One bright summer morning we found ourselves making this passage, and as the sun displayed his disk above the water which surrounded us, we were surprised by a singularly interesting spectacle. We were accompanied by a fleet of three hundred Indian canoes, which had left Michilimackinac in the night, in order to make the passage, before the wind—which strengthens as the day advances—should render the voyage dangerous, for the frail birch vessels in which they navigate the rivers and lakes, that furnish them with so much of their subsistence. These Indians had made their usual annual visit to Michilimackinac, to sell their peltries and procure supplies of ammunition and clothing, and to talk over their public affairs with the representative of the government stationed there; at that time Mr. Schoolcraft, to whose worth as a citizen, and to whose exemplary conduct as a public officer, we are happy to have this opportunity of bearing testimony. They were returning in high spirits, having with them all their families, as is the usual custom of the Indians in these excursions, and having also a supply of the articles most necessary to enable them to contend with the hardships incident to their mode of life. The lake was perfectly smooth, the Indians animated, paddling with their utmost energy, and singing their various songs, with a strength of lungs which sent these far over the water. The whole display was full of life, and we recall it with the most pleasant emotions. But these scenes upon our Indian border, whether still or animated, are feeble in their effects upon the human mind, when compared with the impressions produced in the theatre where we were now moving. Distance, however, no where lends *enchantment to the view* more than here. But the nakedness of reality comes painfully to destroy some of these delusions on a near approach. All these islands are destitute of timber, naked as a vast prairie, but without one other point of resemblance. They are generally rocky, broken by ravines, and to the eye nothing can appear more sterile. The mode of culture, when

they are cultivated, is slovenly, the inhabitants indolent, the houses mean and dirty, and the towns and villages in a state of decay, and yet we visit them with the deepest interest. We visit them for what they have been, and in spite of what they are.

One of the most renowned is the little islet of Delos, or rather the two morsels of rock and earth known under that name, but separated by a narrow channel, furnishes the most striking illustration of these remarks, and the most complete picture of desolation, which even these regions exhibit. In our lonely walk amid its ruins, we did not meet a single human being. What a contrast between this almost frightful solitude and its former condition, when it was filled by busy crowds which inhabited it, or which continually flocked to it to worship at its temples, as the Jews went up to Jerusalem to render their devotions to the living God!

The sanctity of this chosen spot, is one of the facts best known in the history of ancient manners. It was the birth place of Apollo and Diana, and its three famous temples were dedicated respectively to the brother and sister and to their mother Latona. Their ruins yet attest the extent and splendor of these edifices; to the construction and embellishment of which the various states of Greece contributed with a generous spirit of rivalry, evincing the liberality of their disposition and the ardor of their religious faith. This island was holy ground, a place of refuge, where even enemies were friends when they met upon it. Livy relates an interesting anecdote upon this subject. A commission of Roman deputies going to Syria and Egypt were compelled to stop at Delos, where they found a number of galleys belonging to the kings of Macedonia and Pergamos at anchor, although these two princes were then at war. The historian adds, that the Romans, Macedonians, and Pergamians, met and conversed in the temple, as though they had been friends. The sanctity of the place suspended all hostilities.

In like manner, when the victorious Persian squadrons swept the Grecian seas, and landed detachments, which ravaged the other islands, the commander spared Delos, and even reproached the inhabitants for having quitted it upon his approach, adding, "Why have you quitted your dwellings, and thus marked the bad opinion you have of me? I am not your enemy by choice—and besides I am ordered by my king not to commit hostilities in a country, where two divinities were born, and to use no violence towards those who inhabit it. Return then, and resume possession of your houses and lands!"

And in this island, thus venerated, we saw, not the marbles actually in the process of being burnt into lime, but the pits where the lime had been made, and where, perhaps, some of the most beautiful works of antiquity had been prepared to form the mortar for a miserable cottage. It is said, that heretofore the inhabitants of Mycone rented this island from the Turkish government at the annual price of ten crowns! Such a picture admits no other trait.

As the last island of the *Ægean* group sunk in the horizon, Crete rose before us, extending east and west, and presenting its diversified shores to our view. The aspect was rugged, and the coast precipitous and iron-bound, while in the interior arose a range of mountains, upon whose summits the clouds were resting. We



steered for the bay of Suda, and entered it without accident, mooring our noble frigate in its quiet waters.

This bay is one of the most magnificent ports in the world, stretching inland about six miles, with a breadth of three, capacious enough to contain the most powerful navy, and with sufficient depth of water for any vessel that floats. Its entrance is narrow, and divided by two small islands, on one of which is a little fortress, completely commanding the approach. We were told that the commanding officer was a bon-vivant, who loved wine better than the Koran; and that the captain of one of our armed vessels, who was desirous of entering the harbor, but who was prevented by the new quarantine regulations, which Mehemet Ali has recently adopted, found his way to the Egyptian's heart through a bottle of champagne, who, disregarding the fear of the plague and the fear of the Pasha, dispensed with the sanitary precautions and admitted his new friend to *pratique* without hesitation. Whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the progress of the Turks in the manners of the western Europeans in other respects, there is none in this, that the higher classes are fast acquiring the habit of drinking wine, and some of them a much stronger liquid. The *penchant* of the late Sultan for this indulgence, was well known through the empire, and could not fail to produce by its example a powerful influence. Ibrahim Pasha is a confirmed toper; and if we should use a harsher word, we should probably convey to our readers a still juster idea of the extent to which he carries this habit. In Damascus, we found the table of the governor general of Syria loaded with wine; and his confidential friend and physician, a French gentleman, observed, significantly and jocose, that his patron had fifteen thousand books in his library. We did not need the arch look, which accompanied these words, to enable us to correct the errata; for books, read bottles of wine.

Still this practice is neither altogether general nor public, and we found that much prejudice was excited against those who indulged themselves too freely and openly. A respectable French officer, high in the confidence of the Pasha, has renounced christianity and embraced the Moslem faith. We found him in command of the ancient city of Sidon, and he is at this moment the second officer in the army of Ibrahim Pasha, which is defending the entrance of Syria against the Turks. His new religion must sit lightly upon him, and the devout Mussulmen do not appear to have much confidence in the faith of their proselyte. What sort of a follower of the prophet can he be? said they; he never goes to the mosque; he drinks wine and eats pork. The days of Turkish fanaticism are indeed past. The time has been, and not long since, when his turban would not have protected his neck from the scimitar or the bowstring.

The entrance of the bay of Suda is from the east, and beyond is a high projecting point, which completely shelters it from the sea. To the north and the south are rugged hills, but to the west the break between the ridges continues and forms a level valley, which opens in about two miles at the city of Canea. There are two small villages upon the bay, occupying the declivity of the southern range of hills. The scenery is not uninteresting, relieved by little orchards of olive trees,

that precious gift of Providence, whose production is so essential to the inhabitants of the east. The plain leading to Canea is covered with a light sandy soil, and abounds in water, which might be used for the purpose of irrigating the crops, but which is almost wholly neglected. There are some villages upon the route, and traces of a considerable population.

Canea occupies the site of the ancient Cydonia, the mother city of the island, renowned for its power and opulence, and which was the theatre of many interesting events in the history of Crete. But the modern town extends over a small part only of the ancient one.

It is not the political capital of the island, but it is the place of the greatest commerce—and this preëminence it owes to its position in the most fertile region, to its port, where vessels of three hundred tons can enter, and to its vicinity, being within two miles to the bay of Suda, which affords safe anchorage to the largest ships.

It was formerly strongly fortified by the Venitians, but a portion of the works have been demolished, and another portion is in a state of dilapidation. This neglect is of the less importance, as it is probable the future possession of the island will depend more upon the decision of diplomacy than upon military expeditions.

The harbor is small and obstructed by ruins, and not safe in a northern gale. The buildings are old and in a state of decay, and every thing shows that the hand of oppression has weighed heavily upon the wretched population.

Mehemet Ali has established a rigid police through his dominions. Whoever possesses sufficient knightherrantry to seek dangers, either for the sake of recording them, or from any higher motive, would waste his time if he stopped in either of the provinces subjected to the sway of the Egyptian Pasha. He chooses to be, through himself or his agents, the only oppressor in his government; a part, indeed, which he fulfils with admirable ability. But the traveller is safe, not only in his person, but he is generally protected from imposition and extortion. In traversing the island of Crete, he would have nothing to fear but the usual casualties of a journey and the fatigues to which he would be exposed by the state of the country and the manners of the inhabitants.

From the bay of Suda we sailed down the coast, passing Retimo, the third city in importance, after Candia and Canea, in the island. It was a place of much distinction in the time of the Venitians, and it is filled with the evidences of their power and wealth in every state of decay. It stands upon a low cape, but its harbor is not well sheltered, and the mole which formed it has been almost destroyed. The channel has been so filled up with an accumulation of sand, that no vessels drawing more than thirty tons can enter. Those of larger tonnage must remain in an open roadstead.

The population is about eight thousand, and its commerce is principally carried on with Greece and the islands of the Archipelago.

When we arrived at Candia, the capital of the island, we unfortunately found Mehemet Ali there, with a part of his fleet, anchored before the town. We say unfortunately, because he had just given, in his own person,

an example of submission to his quarantine regulations, which left us no hope of a relaxation in our favor, as we had visited a suspected port within the limited period. Not having, at our disposition, the time necessary to procure admission, we abandoned the island and bore up for the Holy Land.

The city of Candia presents rather an imposing aspect from the sea. In its rear is a range of mountains which extend through the island, and from amid which the snow-covered top of Ida is prominently distinguishable from the rest of the chain. In the distance the city is thrown with beautiful effect against this ridge, though in fact it is surrounded by a considerable plain. The mountains, however, diminish much in height and the chain is almost interrupted, so that the gaps furnish convenient routes for traversing the island from north to south. The plain extends to the base of the ridge from which Ida projects.

The city contains about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants. It has a mole and a small port for vessels of light burthen; but for those of greater depth of water, it affords no protection but an open roadstead. It presents the aspect of an old Venitian town, rather than that of a Turkish one. The streets are wide and paved, but in a rough manner. There are some fountains, and occasional rows of trees, which produce an agreeable effect. The fortifications are nearly in the state the Venitians left them, somewhat repaired, in the most necessary places, but generally dilapidated. The guns are old and apparently unserviceable, almost as dangerous to the possessors as to their enemies. The bazaars are tolerably well supplied, and on the whole there is an agreeable air of business and neatness in the city, presenting a favorable contrast to the general aspect of Turkish towns.

The island of Candia extends about one hundred and sixty miles from east to west, and about thirty from north to south in its widest part. It is divided by a ridge of mountains, running longitudinally through the island, and separating the northern from the southern part. Towards the centre, this ridge is less elevated and precipitous, and communications from one coast to the other have been easily established; but elsewhere the passage is more difficult and the aspect of the interior more savage. The roads, or rather passes, have been wholly neglected, and are now tedious and dangerous. Wheel carriages are unknown, and the transportation of the productions to the coast forms an important portion of their cost to the purchaser. Frequently the solid masonry of the old Venitian bridges has survived the roads they were intended to connect, and evince the former flourishing condition of the country. There are no rivers—the streams descending from the mountains not deserving that name—but springs and rivulets are abundant, and under happier auspices might be employed in irrigating the fields. But, alas! the country presents almost one scene of desolation. It is well known that the olive is a tree of slow growth, requiring many years to reach maturity and to produce its fruit. The ruthless Turks have cut down a large portion of these trees, the work of centuries, and thus extended their vengeance to succeeding generations. We found the same result elsewhere in the east, wherever in fact man had arrayed himself against man. The first act of oppression is to cut

down the olive trees around a village, and then the labor of destruction is almost complete, for the miserable hovels are not worth the trouble of demolition. The plain from Athens to the Piræus was heretofore a magnificent olive orchard, but now its superb trees have almost disappeared, leaving scattered individuals to attest its former magnificence. With a little bread and a few olives a Greek soldier performs his duties and cheerfully encounters the painful marches over the rugged paths through his country. And the Greek peasant is happy, if he can provide a scanty supply of this favorite food for his wife and children. We were told at Athens of a curious division of property, by which, frequently, the ground belonged to one man, the tree to another, and the product to a third. We were also told what was the principle by which these respective rights were regulated and the rent of the owners secured. But we have no space for its development.

About twenty miles from the city of Candia, at the base of Mount Ida, is the cavern so celebrated under the name of the Labyrinth. It is in the vicinity of the site of the ancient city of Gortyna, whose remains yet attest its former power and opulence. The credulity of the ancients and their predisposition to the marvellous, are in nothing more remarkable than in the fabulous recitals concerning this "Big Cave," as it would be called in Kentucky, and the exaggeration of many modern travellers has been scarcely less marked, and is certainly much less excusable. That it was originally a natural cavern in a soft limestone rock, there is no doubt. Many of the chambers and passages have been increased by the hand of man. And the wonder is not that this should have been done, and this subterranean asylum occasionally resorted to by the inhabitants of the neighboring regions; but that in an enlightened age, doubts should have been elevated into mystery, and much learned *charlatanism* employed to envelope a very plain subject with difficulties. When the proximity of the city of Gortyna is recollected, and the contests in which it was involved for ages, together with the general state of insecurity, which has often prevailed upon this island, what more natural than that the inhabitants should occasionally seek refuge for themselves and their property in this secluded cavern, so difficult to be discovered and so easy to be defended; or, that in a succession of ages, the natural fissures in the rock should have been enlarged, and the whole work rendered more capacious and more comfortable? We are persuaded that this is the natural solution of all the mystery attending this subject. As to the story of the Labyrinth, and the thousand fables connected with it, they do not merit a moment's serious consideration, except so far as they furnish materials for an interesting chapter in the history of human nature; evincing on the one hand the fertility of the imagination, and, on the other, the extent to which credulity may be carried, either in an implicit belief in a monstrous fable, or in a more chastened faith, seeking the materials in bygone events, and gravely endeavoring to account for the violations, not only of probability, but of possibility, by combining some allegorical mystery with traditional facts.

One cannot but be struck with the resemblance between this cavern, and those to be found in the limestone regions of Kentucky. The description of the former is absolutely applicable to the latter, leaving not



the slightest doubt but that they owe their origins to the same common causes. If the traditions of the aboriginal inhabitants of Kentucky had been preserved, it may be that they would have furnished us a story quite as interesting as the adventures of Theseus and the destruction of the Minotaur. And if they had found a record as lasting and as beautiful as the Roman poet has bequeathed to posterity, we might not have envied the Cretan wonder the description of its

"Parietibus textum cœcis iter, ancipitemque  
Mille viis habuisse dolum"——

in the time of the Greeks.

It is estimated that Crete contained twelve hundred thousand inhabitants. In the mutation of its fortunes, these have been successively reduced, so that under the government of the Venitians, they did not reach one million; but the diminution was frightfully accelerated by the Turkish yoke, which, with its accustomed destructive power, had brought this number down to about two hundred and eighty thousand before the commencement of the Greek revolution; and at present it does not exceed one hundred and seventy thousand, of whom one hundred and thirty thousand are Greeks and forty thousand Mahometans. The state of the population in former ages is sufficiently indicated by the accounts which are given of its hundred cities,

"Centum urbes habitant magnas"——

and the epithet even which Homer applies to it, "*Creta Hecatompolis*," marks the progress it must have made at that early period in the elements of wealth and power. And though this number of one hundred may have been rather a round one than numerically exact, still no doubt can exist, but that there were a great number of important towns in this island, towards the commencement of authentic history. Pliny, after enumerating nearly twenty cities upon the coast and as many in the interior, all existing in his time, adds, that the memory of sixty others was still preserved. The renown which the island enjoyed among the ancients, for its fertility and the mildness of its climate, is well borne out by these evidences of its adaptation to the support of a dense population.

The repulsive effects of Turkish conquest upon the countries subdued by the Mahometans, is one of the distinctive traits of their religious and social institutions. Among other nations there is a slow but gradual tendency towards amalgamation between the invaders and the invaded; and generally in a succession of ages, the peculiar characteristics of each are so softened, if not annihilated, that the original differences disappear and cease to produce any effect upon the new society. Not so with the followers of Mahomet. Their fanaticism never slumbers, and their religious dogmas raise an impassable barrier between themselves and the inhabitants of the countries overrun by them. It is a cardinal principle, not only of their policy but of their faith, that all the people they subdue, have justly forfeited their lives; and it is a practical corollary, that whether these shall be spared or not is a simple question of expediency. The English law is not the only one which delights in fictions; the Turkish code contains at least one of these subtle contrivances, by which results are obtained not originally contemplated by the lawgiver. When the conquered Rayahs are

freed from military execution, this exertion of Mussulman mercy is not a pardon but a reprieve. The penalty always hangs over them, and is ransomed from year to year by a tax, constituting a considerable item in the Turkish budget. Every person in the Turkish empire, not a Mahometan, pays this yearly contribution, under the pretence of its being due to the Sultan for his clemency in permitting the infidel dog to live under the shadow of his throne during another year.

As to intermarriages between the professors of Moslemism and christianity, this mode of uniting the races is impossible, because every such union is punishable with death, and the most sedulous attention seems to have been exerted in other respects to preserve the same system of separation. The Turk adopts a peculiar costume, one, which till lately, has not changed, and which has probably been unvaried since the days of Abraham; and he prescribes, if not all the costume, at least a part of it, which his conquered subjects shall wear. In courts of justice the christian's statement is valueless, and he has little to hope from a legal controversy with a fellow subject of the favored caste. The cardinal principle of the Turkish polity seems to have been, that a Mahometan is made to govern and a christian to submit; and this principle has been carried out in all the various forms that a complicated state of society presents. We say *has been*, because great changes have come over the Turkish institutions and greater yet seem to be in progress.

At this moment, in the island of Crete, the condition of the Mahometans, if not actually worse than that of the Greeks, promises less melioration. The former are generally all poor, with the exception of a few rich Agas. Before the revolution they were Janissaries, and were maintained by their privileges and by the taxes and extortions wrung from the latter. But now this redoubtable order is suppressed, and its remains, driven to their own resources, are barely able to procure the necessaries of life. Their number is in a state of rapid declension; while the Greeks, relieved from some of the oppressions which weighed them down, and finding their industry better rewarded, and their acquisitions better protected, are gradually advancing in improvement. Our intelligent informant told us, that four years ago scarcely a house was standing or a field cultivated; but that now the signs of prosperous industry began to meet the eye of the traveller in different parts of the island.

The principal agricultural product of Crete is the olive. It gives the most profitable return; though, at present, from the dearth of labor, it is estimated that more than one-fifth of the olive trees are neglected; laborers not being found to gather the fruit. Wheat is also a staple article, but unfortunately the province of Messara, heretofore most devoted to its culture, was one of the districts which suffered most from the revolution; and this circumstance, with the general depression of agriculture, has led to such a diminution in the supply, that large quantities of this article have been imported for consumption. However, the culture begins to revive.

The same causes have operated to depress the production of another of the staple articles of Crete—that of wine. The soil and climate are favorable to the growth of the vine, and several species of grape have

been cultivated, producing different kinds of wine much esteemed, and which were formerly in demand for exportation. But the supply is now restricted to the domestic consumption; though, as agriculture and manufactures revive, there is little doubt but that this branch of industry will be again cultivated with success.

Crete produces the following articles for exportation:

*Oil.*—Which is peculiarly adapted from its quality to the manufacture of soap, though the quantity varies greatly from year to year.

*Silk.*—Of a superior quality, but in small quantities.

*Raisins.*

*Honey.*—Highly esteemed through the east.

*Chesnuts.*—An important article of consumption in these regions. Those of Crete are in much demand through the Archipelago.

*Cheese.*—Formerly Crete possessed large flocks of sheep, and there was manufactured from their milk a cheese, known under the name of sphakian, esteemed through the east. The troubles in the island led necessarily to the diminution of the flocks, but they are now increasing, and cheese is again becoming an article of exportation.

*Whetstones.*—Said to be of excellent quality.

*Carobs.*

*Vallonea.*

*Almonds.*

*Soap.*—The habits of the eastern nations lead to a great consumption of soap. Their ablutions are frequent; and preferring fingers to knives and forks, they find themselves obliged, after eating, to wash with soap and water. We have often admired the dexterity with which the servants manage this ceremony. The water is always poured from a vessel with a spout, resembling one of our coffee pots, upon the hands, which are held over a basin, and the operation is a very comfortable one, while the habit itself of personal neatness is conducive to health.

Crete possesses many manufactories of soap, and this article, which is of an excellent quality, is exported to all the countries in the Levant. Olive oil is used in its manufacture. The silks of Crete go to Trieste; the raisins to Tunis, Malta, and Trieste; the carobs to Malta, Genoa, and Constantinople; the vallonea to Trieste; and the almonds to the Black Sea. The other articles of produce principally to Turkey.

Crete imports from the Adriatic Gulf boards and nails, now much wanted for the construction and repair of houses,—from Germany and England, cloths, cottons, calicoes, &c. A few articles of American manufacture find their way there indirectly. Colonial products, coffee, rum, sugar, &c., are supplied by Trieste, Marseilles, and Malta; leather by Leghorn and Russia; iron by Trieste; corn, when necessary, by the Black Sea, Macedonia and Anatolia; rice by Alexandria and Piedmont; butter by Africa; and cod fish by France.

The commercial relations of Crete are principally with Syra and Trieste, which serve as entrepôts, whence the articles required are imported, from time to time, in small quantities.

The pre-existing commercial regulations through the Turkish empire must undergo great changes in consequence of the treaties recently negotiated by France and England at Constantinople. The principles will

no doubt be extended to all other nations. If faithfully executed, the odious monopoly established by Mehemet Ali in Egypt will be abolished, and that unfortunate country delivered from one of the heaviest oppressions under which it labors. But the Pasha is shrewd, avaricious and unprincipled; and he may find the means to render abortive all the efforts of the commercial interest of western Europe, to open its natural channels to the trade of Egypt. This system of monopoly, the last and worst contrivance of vice regal cupidity, has not found its way into Crete. The Egyptian merchant—for the Pasha is the only free merchant in his metropolitan country—has yet spared his conquered provinces this infliction. He may be waiting the firmer consolidation of his power and the final settlement of the questions pending between him and his nominal sovereign, but actual rival, the Sultan. His recent victory near Aleppo, and the death of his personal enemy Mahmoud, and the consequent stirring events, which at the moment we are writing are going on in the east, seem to assure to him the great object of his ambition—the establishment of an independent and hereditary government in his family.

The import and export trade of Crete is fettered with few impositions, and many other countries might draw a profitable lesson in political economy from Turkish and Egyptian moderation. The goose is allowed to lay its golden egg daily, without the fear of death to extract from it the precious deposit, and thus, in the fallacious hope of immediate acquisition, to sacrifice both present and future. The duties of entrance and clearance are three per cent, without any addition for coastage transportation. There is neither tonnage nor wharfage nor light-house duty, and the pilotage is in fact whatever the vessels please to pay, for the regular allowance is but three piastres, say fifteen cents. As to manifests, and all the machinery of custom house security against frauds, the Cretan regulations make short work of them. The captain or merchant interested in the importation or exportation, makes his declaration at the custom house, and the affair is finished.

The Mahometan governments meddle but little with foreigners living within their dominions. As long as these refrain from any acts compromising the public peace, they are left to the jurisdiction of their own consuls. This jurisdiction is aided, if necessary, by the local police, and the consuls are vested with very extensive and summary powers over their fellow countrymen. If a foreigner commits an offence against the peace of the island, he is delivered to his proper consul, who tries and punishes him agreeably to the laws of his own country. Formerly, whenever an injury was committed by a foreigner, a tax or *avanie* was levied upon the whole body of foreigners, and a fund thus raised, by which the innocent paid for the crimes of the guilty. But all this is changed, and not only has the tax disappeared, but the offender is referred, as we have seen, to the jurisdiction of his own consul. The subjects of the new kingdom of Greece are yet liable to some vexatious restrictions, the result of the feeling inspired by recent events, and perhaps by the relations of language, religion and manners, which connect them with the great body of the Cretan people. But these precautions will gradually disappear, and the Greeks be



admitted fully to participate in the freedom enjoyed by other foreigners; which, in fact, amounts almost to immunity.

The average annual importations of Crete are estimated at 25,300,000 piastres, equal to \$1,265,000, and the exportations at 22,500,000 piastres, equal to \$1,125,000. The number of vessels which entered in 1837 was 717, with a total tonnage of 30,532 tons, and manned by 4,992 men. The number which cleared during the same year was 730, with a tonnage of 31,629 tons, and with crews amounting to 5,577 men.

The revenues of the island for the same year are exhibited in the subjoined statement:

	Piastres.
Taxes on agricultural produce,	4,850,000
Rent paid in kind by the farmers of the government lands,	500,000
Capitation tax,	890,000
Duties on oil exported,	1,050,000
Duties on soap exported,	705,000
Duties on other exports,	120,000
Custom house duties on goods imported,	210,000
Duties on agricultural produce, paid at the gates of the several cities, equivalent to the active duties of France,	180,000
Duties on certain articles to defray the expenses of the cities,	171,000
Receipts from courts of justice,	150,000
Receipts from lazarettos,	100,000
	8,926,000

Equal to \$446,340.

The expenditures during the same year were as follows:

Salary of the governor,	2,200,000
Pay, rations, &c., of the Arab troops,	3,500,000
Pay, rations, &c., of 1,300 Albanians, irregular troops,	3,500,000
Salaries of the members of the three councils, and incidental expenses,	600,000
Salaries of the treasurer, clerks, &c.,	120,000
Salaries of the members of the courts of justice, and the officers of the custom house,	100,000
Salaries of those employed to collect the taxes imposed on certain articles to defray city expenses,	120,000
Salaries of officers of the lazaretto, and incidental expenses,	70,000
	7,910,000

Equal to \$395,500.

We annex as a statistical curiosity the following abstract of the extraordinary expenditures made by Mehemet Ali in Candia, since the island came into his possession; a portion of which, were for works of internal improvement.

	Piastres.
For building at Candia a small lazaretto, where vessels with clean bills of health only are received,	30,000
Do. do. at Retimo,	20,000
Do. do. at Spinalonga,	20,000
Do. do. at Lontia,	15,000
Do. do. do.	65,000
Amount carried up,	150,000

	Piastres.
Amount brought up,	150,000
For building a lazaretto at Suda, where all vessels are received, coming with foul bills of health, and infected or suspected merchandize,	1,146,500
Repairing and partly clearing port of Retimo,	171,500
Repairing the port of Candia,	575,000
Repairing the fortress of Canea,	280,000
Repairing the fortress of Carabonsa,	65,000
Repairing the arsenal at Canea,	50,000
Repairing the fortress at Suda,	50,000
Cost of machinery for clearing port of Canea,	380,000
Cost of an aqueduct at Candia,	305,000

(Equal to \$166,150.)

3,323,000

When the allied powers of Europe interfered efficaciously for the establishment of the kingdom of Greece, considerations of policy prevented the annexation of Candia to the new state; to which union it was called by the wishes of its inhabitants, whose language, associations and interests connected them with their brethren of the same stock, the descendants and remains of the subjugated eastern empire. However, the island was not restored to the Turks, but was secured to Mehemet Ali, in whose possession indeed it had been for some time. He was required to govern it without the imposition of any new taxes; a condition which, if faithfully observed, would go far to defeat one of the principal objects of Mahometan governments—which is to wring from the wretched population all the money that power can procure and poverty furnish. In the present constitution of the island, it is governed by a Pasha, whose authority is in fact unlimited, but whom the policy of the Vice Roy has surrounded with some institutions having the appearance of a representative character. And though no usefully practical result, to any great extent, has yet been obtained, because the elements of administrative knowledge are sparsely scattered among the Turkish population, still the experiment is an interesting one, and it is to be hoped it will be continued, and lay the foundation of a gradual melioration in the political institutions of the island. The whole country is divided into twenty cantons, each of which sends two members to their proper municipal council. There are three of these councils—one at Candia, one at Retimo, and one at Canea. One of the deputies from each canton is a Greek, and the other Turk; though this regulation has not been invariably observed, in consequence it is said of the difficulty of finding competent persons. But there is a singular difference in the application of this charge of incompetence; one of our authorities referring it to the Greeks and the other to the Turks. These councils have a legislative as well as a judicial power. They frame the laws and try and punish the breaches of them. But the pain of death cannot be inflicted without the approbation of the governor. In addition to these duties, they have important administrative powers, such as the enforcement of the regulations concerning the public health, the fixing of the price of provisions, the superintendence of the public works, &c. "The deputies receive a trifling salary, and being rather nominated by the governor than elected by the people, cannot be supposed to be very independent."

We cannot close this sketch without acknowledging

our obligation to Mr. Bonnal, the consul of the United States at Canea. His long residence in the island, together with his general information, gives great authenticity to his statements, and he seems as eager to communicate as the traveller is to collect. He enjoys a high reputation at Canea, and deservedly so, and is a most worthy representative of our country in that remote place. We know no subject in the legislation, connected with our external relations, which demands more prompt and urgent attention than the situation of our consular establishments, more particularly those placed in Mahometan countries. Almost every where, indeed, the office of American consul is little better than an eleemosynary employment. Scattered over the globe, and stationed at all the interesting commercial points, these officers are dependent upon casual fees—altogether, except in a very few instances, inadequate to their support. On the continent of Europe, at some of the consulates, these fees are principally composed of charges upon the American traveller for the *visa* of his passport; that is, for the certificate of the consul, under his official seal, that he has examined the passport—an indispensable ceremony—without which the traveller would find his journey arrested by the police. But this tax is paid with much reluctance, and in fact ought to be abolished. But a substitute, however, should be immediately provided by law in an annual fixed allowance. And, what is still worse, many indispensable expenditures made by the consuls are left without being remunerated, because there is no legal provision for their allowance.

There is a little American mission at Canea, at the head of which is Mr. Benton—a worthy man—devoting himself zealously to the task he has undertaken, principally the education of youth. He has met with some difficulties from the local authorities, but we understand these are yielding to a better knowledge and a more correct appreciation of his motives and objects, and we could scarcely invoke for the island a more interesting institution than the firm establishment of this missionary undertaking.

No American can meet these little bands of pilgrims, which his country now sends forth to every benighted portion of the world, without an emotion of pride and patriotism as pure as it is profound. With a devotion at once ardent and enlightened, these generous apostles of religion, morality and education, gird themselves up to their task, and abandoning their native land with all it offers, go forth to regions, marked by ignorance, intolerance and misery as their own. They go indeed under the star-spangled banner, but it is neither to gather riches nor to carry war. Higher and holier sentiments impel them to the journey, and support them in the trials they are called upon to encounter. It was our good fortune to visit several of these establishments in the east, and we found that their inmates had conciliated the respect of the native inhabitants and were laying the foundation of future usefulness. These green spots in the moral desert are indeed refreshing, and doubly so to an American, as tributes of the generous zeal of his country to these regions of early civilization. We sincerely hope they may continue to multiply and flourish, and that the fructifying streams from the western continent which give them nourishment, may not fail in their supplies.

## THE WATER.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

How beautiful the water is!  
 Didst ever think of it,  
 When down it tumbles from the skies  
 As in a merry fit?  
 It jostles, ringing as it falls,  
 On all that's in its way—  
 I hear it dancing on the roof,  
 Like some wild thing at play.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout  
 And gushing out below;  
 A happy thing the water is,  
 While sporting thus, I know.  
 The earth is dry, and parch'd with heat,  
 And it hath long'd to be  
 Releas'd from out the selfish cloud,  
 To cool the thirsty tree.

It washes, rather rudely too,  
 The flowret's simple grace,  
 As if to chide the pretty thing  
 For dust upon its face.  
 It scours the tree, till every leaf  
 Is freed from dust or stain,  
 Then waits till leaf and branch are still'd  
 And showers them o'er again.

Drop after drop, is tinkling down,  
 To kiss the stirring brook,  
 The water dimples from beneath  
 With its own joyous look—  
 And then the kindred drops embrace,  
 And singing, on they go,  
 To dance beneath the willow tree,  
 And glad the vale below.

How beautiful the water is!  
 It loves to come at night,  
 To make you wonder in the morn  
 To see the earth so bright;  
 To find a youthful gloss is spread  
 On every shrub and tree,  
 And flowrets breathing on the air,  
 Their odors pure and free.

A dainty thing the water is,  
 It loves the flowret's cup,  
 To nestle mid the odors there,  
 And fill its petals up—  
 It hangs its gems on every leaf,  
 Like diamonds in the sun;  
 And then the water wins the smile,  
 The flowret should have won.

How beautiful the water is!  
 To me 'tis wondrous fair—  
 No spot can ever lonely be,  
 If water sparkles there—  
 It hath a thousand tongues of mirth,  
 Of grandeur, or delight;  
 And every heart is gladder made,  
 When water greets the sight.



## RETURN TO DELAWARE.

Oh! bright to my eye was the billow that burst,  
In distance, on Delaware's green, shady shore;  
For there in the cradle of liberty nurs'd,  
In childhood, my country I learned to adore.

Land of the beautiful! land of the brave,  
The gifted and glorious, the favored and free!  
Oh! death to the dastard, and chains for the slave,  
Who'd refuse to preserve, or perish with thee.

Green home of my youth, still as bright to my eyes  
Are thy flowery fields, and cloud-covered hills!  
And bright as the sunlight, that lumines thy skies,  
Is the light in my mind, which fond memory fills.

Now brighter and brighter, yon dim shore appears—  
'Tis the halcyon of hope, 'tis the beacon of bliss;  
And Affection has opened her deep fount of tears,  
For, oh! there's no home so happy as this.

In fancy I see the gay beautiful bower,  
Where the minstrel to woman in boyhood sung;  
Where adorned by her hand with a fanciful flower,  
The harp of his happy heart often has hung.

Sweet land of philosophy, land of the fair,  
A prodigal son I return to thy shore;  
To the home of my childhood I fondly repair,  
To wander away from thy pleasures no more.

MILFORD BARD.

## CURRENTE-CALAMOSITIES:

TO THE EDITOR.

By the Author of "The Tree Articles."

NO. XI.

## MY BOOKS UNPACKED.

I resume my pen, this month, still surrounded by my unpacked library, which is not yet quite set up, however. We, dear reader, like learned Bellario and the fair Portia, in the play, will yet "turn o'er many books together," before all is set "to rights;" and, in the meantime, take we up, as promised last month, this edition of BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, which opens at the mark we left, with the TRAGEDY OF "VALENTINIAN."

Of all the works of this literary copartnership I think I have been most pleased, upon a careful perusal, with this play. It bears the name of Fletcher alone, and was first printed in the year 1647. I do not award it so high a meed of praise as a mere dramatic production; for its plot is irregular and ill-contrived, and it seems to inculcate no very important general moral. But as a poem, it is unrivalled by any other work of its authors. The introduction of the Emperor's parasites opens the way for many indelicate allusions: yet, in this respect, the play, compared with others, is certainly among the least exceptionable.

A general murders his best friend, for trying to prevent his revolt, in revenge for the rape of his wife by the Emperor, Valentinian. That monarch is poisoned by a

servant of this friend; and Maximus assumes the purple, is married to Eudisia, the relict of Valentinian, and is put to death by her, she believing him false. But, as I have already said, the play derives no interest from its plot, but from the general tone and style of its poetical execution, and the deep knowledge of all the phases, and all the workings of the human heart, which is manifested throughout the whole, by its authors.

The meeting of Decius, Maximus, and Lucina, after the visit to the Emperor, affords a scene of great power; the concealment of his indignation, by Maximus,—his bitter agony from a breaking heart,—his terribly passionate and scornful irony, make the reader shudder and weep, at once.

The first extract I shall make, (and in quoting, I shall entirely disregard the course of the story,) is a description of Lucina (the wife of Maximus,) by Chilax, a pander to Valentinian, who had been employed to carry her off. He is addressing the Emperor:

"She has in her—

All the contempt of glory, and vain seeming  
Of all the stoics: All the truth of christians,  
And all their constancy. *Modesty was made*  
*When she was first intended: When she blushes,*  
*It is the holiest thing to look upon:*  
*The purest temple of her sect that ever*  
*Made Nature a bless'd founder."*

And another heartless pander to the monarch's unholy lust thus strikingly paints her:

"I ask'd her,

After my many offers, walking with her,  
And her as many down-denials, how  
If the Emperor, grown mad with love, should—  
'Stop,' said she,  
And pointed to a Lucrece that hung by,—  
And with an angry look, that from her eyes  
Shot vestal fire against me,—she departed!"

This is certainly "a gem of purest ray serene." Ardelia and Phorba, courtezans, are employed by Valentinian's wicked tools, to aid in this despicable plot against Lucina, who thus addresses them:

"If ever ye had fathers, and they, souls;  
If ever mothers, and not such as you are;  
If ever any thing were constant in you,  
Besides your sins, or common but your curses;  
*If ever any of your ancestors*  
*Died, worth a noble deed, that should be cherished;*  
*Soul-frightened with this black infection,*  
You'd run from one another to repentance,  
And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins,  
That made ye blind and beasts!"

To this heart-searching appeal Ardelia only remarks,

"So godly!

This is ill-breeding, Phorba!"

Valentinian says to Decius, his general,

"Take heed! you were better

Build your own tomb, and run into it, living,  
Than dare a prince's anger."

Maximus thus addresses his wife, Lucina, after the hellish design of Valentinian had been forcibly accomplished:

"Go, Lucina!

Already in thy tears, I have read thy wrongs:—  
Already found a Cæsar. Go, thou lily,  
Thou sweetly-drooping flower! Go, silver swan,  
And sing thine own sad requiem! Go, Lucina,  
And, if thou dar'st, outlive this wrong."

Can any thing be more fine than this? And again;  
Lucina speaking of Valentinian says, forcibly,—

"And when he weeps, as you think, for his vices,  
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,  
That rot their honest neighbors."

Here is a song from the last act; the beauty of the language, the smoothness of the rhythm, and the imaginative tenderness of which are peculiarly striking.

"Care-charming Sleep thou easer of all woes,  
Brother to Death,—sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince: fall, like a cloud,  
In gentle showers: give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumbers: easy, sweet,  
And, as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses: sing his pain  
Like hollow-murmuring wind, or silver rain.  
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride."

Who, of all the poets, has transcended this? Lucina had resolved to follow the illustrious example of that Roman matron Lucretia, if like her's the alternative was to be life with dishonor, or death; and her own husband, Maximus, as we have seen, had strengthened her in this stern purpose by bidding her, like a silver swan, to go, and sing her own sad requiem. She is dishonored, and then dies by her own hand. Valentinian, her royal ravisher, then says to his parasites,

"She is not dead—wake her!  
She sleeps!

"Licinius. We are no gods, sir!  
If she be dead, to make her new again!

Valentinian. She cannot die! She must not die! Are those  
I plant my love upon but common livers?  
Their hours, as others', told them? Can they be ashes?  
Why do you flatter a belief into me,  
That I am all that is? 'The world's my creature;  
The trees bring forth their fruits, when I say "Summer!"  
The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness,  
At my command moves not a leaf: the sea,  
With his proud mountain-waters, envying heaven,  
When I say "Still!" runs into crystal mirrors?—  
Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles!  
That with my least breath break, no more remembered:  
Ye moths! that fly about my flame, and perish:  
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honors,  
Living no longer than my spring of favor;—  
Why do ye make me God, that can do nothing?  
Is she not dead!"

Here is a masterly description of honest poverty, exulting in its superiority over hypocritical and empty greatness: it is addressed to one of the minions of court-favor, by Pontius, a centurion, who had been cashiered by one of the Emperor's generals.

"I am poor,  
And may expect a worse; yet digging, pruning,  
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,

Planting of worts and onions,—any thing  
That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather choose!  
(Ay! and live better on it, which is juster!)  
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,  
When my endeavor's done, and wages paid me,  
Than you do, wine: eat my coarse bread not cursed,  
And mend upon it:—(your diets are diseases:)  
And sleep as soundly, when my labor bids me,  
As any forward pander of ye all,—  
And rise a great deal honest! My garments,  
Though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire,  
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,  
When every single breath of poor opinion  
Finds you through all your velvet!"

The character of old Decius, the victim to the monarch's cruelty, and a martyr to "as much goodness as could die, and excellence as could live," is finely drawn. The following extracts are from his dying speech, addressed to one of his friends, Phidias:

"This I charge ye,  
(Because ye say, ye loved old Decius aye:)  
See my poor body burned: and let some sing  
About my pile, of what I've done and suffered,—  
If Cæsar killed not that too. At your banquets,  
When I am gone, if any chance to number  
The times that have been sad and dangerous,  
Say how I fell, and 'tis sufficient!  
Be there  
No annals of Decius, but 'HE LIVED.'  
The winged feet of flying enemies  
I've stood and viewed thee mow away like rushes,  
And still kill the killer."

I have mentioned that the Emperor was poisoned by the servant of that friend himself had murdered; and my last extract is his dying speech. It is a mighty conception of the author, this! *Imagining* the parting thoughts and horrid blasphemies of a wretch whose life had been devoted to the worship of his own senses; whose hand had been raised only to distress,—whose tongue had been made vocal only to damn,—his eye looking but to wither,—is indeed a stupendous effort of human genius!

He is dying of poison, and says, as life is fast ebbing away,—

"Gods! let me ask, what am I, that ye lay  
All your inflictions on me? Hear me! hear me!  
I do confess I am a ravisher—  
A murderer—a hated Cæsar: Oh!  
Are there not vows enough—and flaming altars—  
The fat of all the world for sacrifice—  
And when that fails, the BLOOD of thousand captives,  
To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?  
I do despise ye all! Ye have no mercy,  
And wanting that, ye are no Gods! Your parole  
Is only preached abroad to make fools fearful,  
And women, made of awe, believe your heaven.  
Oh! torments—torments—torments! Pains above pains!  
If ye be any thing but dreams and ghosts;—  
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;—  
Have in yourselves times past, to come, and present;—  
Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for them,  
Weighing our fates and fortunes above reason;—  
Be more than all, ye Gods! great in forgiveness!  
Break not the goodly frame you built, in anger—  
For ye are things, men teach us without passions.  
Give me an hour to know ye in! Oh, save me!



But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,  
Take this destruction from me!—No! you cannot—  
The more I would believe ye, more I suffer!  
My brains are aches—now, my heart, my eyes—Friends,  
I go! I go! More air! more air! I'M MORTAL!"

[Dies.

Here, while the volume is open before me, I may as well transcribe three beautiful stanzas from the same fine pens.

"Hence, all your vain delights!  
As short as are the nights,  
Wherein you spend your folly:  
There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy!  
Oh! sweetest melancholy!

Welcome! folded arms, and fixed eyes!  
A sigh, that, piercing, mortifies!  
A look, that's fastened to the ground!  
A tongue, chained up without a sound.  
Fountain heads,—and pathless groves,—  
Places which pale passion loves,

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls;—  
A midnight-bell, a parting groan,—  
These are the sounds we feed upon.

Then, stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as dainty melancholy!"

The following lines are from "The Queen of Corinth," by the same poets, and having copied them, we will put BEAUMONT and FLETCHER on the shelf.

"Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,—  
Sorrow recalls not time that's gone!  
Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh, nor grow again.  
Trim thy locks,—look cheerfully,—  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see:  
Joys, as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness longer last?  
Grief is but a wound to woe,—  
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no more."

My next shall be a continuation of this subject, but more various in its topics, and of a somewhat lighter strain. At present, adieu!

J. F. O.

New York, October 1, 1839.

## LETTERS FROM OUT THE OLD OAK.

### NO. II.

My dear Messenger,—Discarding every thing like formality, you perceive I already assume the style of an old and intimate acquaintance, and in place of the coy distant address of Mr. Editor, have adopted the more social and affectionate one of my dear Messenger. I have often imagined, from the writings of the author, we might form a correct idea of the character of the man; such I am sure was the case with Byron; and if Willis's delineation of the right-amiable Mrs. Bulwer be true to life, I have not been mistaken in my estimate of her ladyship, from a perusal of the dedication affixed to her Cheveley, or the Man of Honor. Well, I was about making an application of this dictum to myself, but I will leave this to your more intelligent readers, and pass on. Night sits enthroned in darkness, and one solitary star, riding high and wan in its distant sphere, is holding its lonely vigil over the page upon which your correspondent embodies the fleeting reflections of an idle hour. A few old dusty volumes of un-

couth shape and size, lie scattered around me; and the profound stillness of the summer's night, is only broken by the deep-mouthed baying of the faithful watch dog. Imagination pictures to herself the ghosts of my ancestors, frowning upon the degenerate apostacy of their renegade descendant, who, forsaking the time-honored occupation of his forefathers, would call in question the wisdom of that philosophy which would entail upon the child the avocation, sentiments, and opinions of his parent. In the estimation of these venerable sages, book-learning should be left exclusively to the wealthy and high-born; to the plain farmer, so far from being a *sine qua non*, it but served to distract his attention with a thousand theoretical hypotheses, utterly at variance with the safe and advantageous prosecution of his calling. Science and agriculture were as diametrically opposed as light and darkness; the latter capable of receiving no assistance from the former, nor of reflecting any light upon her researches. Science was to be cultivated by the pale-face man of letters in the silent retirement of his chamber, whilst agriculture, like the mechanical arts, could only be advantageously pursued by him whose life had been practically devoted to its study. The expression of opinions so wide of fact, might at this day excite some surprise, but my countrymen are not now what they were some seventy years back, though I am not entirely satisfied but that many still afford practical illustrations of this same doctrine. The condition of our country at that time was such, as to afford few comparative facilities for the attainment of an education, and those few were solely within the reach of the aristocratic and wealthy. The stirring events of the Revolution, and the consequent excitement produced upon the minds of the people, caused to some extent a suspension in the operations of the social system. After the conclusion of that struggle, the entire change which had been effected in government, produced a change almost equally perceptible in the manners of the people. Though the artificial distinctions in the various grades of society, which existed in England, had never been recognized in Virginia, yet the line of demarkation between "distinguished families" and the residue of the community, was clearly defined and well understood. Old family mansions, whether protected by the law of entails or not, descended regularly from sire to son, whilst the right of primogeniture secured the entire landed estate in the hands of the eldest born. Under our republican system, however, these laws, which hitherto had virtually debarred the middle ranks of society from the hope of making any permanent acquisition of real interest were abolished, and others enacted in their stead, suited to the increased exigencies of society, and tending to facilitate the transfer of real property, as the convenience of families or the wants of the individual might demand. Industry and economy were now left free to acquire, and an opportunity presented "the many" of building up baronial estates similar to those already existing, or at least of participating in the wreck of such as were ready to decay. Money, therefore, became the great desideratum, and wealth, not education, the legacy which the parent was most desirous of bequeathing the child. These causes were not of a local or sectional character; but perhaps their influence operated to a greater extent in the tide water

sections of Virginia than elsewhere. Be this as it may, some cause existed to produce the effect. The productive resources of our State have not been developed; nor has the cause of education been sufficiently advocated or attended to. My county, in common with others, has suffered from the neglect of matters so important and essential to national improvement and national prosperity.

Sæpe, malum hoc nobis, si mens non læva fuisset  
De cælo tactas memini prædicere quercus;  
Sæpe sinistra cava, prædixit, ab ilice cornix.

Incessant and eternal motion, is, however, the law, not less of rational than inanimate nature. Looking to inanimate nature alone, there is not a shrub, or flower of the field, but that would serve to impress it upon the mind. The most usual and familiar phenomena testify to the truth of the assertion, with an impressive emphasis, which man can neither mistake nor question. "It is indelibly imprinted upon the face of the earth, in revolution and in change; indelibly, also, on that of the heavens, in never-ending exhibitions of wonder and of beauty." So intimately blended is it with all the functions of organized animate beings, that motion may well be said to be typical of life, whilst its absence is the unerring emblem of death. Nor is it the law of matter alone. It is equally applicable to mind. Neither the one nor the other can ever remain at rest. Progress or retrograde it must. It is the stern command of inexorable, unyielding destiny. Nations, like individuals, are its subjects, and under the influence of its operations—their history is but unending revolution. Thus has it been with us—many of the customs of our forefathers lie buried in their graves. Time has introduced innovation, and change succeeded unto change. Even the very sports and amusements of the young are not what they once were. The condition of society has been improved. A thousand presses are daily sending forth their winged messengers, laden with the chosen arcana of science; seminaries, academies, and colleges have been instituted; and the increasing demand for the productions of intellect and genius, must ultimately lead to results corresponding to the efforts made. The operation of these causes has not been entirely unproductive. Their influence has been felt; and so long as they continue to operate, improvement must be the consequence. As a citizen and son of Virginia, proud of her honors, and alive to her interests, I reiterate the compliment paid the editor of the Farmers' Register, by one of her congressional representatives—"That he has done better service to his State, than all her politicians combined, for the last twenty years." My county has not remained stationary amid the buzz of revolution and of change. The dissemination of correct views, and sound principles, relative to agriculture, must introduce improved systems of cultivation. Every facility here, which the farmer could wish or desire, Nature has placed within his reach. A country originally fertile, remarkably champaign, and intersected with numberless streams capable of boat navigation, needs only the hand of industry and enterprise speedily to approximate the favored Eutopia, as pictured by the dreaming visionary. The very rivers which bathe her shores and beautify her scenery, may be made to afford inexhaustible supplies of the finest manures. Yes, every wave of the majestic Potomac, for some months

in each year, bears on its bosom to the beach, a boon which would lend verdure to sterility, and cause the wild flower to bloom more luxuriantly and beautifully. Her surface is white with the merchantman's canvass, and each breeze may waft some portion of the productions of our soil to the first marts of our country. Internal improvements we need not. The voice of our representative is never heard in the hall of our legislature asking an expenditure of public funds for the construction of rail roads or the excavation of canals. The Rappahannock and Potomac, fair sisters, with their numerous creeks and inlets, are Nature's highways; we ask not of Art the exercise of her wand, or the display of her powers. A proper application of the means, which our locality presents, will develop resources amply sufficient, and Plenty, fair goddess, blending her blessings with the graces of our land, cause the home of Washington to become the Eden of Virginia.

The cause of agriculture, nevertheless how important soever it may be to us, is not one upon which I look with so much interest, as that of education. "Animi imperio, corporis servitio, magis utimur," says Sallust; the one excelling the other as the gods were to superior brutes. The sentiment has lost none of its beauty or force, from its antiquity, whilst the truth of the old Roman's assertion would be well sustained by the testimony of the nineteenth century, in which of a truth, *arma cedant togæ, concedat laurea linguæ*. At no period in the history of mankind, has intellectual acquirement been more highly appreciated than now. Genius has never been cheered on her pathway with more thrilling plaudits, nor has her brow been encircled with a greener wreath, than that with which America is ready to reward her. In the best days of Augustan literature, when Mæcenæ had drawn about the throne of the Cæsars those living and undying lights which yet clothe it in glory and splendor, Intellect was not more highly prized, more richly rewarded. The field for her labors is illimitable—the necessity for her exertions coeval and coeternal with the existence of man. Considerations of high moment call on the American, with peculiar emphasis, to extend and disseminate every facility which our country can afford, for the promotion of information. Upon this pillar rests the question of man's capability for self-government,—the experiment of our ancestors, founded on this presumption, is dependent upon the wisdom of their descendants for its final completion. The cause of education is onward in its progress, *et sic semper esto*.

NUGATRITE.

Westmoreland County, Va.

## A FRAGMENT.

Oh! when in Death's arms, this fond bosom reposes,  
And the heart that adored thee, hath beat its last hour,  
Bind round my pale brow a rich wreath of the roses,  
That grow where we met in thy beautiful bower.

And when o'er my grave, thou shalt stand with emotion,  
To gaze on the bard, as he lies on his bier,  
Oh! remember the minstrel's undying devotion,  
And drop on his bosom affection's fond tear!

When the moon, o'er my tomb, in her beauty shall wander,  
And the bright star of eve, in the western sky set;  
Oh! loved one, then come, bend thy knee there, and ponder  
On all that hath passed, for thou canst not forget.

MILFORD BARD.



## THE FOREST.

Ye dear old Forests! how I love,  
At balmy close of summer day,  
Along your flowery paths to rove,  
And through your bowers of laurel stray.

To muse beneath your leafy plumes,  
While slow and deep the breezes sigh;  
And Memory chants amid your glooms  
Low requiems to the days gone by.

Not years of youthful bliss were those  
I've pass'd beneath your chequer'd shade;  
But gloomy seasons, dark with woes,  
By loneliness more grievous made.

How oft I've hasten'd to your bowers,  
With aching heart, and weary eye,  
To weep amongst the dewy flowers,  
While zephyrs gave me sigh for sigh.

But then, though sorrow was my lot,  
Some blessed hours would intervene;  
And here and there a sunny spot  
Records some dearly cherish'd scene.

A sister's hand has touch'd those flowers,  
A brother's foot has linger'd here;  
Friendship has sat beneath these bowers,  
With sunny eye, and soul sincere.

And He who heeds the mourner's cry,  
Has in these shades a mercy seat;  
Here have I heard his voice of joy,  
While humbly bending at his feet.

Ye dear old Forests! I have wept,  
And smil'd and pray'd, your shades among,—  
And ye have listen'd while I swept  
My wild harp to the unstudied song.

And when I sleep the dreamless sleep,  
Ye'll be a trophied tomb for me;  
Where Nature's self will sigh and weep,  
And wild birds hymn mine elegy.

LYDIA JANE.

## ENTHUSIASM.

As the action of wind upon fire, so oftentimes is that of enthusiasm upon the flame of action or admiration. It is made to burn brighter for awhile, but only to go out the sooner. Enthusiasts taking up strong likes and dislikes, if they are once convinced of a flaw in the character of a person whom they had admired, immediately give them up forever, and frequently go exactly into the opposite direction. Such is the fate of a political favorite—admired and caressed for a season, whilst the enthusiasm in his favor lasts—and when it has burnt out, or when he has gone counter to his admirers in the slightest respect—abused and maltreated, as a man without principle, and as an enemy to his country.

Williamsburg, Va.

## THE REV. MR. CHAPIN'S ADDRESS.

We have been anxious long since to give place to Mr. Chapin's Anniversary Address, delivered before the Richmond Lyceum in April last, and have only been prevented from doing so by the numerous demands upon our pages. The address itself has lost none of its freshness or importance by delay. It inculcates in singularly felicitous language the great and important truth, that *Intelligence* (by which is meant the clear perception of truth and duty universally diffused,) is *essentially requisite to the prosperity of a nation*. By *prosperity* Mr. Chapin means all that "relates to a nation's progress, happiness, and safety;" and with these definitions it will be found, that he has very conclusively proved his main proposition. Few, however, are willing to contest this great truth in the abstract, for the same has been long since demonstrated by reason, as well as by historical experience. The difficulty lies in carrying out our own convictions into practice, or in cordially uniting for the purpose of establishing and diffusing the only preventives to national decay and dissolution. What boots it that we know of some sovereign specific against contagion, if we madly neglect its use? If universal education, moral and mental, be necessary to perpetuate free government, and men are convinced of the fact, why are our law-makers so listless and indifferent on the subject, or why are the members of society generally so little disposed to make even small sacrifices, to insure so grand a result? The question, perhaps, is not so easily answered; yet we fear that the great prevailing and controlling sin of the present age, is the *desire to grow rich*. Whilst we acknowledge that such a desire, moderately cherished, is beneficial to society, we believe nothing is so pernicious when it becomes inordinate. It deadens all the finer feelings, contracts the social and domestic affections, and extinguishes the spirit of patriotism. We commend Mr. Chapin's address to general perusal. Besides the excellence of its doctrine, it contains many passages of rare beauty and eloquence.—[Editor *So. Literary Messenger*.

## ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Richmond Lyceum, in the Capitol, April 3d, 1839.—By Rev. E. H. Chapin.

Gentlemen of the Richmond Lyceum:

I presume that you have already anticipated, from the occasion, the general strain of remark which I shall employ at this time. The anniversary of an institution like yours, calls for some topic of an intellectual and moral nature, and such, whatever specific grade it may occupy, is the character of the address to which, for a brief portion of time, I request your attention. And here permit me to say, that I feel my own inadequacy to the full accomplishment of the duty required by the present circumstances. Such an opportunity as this, should ever be possessed by the giant and master spirits of the age—the skilful and industrious laborers in the great cause of progress—who are out in the field of humanity, toiling in the sunshine and blessing the shower, removing obstructions, opening the goodly soil and scattering abroad and afar the seeds, we trust, of a rich and glorious harvest for their country. It needs such men as these, who can lay bare all the sinews of a subject, and show its full force and importance; and I feel, therefore, I repeat, my inadequacy to the task now assigned me. I will only premise farther, that I shall advance no novel topic, nor indulge in any startling theory or singular and ingenious argument—content with the fact, that the publication of essential, and, it is to be feared, much-neglected truth, however trite it may be, is better than the exhibition of many finely wrought and beautiful devices.

I lay down, as the motto to my discourse, the broad maxim, that INTELLIGENCE IS ESSENTIALLY REQUISITE TO THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION. I use the term *prosperity* here, in an extensive sense, meaning by it, all that relates to progress, happiness and safety. I presume that no one will dispute this proposition, but that it will be received as a truism. It requires no argument, therefore, to sustain it, or to convince you of its correctness. If it did, our evidence is palpable, and ready to the tongue of every one who has at all reflected upon the subject. We point to the primitive or savage man, surrounded by all the rude circumstances of his condition. He plucks his food from the thick greenwood and the running stream, sleeps beneath a roof of bark, and clothes himself with skins won by his prowess in hunting. Physically, he is perfect. His is the robust frame, the pliant sinew and the stalwart arm. You would readily select him for display in a triumphal procession or a gallant and mighty war-host. He is free, and, doubtless, in many respects happy. But, after all, his happiness is in a great measure, at least, derived from the gratification of the lower faculties of our nature—his freedom is that of the wild beast, and maintained by a strong arm, and a "red right hand." Those wholesome restraints which bind society together, and prevent the disastrous outbreaking of evil passions, and are the safeguards of property and life—those better and inward principles of action, which obtain among other portions of humanity, are in his mode of existence, unknown, or but feebly exercised. Has his cabin been fired by some hostile brand? In the spirit of retaliation, a village smoulders in ruins, and fields are blighted; is his brother murdered to-day?—to-morrow, the avenging weapon quivers in the bosom of the transgressor. But it is unnecessary to specify and to direct your attention to all the revolting evils of superstition and ignorance. You have but to turn your eyes to those lands where knowledge is cultivated and diffused among the people, and you will behold, every where, the benefits of civilization, the supremacy of law, and the blessed sanctity of religion; and you will discover a contrast as marked as that which exists on the physical globe, between that portion where "the day beams" rest, and the hemisphere which sleeps in star-light and in shadow.

But we may illustrate the truth of our proposition better, perhaps, by history. We refer to the middle ages—the dark lapse which intervened from the overthrow of the regal city by the iron-handed Goth, to the dawning of mental splendor and the revival of letters, in the fourteenth century. A period of wide spread and deep seated intellectual and moral torpor was this! The perception and energy of true and spiritual religion were dim and weak—lost in the thick gloom of ignorance, and fettered, in their free impulses, by an all despotic power. The living principle of genius was almost without an oracle upon earth. The home of wisdom was in the past. Her shrines were the tombs of the mighty dead, and her records the chronicles of ancient glory. We do not mean to say that all was darkness. Here and there were orbs of light, burning solitary and far apart in the vast and lonely firmament. There were learned and skilful men, whose nice distinctions in reasoning and subtle metaphysics, were worthy Aristotle, their master. And there was poetry, too,

thrilling through the proud ranks of the brave, and melting in the lays of the Troubadour—flowing where the "bright wine" flowed in the festal hall, and breathed beneath the lattice, or in the bower of beauty.

Physical energy—the zeal and animation which do not depend upon the exercise of the loftiest faculties of mind—were not lacking. A high sense of honor, courage, and a reckless daring, mingled with a romantic fervor of love, were the distinguishing traits of the higher classes of the time. Young men, panting with adoration for the golden spurs, cheerfully underwent all the hardships incident to the course of training which secured them, and held wounds and pain as easy conditions to the obtaining of the victor's wreath and the smiles of "Ladye-Love." The bold baron deemed it a glorious end to die, "full knightly in his harness." The gage was but thrown into the ring, and kings moved to the conflict; and a poor hermit lifted up his voice and told of the blessed shrine and the holy sepulchre, and lo! an hundred banners floated to the winds, ten thousand lances flashed in sunshine, and the earth shook beneath the thundering tread of the red-cross warriors—the glory and chivalry of Europe.

But, allow all the intelligence and energy we can to this period, still it must merit the appellation of the *dark or iron age*. Still it rested upon the world, a long, long night, brooding between the illustrious times of antiquity and the glory of a brighter morning. Its starry gleamings, as we have said, were few and far between—or, perhaps, in its earlier or latter watches, the descended orb of the past yet gilded here and there a mountain-peak, or the gray light of the approaching dawn fell dim and uncertainly upon the distant and misty summits. But in the depths, the *depths*!—below, and all abroad, was thick and palpable gloom. The intellect of the great mass, slept in shadow, silent, and almost stagnant, like the doomed waters of the Eastern Sea. In describing any nation or period, we regard its general traits, and fix its character from these. While, then, we remember, that there were men like Erigena, Alfred, Abelard and John of Salisbury, we also remember that such were exceptions, and rare exceptions to the common rule. And we must not forget, moreover, the nature of much of even the wisdom that did exist at that time. It was blended with mysticism, employed on idle questions and in dialectic contests, and moulded to the uses of a subtle and scholastic philosophy. Concerning such men as Scotus and Aquinas, "the most subtle" and "the angelic" doctors, we might, perhaps, appropriately use the language of Milton—they

" — *Apart sat on a hill retired,*  
In thoughts more elevate and reasoned high,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

Now these abstractions and chimeras, could have none of those universal and purifying effects which flow from true philosophy. Knowledge, confined to the student's cell, or imprisoned in the dark walls of the cloister, could not move in its own free sphere and shed abroad its healthful and glorious influences. When we call this a dark age, therefore, we speak particularly of the condition of the people—the common people—the everlasting pillars of society. They give the hues and changes to times and nations. The impulses of the



great and the wisdom of the learned, are important, chiefly, as affecting the mass. To that the philosopher looks with an interested eye. He may not heed the breezes which rustle among the flowers, or the gushing fountains that sparkle in the sun; but his eye will closely watch the cloud that darkens up the great heavens, and his ear listen continually to the murmurs of the mighty and resistless ocean. He calls it a *revolution* only, when the multitude moves, or is moved—when the bondage of ignorance or the foot of the oppressor falls heavily upon *them*—or when a regenerating spirit goes forth among *their* ranks, and stirs the pulses of the universal heart.

It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the features of the popular character, during the period of which we are speaking. The light of knowledge being thus feeble and dim, we know, also, that the upper classes were enveloped in darkness and pervaded with many and deep vices; and from their condition we may infer that of the lower orders. If ignorance and immortality prevailed among the lofty and high-born, what could be expected of the serf or villein, separated and bound down by the rigid distinctions of the Feudal System? If it was found necessary to institute an inquiry “whether the officiating clergy could read the Gospels and Epistles correctly,” and if “military exploits were the business, and gross luxury the amusement of the nobles,”\* what must have been the situation of the dependants and vassals, the laborers and fighting men, thrall to the service of those whose will was their law, and as it were their life.

Your own knowledge then, and the obvious answer to these questions, will sufficiently exhibit the condition of Europe in the middle ages—the time of combats and ordeals, of relics and legends—and when “in the shadows of universal ignorance, a thousand superstitions, like foul animals of night, were propagated and nourished.”†

Such is the period of history to which we refer in illustration of our proposition. We ask, what was the great cause of this thick and universal darkness? No doubt obscures our answer. It was the declension of knowledge which took place in the latter days of the Roman empire, and which, as we have seen, became almost total at its overthrow—whether we refer that result solely to the hand of the barbarian, or attribute it, in connexion with this cause, to a gradual decay, which makes it not unreasonable to suppose that, in the words of a historian,‡ it would “have been almost equally extinguished if the august throne of the Cæsars had been left to moulder by its intrinsic weakness.” We find, during the closing years of that great power which had shadowed the nations, that science was contemned, art corrupted, study neglected or perverted—a feeble poetry, a barbarous latinity, a prevalence of superstition, and “a general indifference towards the cultivation of letters.” Upon this weakness and dissolution, rushed the barbarian, like a dark torrent—sweeping and trampling down the pride of the ancient time—its statues and shrines, and columns and trophies—overflowing landmarks, revolutionizing customs, abolishing laws, and changing the whole aspect of the western world.

But, upon that gloomy lapse which we have been

Enfield's Hist. Phil.

† Hallam.

‡ Hallam.

contemplating, and of which these things were the causes, there broke, at length, a glorious radiance. And mark what produced the change. As we have before said, the dawn was developed gradually. We find so early as the beginning of the eleventh century, that schools were established in different portions of Europe, and contributed their aid in the coming revival of letters. The orbs of DANTE and PETRARCH still more dispelled the night, sparkling with golden lustre in the clear horizon, and singing and heralding, like morning stars, the beamings of approaching day. But a great cause of this glorious reformation, was the immigration of learned men, from the east. Upon the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, many of these left their country, bearing with them “the Greek fire” to other and desolate altars. From this broke forth a living spirit of enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge. Learning found, every where, an asylum among the great, and princes were competitors in the good cause. Old manuscripts were plucked from their dusty hiding places, and obsolete volumes opened to the eager hand of the student. Genius revelled once more among the creations of the past, and strains of wisdom flowed out again in the measures of the Attic tongue. Once more was GREECE a watch-word for intellectual energy, and her temples and hill sides, her mountains and vallies, her great names and her battle-fields, were hallowed by classic recollection. Once more did inspiration catch its breathings at PINDUS, and dreams of the poet-land were fashioned after TEMPE!

But this revolution, glorious as it was, would have been comparatively, of but little importance, and inappropriate to our subject, were it not for the effects which it produced, and the great events connected with it. We discover about this period, a moving among all the elements of society. The darkness of ignorance and the bondage of superstition are dispelled and broken, and forms of light and beauty leap from the vast chaos, like the kindlings of a new creation. The spirit of invention and the hand of skill have been at work—the mariner has a guide on the lonely and heaving deep, and the press, the PRESS has broke forth in its splendor, and its influence is smiting and awakening hearts. The bark of the adventurous navigator has passed “the stormy cape” and found the far shores of Hindostan, and the “*Te Deum*” of “the world-seeking Genoese” has thrilled on the distant breezes of Bahama. There is a murmuring of strength under ancient and deep-set foundations, and a trembling of hoary dynasties. There is a hurtling in the air, of voices answering to voices—and, anon, there go up thunder shouts rending the high concave with their power. And old, gray altars have crumbled, and chains, and mitres and crosiers are passing away, and there is a principle of spiritual energy stirring in the souls of men, that marks it as a great and special era in the history of the race—the rising up of mind from its long sleep of ages!

I am aware, gentlemen, that I have been dwelling upon a point which I presumed, in the commencement, to be superfluous. But we have been contemplating an interesting period in the history of mind, and one which strongly supports our proposition, and in this fact, and the hope that its present exhibition will have a beneficial tendency, I find my excuse for having so long detained you.

I proceed to remark, that in order clearly to establish the truth of our maxim, it is necessary to understand the sense in which we use the term "*intelligence*." We do not mean by it, then, only a cultivated taste, or a certain state of intellectual excellence. If so, we believe that our maxim might easily be proved false, by a reference to historical facts, or to individual experience. The simple shepherd-races, or the nomadic tribes of the olden time, may have been happier than the dwellers of haughty Babylon, or of Rome in its hour of purple greatness. They felt not the withering corruption which steals upon that nation whose moral restraints are not commensurate to its pomp and physical power, nor the disaffections and convulsions, which rend the bosom of an empire when all the people are not fully and truly enlightened. The refinements of art, or the splendor of intellect, could not bestow upon those mighty kingdoms the loftiest station in the power of human attainment, nor the boon of perpetuity. So with individuals. He whose genius sways the hearts of thousands, and who

"Stoops to touch the loftiest thought,"

may suffer the keen anguish of a mind diseased, and pass away, untimely and in darkness, from the earth.

Allow me, then, to present, under two heads, my definition of intelligence.

In the first place—it is *the clear perception of truth and duty*. That people which is truly intelligent, will possess a due regard for righteous and equitable laws, the rights of property, and the authority of religion. A partial knowledge of some, or of all these, may prove the deceptious cause of overthrow and ruin. The abstract idea of liberty, for instance, without a regard to those just bounds which limit and define it, may produce the dreams of the enthusiast, or the excesses of a mob. That nation which, obtaining a view of freedom, rises up and breaks the fetters that have bound it, may exert a mighty and redeeming influence upon mankind; but when, in its zeal for liberty, it sweeps away wholesome restraints, and uproots all "the ancient landmarks" of society, it presents to the world, the horrid spectacle of a community *lawless and ungoverned*—with anarchy raging in its midst, and blood upon its altars. I select this illustration, and dwell upon it, because I deem it peculiarly appropriate to the present subject. In speaking of the prosperity of a nation, it is needless for me to say, that I have specific reference to our own dear land, and I think that some of the chief evils to be dreaded by us, will spring from the abuse of the principle of liberty. It requires intelligence—"a clear perception of truth and duty"—to prevent and crush them. Without that liberty which we enjoy, no nation can flourish in all its parts; and going upon this truth as an admitted premise and one superfluous to maintain in this country, I merely suggest those cautions which are necessary to the preservation of that freedom, and, consequently, to our national prosperity. A due knowledge of, and a regard to, just restraints, we say, then, are necessary to the existence of liberty; for without these, the subject is not free, but is in bondage to a worse than regal despotism. His property, his life and holiest privileges are not safe, when the supremacy of law binds not the whole and the perception of light is dim and feeble. So, Art may rear its classic temples, and Literature adorn its groves and porches, but if in the heart of the

nation there is no regard to the sanctions of justice, and if it does not throb to all the impulses of duty, it is not a truly intelligent, it possesses not the elements of a prosperous one.

I have spoken of the authority of religion. I refer to the spirit of Christianity, and unhesitatingly proclaim it to be the great conservative principle of society. I am aware that there is a doctrine, certainly as old as the days of Hobbes, and which has, I think, been recently broached among us, that it is for the interest of civil sovereigns and all commonwealths that there should be neither a Deity nor any religion. And it is said to be so, because if there be a Power which is feared more than that of the temporal ruler, the authority which he should maintain is put in peril. But to refute this argument here, would be an act of supererogation. None but the cunning ruler or the tyrant, require such a weapon—he who would chain men to his foot-stool by the bonds of policy, or awe his people by the outstretched and bloody scourge. Go back with it, then, to the earlier and darker ages of the world—to the times of the Locrian law-giver, and the blood-written code of Draco. We say, that the very contrary to this result would be the effect of intelligent action upon the precepts of Christianity. Its teachings direct us to love our neighbors as ourselves—to "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's"—to "obey magistrates," and to "submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." It throws the eternal authority of its all-binding precepts around the executive power, condemning, it is true, the evil ruler—and who does not?—but protecting him who doeth rightly. The Sovereign of the Universe has delegated authority to men, and he who rules in justice will never find his dictates at war with those of Christianity—for then, he is a medium through which Christianity acts, and the power of the magistrate is but

"—An image of His own."

But religion is a conservative principle of society, moreover, because it has an influence where the civil law cannot operate. The sanctions of the latter cannot remove all the causes of evil, nor produce every form of good. They can guard from the outer and grosser vices—from the more palpable sins—but they cannot go down into the heart, and move upon all the springs of private action, and make pure the motive. This Christianity only, can do; and being capable of doing this, it must be vitally essential to accomplish the ends of all just government, and to secure the real prosperity of a nation. Could we, from the crystal battlements of some near star, overlook the wide earth, wherever we beheld the isles of beauty and the places of light, there is Christianity—there are its precepts and its practices—its shrines and temples.

This great truth should be remembered and acted upon; and, in educating a people, in spreading knowledge abroad, let not an element of true intelligence so essential as an acquaintance with the teachings and requirements of Christianity, be neglected or feebly employed.

Our second definition of intelligence is—*the diffusion of knowledge among all the people*. Although my remarks may be brief upon this point, I would present it as an important feature of this discourse. The perception of truth and duty, must not only be clear to



each individual, but universal, through the mass, or the end desired will not be obtained. Allow that even in this country, the political action of the many is controlled by a few, still, in one way or another, the many must act ere national effects are produced. And besides, if this be the case, it can only be the result of a want of intelligence, and this is, in fact, not a *republic* but an *oligarchy*; and "knowledge," which "is power," being in the hands of a particular class, exerts its legitimate supremacy over those who possess it not. But we will not admit this to be true. We will not admit it to be a fact, that the many are controlled by the few, while we behold in our parliamentary assemblies and our triumphant gatherings of the people, among the most eloquent and zealous and mighty, those whose sinews have been hardened under the breezes of heaven, whose hands are scarred with toil, and their brows marked by the sunshine and the storm. We trust, at least, that it will not be, that Bolingbroke's comparison of "*Dutch travellers*,"\* shall apply to the great body of the citizens of this republic. The privileges which they hold, were bought and nourished in too stern a time of peril and of blood, for them to be indifferent or inactive in their behalf—to lightly estimate them, or to suffer them to be wrenched away from their grasp and controlled by others. The regal people! Ages have enwrapped them in darkness, and iron and sandalled feet have trodden them down. They have rested long, unconscious of their power, and chains have been thrown on the slumbering Hellespont. Pampered pride and bloated luxury have wrung their spoils from amid their sweat and tears, and awful tyranny has reared its very throne upon, and crushed them. It is a fearful omnipotence which has slept so long at the foundations of empires, and resisted not even when scourged unto bleeding! And is it not well that they were thus ignorant of their strength, until they had received intellectual light and moral guidance sufficient to show them its proper uses? For, had they risen up, without these restraints, and in the drunkenness of revenge, who will pretend to estimate the results? But, and joyful am I, we live in a brighter age. The great truth has been practised upon, and is *felt* where it is not practised, that government belongs, primarily, to the people, and all the authority of empire springs among and must flow from them, and should be ultimately controlled by them; and no earthly power may, lawfully, pluck this right away. A voice of triumph has gone forth at the uprising and progress of millions, and we present to the eyes of the world, the glorious spectacle of a self-governed people. It is not empty declamation—there is a thrilling and sublime meaning in the announcement—that the dweller of the mountain cabin and of the far corners of the land, has a voice in the councils of the mightiest nation on the globe, and adds his impulse to that power which may deepen its broad foundations and erect the pillars of its future strength. If to the people, then, legitimately belongs the ruling power, the influences which they exert upon our country will secure its good or evil destiny. The character of these influences will depend upon the condition of those from whom they spring. If from an elevated and intelligent community, we may look for happy and blessed effects—if otherwise, it needs no prophet's vision to assure us of

\* *vide* Letter on the Spirit of Patriotism.

the ill result. These are simple and familiar truths, but none the less important because they are so. They lay the whole matter plainly before us. The prosperity of our country depends upon the good influences exerted by the people. Those good influences depend upon the universal diffusion of intelligence. Therefore, the prosperity of our country depends upon the universal diffusion of intelligence.

Such is the importance of the extension of knowledge to all the people—and therefore do we include it in our definition of intelligence. We admit that there may be nations, the names of which have descended with immortal lustre to succeeding ages, on account of their high intellectual eminence, and yet who have not prospered, but have perished and gone down from among the living forever; but we shall find in such instances, that intelligence was only the possession of a few, and that their renown is composed, not of the glory which flows from the whole enlightened mass, but which sparkles from bright and individual orbs, scattered here and there. These sinking below the horizon, there were no fountains of light kindling among the people—no conservative and redeeming power dwelling in the hearts of the crushed and darkened million—and so the mighty fabrics crumbled upon their basis, and were swept away by the hand of the destroyer.

Our definition of intelligence, then, is this—*The clear perception of truth and duty and the universal diffusion of this perception*; and this, we think, supporting the essential truth of the proposition, will, also, refute all the objections which may be made to its general application. The anarchist and disorganiser on the one hand, and the monarchist or despot on the other, can draw no argument, if this be true, to support their claims. They cannot argue in this respect, from the past to the future. We grant, that in casting our eyes over the history of the world, we witness strange anomalies. In one portion, we see hope and virtue and justice, crushed by brute force and trampled upon for ages;—and in another, we behold men, when arising from their bondage, equally regardless of the right, indiscriminately mingling the blood of the innocent female with that of the cruel tyrant, firing the cottage with the palace, and overturning at the same blow the throne and the altar. We grant all this—but we say, that these very effects have resulted from the want of true and wide spread intelligence, and thus our argument gathers strength from these very instances. Scatter this knowledge abroad—implant it deep, and cherish it—and you will witness its blessed fruit. It may be a silent and invisible influence, but it is mighty, nevertheless; and you shall see nations, like the planets above us, swayed by a powerful although an imperceptible principle—moving in obedience to its hidden dictates, solemnly and majestically, beautiful in their harmony, and rejoicing in the brightness of their glory.

But it is time that I should apply these remarks. As I have already said, and as you have perceived, I refer them directly to our own country. We would say, then, that the truth under consideration is an important one; but no principle, unless acted upon, can be of any benefit to us. I desire, therefore, that our countrymen should not only believe what has been said, and is so well known, but that they should employ it, and carry out its dictates practically.

We live in a land, that, I trust, is to be made the theatre of events more glorious and blessed for humanity than all that has been done by illustrious and by-gone empires. I trust that the words of Berkely may prove prophetic—that

“Time’s noblest empire is its last.”

Certain it is that we shall not perish, if we perish at all, without accomplishing some mighty result, which shall designate our name as good or evil on the pages of history. We shall not go down thus early from the world, with the lustre of only one great event to rescue our memory from oblivion. These vast elements which move around us—this great machinery of physical power and thought and action—*must* in its operations, produce some important end—must yet accomplish a work of terror or of triumph. The result will be according to the use which we make of the powerful means within our grasp—an untimely end, from the darkness of which no memory of early greatness can redeem us, or a glorious eminence upon which the shadows of oblivion shall never fall, and whence shall go out our influences over the wide earth, to bless and to gladden it.

There is a broad distinction between America and the nations of the old world. They have their records of antiquity—their dusty archives and crumbling monuments—from which to draw their immortality and establish their renown. Even should they achieve no more, or ignobly fall, the lights that are burning upon ancient shrines and by honored tombs, would shed an imperishable splendor upon their ruins. But America has yet to create her character; and great are the responsibilities that rest upon her, and critical the trial through which she must pass. She has had none of the weaknesses of barbarism or the imperfections of infancy to undergo. She leaped, mature and panoplied, from the teeming brain of her progenitor. She sprang into being when the night of dark ages had passed away, and the beamings of intellect and of moral excellence were around her. She has not these excuses, therefore, for her errors, and many of her sins will be against knowledge. We have said that she has no monuments—but, unlike those of older nations, if she falls darkly, they will but add to her reproach, and become the objects of mockery to others. They were reared and consecrated by our fathers, as pillars of republican greatness and goals from which their sons should press onward—but now, if we sink or retrograde, we disgrace their trust, and leave these precious legacies to stand as mementoes of unsuccessful experiment.

How zealously, then, avoiding all appearances of evil, should we employ those means which will conspire to our prosperity and future eminence! How narrowly should we scrutinize our situation, eradicating the germs of evil, and scattering every where the seeds of good! If we would do thus, let us endeavor by every lawful method to diffuse true intelligence among all the people. The reasons for doing thus have already been presented—the means by which we may accomplish the object are simple and practicable. Let me say here, that I do not suppose we shall ever be able to create a nation of geniuses, or to cultivate in every mind the principles of a refined taste. To suppose this, would be to suppose a change in the nature of things; and besides, it answers not to the definition which I have

given of true intelligence. The result which we would see accomplished, is a nation of usefully enlightened and common-sense people, acquainted with the great truths of history and nature and revelation, and acting upon their knowledge. And to produce this effect, we say, is easy and practicable. Allow me to glance slightly at some of the means.

And, in the first place, I would mention the establishment of some system of school-education, which should be for the benefit, not only of the rich and the able, but the poor and necessitous. Indeed, the instruction of the latter should be its principal object, for the former have always the means and the opportunity requisite to the purpose. The child of every free citizen, should have an education sufficient to qualify him for all the duties which it will be incumbent on him to perform in after life, as a man and an American. The contributions of the wealthy and the influence of the powerful, can scarcely be better employed than in promoting an object so honorable and important to their country. The high tone of morals which pervades those portions where such a system is in operation, is a sufficient proof of their efficacy. I would have the knowledge imparted in this manner, such as I have already defined intelligence to be—a clear perception of truth and duty. Beside the influence which it would exert upon the prosperity of the country, I would have, as an exhibition of the genius of republicanism, the child of the poor and obscure man—of the war-worn veteran, perhaps, or the brave defender of his country—stand up and hold his chance with the opulent and the mighty. And, as connected with this point, I would mention here the vast importance of bestowing religious information upon the poorer and more destitute classes. This is necessary for all classes—we have shown it to be so—but we speak now especially of those who have scarcely any or no religious advantages—who are found in almost every part of our land, and particularly in the purlieus of our large cities—and whose years are spent in ignorance, their Sabbaths in riot, and their whole lives in vice and crime, or, at least, with but faint gleamings of the knowledge of christian precept and duty. It needs such spirits as RAIKES to go among these, and bring them under the influence of religion and morality. This mass will not be inactive. It will put forth a certain power, and a power which will be felt, too, through the nation; and it depends much upon the patriotic and the liberal, whether there shall go forth from it the tenants of our prisons and our penitentiaries—pollution and guilt to darken and to blight—or a blessed influence, which shall purify and refresh the obscure places of society.

Public libraries, are another means of diffusing intelligence, to which I would direct your attention. Let these be established in every community sufficiently large to warrant their support. The benefit arising from a popular access, under certain regulations, to a collection of useful reading matter, you will readily perceive. Instruction will thus be placed in the reach of every one, which cannot be easily obtained in any other manner. Associations can afford to purchase valuable works and a quantity of books, which most individuals are not able to do, and thus, from personal contributions, a fund is created capable of gratifying the wants and tastes of those, who else, from want of



opportunity or limited means, would be deprived of much pleasure and improvement. But, besides, by this means we may pour light upon distant and future generations. It is well for us to commence storing up the knowledge of our day for those who shall come after us. Our libraries may become the receptacles of our contemporary literature, and preserve much, which, although at present well known or but little regarded, may be of value and importance in other ages. Every reader knows the costliness and rarity of the productions of two or three centuries back, and of some of the noblest works of genius, and will be willing to grant a boon to posterity which has been denied to him. We need not fear that the hand of barbarian ignorance, or the violence of an Omar, will destroy our literary treasures. They will prove sources of instruction in our day and generation, and stand through all coming time, among our proudest monuments and better than all the trophies of victorious battle.

Again—as important aids in the diffusion of intelligence, I would mention lyceums and debating societies. I view as a cheering omen, the rapid springing up of these associations, within these few years, in different parts of our country. I so view it, because it indicates that there is abroad a thirst for useful information, which seeks these establishments as the means of its gratification. I so view it, moreover, because a happy influence is exerted upon that important portion of community, *young men*, and we may thus hope that its effects will be carried out into the most active and busy scenes of life. An enlargement upon all the advantages and benefits of these societies, would, of itself, form a subject for a lecture, and a very appropriate one upon an occasion like this. We might show you the profitable employment of time, else wasted in folly, and possibly dissipation—and of money otherwise spent idly, and perhaps hurtfully. We might show the benefit accruing to the diffident and the backward, who may there exercise and acquire confidence in those abilities with which they are now too modest to appear in a wider arena, or gain that information, of which, from unfavorable circumstances, they have heretofore been deprived. We are aware that some may sneer at these associations as puerile and trifling, and we are happy that they are placed beyond and above the necessity of such means of improvement as they afford. For our part, we deem them well advanced who are so. We believe that grave Wisdom, and profound Learning, may mingle in the exercises of the lyceum and the debating society with profit. We allow that they may be so conducted as to be trifling and puerile, but we deny that they necessarily are so, and require evidence ere we can believe that this is generally the case. Why may they not hold an elevated and manly character? Must profound problems of natural science be discussed only in a philosophical society? Must stern and sober questions be agitated solely in the legislative hall or on the floors of congress? Are not these, and similar subjects, of interest and importance out of these places, to which they are considered as especially appropriate? The power of thinking and of reasoning for ourselves, and of expressing our opinion readily upon any subject, is an acquirement so valuable, that every one should strive to attain it, and he is verily guilty who neglects the means of doing this when they are in his reach.

Knowledge is open to all at the present day—there are no robed teachers to whom are committed solely the mysteries of learning—her portals unclose at our touch—we can enter. We need seek at the shrine of no oracle—the inmost penetralia of wisdom are accessible by our own endeavors. There are fountains of intelligence gushing from a thousand sources, and we may freely quaff. There are treasures beneath the soil, and if we will diligently search for them, we shall bring them up, flashing to the sunlight. We are not obliged to follow blindly in the path which others have marked out, but we may carry the torch ourselves if we will, and first and foremost, we may explore the dark, the intricate and the untrodden. All visible things are ready for our investigation. The laws of mind and of matter, with all their interesting and important truths, are open before us. We may be called a nation of debaters, and we are so, from the very circumstances of our free institutions. He who would keep pace with the times, then, must be studious, vigilant and active. A man is not now, like the *athlete* of old, distinguished by his physical superiority—by his speed in the race, his power in the pugilistic combat, his precision in guiding the chariot steeds, or his skill in hurling the swift javelin—but he has a part to perform in the intellectual arena, if he would come out from oblivion, if he would become even an acting portion of the age, and well should he be girded and prepared for the task. That mighty weapon, reason, should be ever ready and bright in his hands, and he should exercise and inure himself to the conflict of mind with mind. And where, we ask, can he better do this, than in the debating society? Where can we better tutor those powers which we must use when we go out into the world, or keep them in order and ready for action, when, for a time, we have retired from its busy strife? Far, then, from being necessarily puerile and trifling, are the lyceum and the debating society. We, on the contrary, rejoice in their prosperity. We hope that they may be established, and many of them, in every community, according to its numbers. We wish moreover, that the sex of More and Hemans and Sigourney and Sedgwick, would lend their encouragement to these associations, not only by their presence, but by their contributions to the treasures of knowledge. Something would be added to the refinement of these assemblies, and perhaps somewhat of the stormy passion of rough debate would be allayed. I look upon these associations, then, as being important mediums for the diffusion of intelligence, as a great means of instruction—of checking the tide of dissipation—of giving the truth to the young and the power of its defence—of raising up a generation worthy of America;—may I not add, of training the immortal for immortality!

Thus have I presented some of the means of extending to the people a “clear perception of truth and duty,” and you all will see that they are simple and practicable. I am aware that they are not *new* means, but those which have been long established and widely extended. Still, I wish to see them employed every where, and until they are, I shall deem it proper to recommend them and urge their importance and necessity. It is certain that there are many who have not been brought under their influences, and moreover, there are many of these which are weak and languishing and struggling with difficulties, when it is in the power of our

citizens to stretch forth a helping and invigorating hand. I trust that the talented and the wealthy will act upon this matter—let them consider the importance of these objects, the evident and powerful influence which they may have upon the prosperity of the nation, and let them, as patriots, by all means, encourage and foster them.

Ours is a land to be proud of. Even to look upon its physical grandeur—the features which it has borne from the creation—its crowned mountains and its sheeted cataracts—its sunlit hill tops, and its glorious valleys—its rocks of eternal strength, and its clear-flowing waters—even to look upon these, we say, we may well be proud. And when we call up its thrilling memories—its records of brave hearts and strong arms and noble minds—when we remember its old monuments of battle, the prayers of its pilgrims, and the ashes of its mighty ones—do we not feel the truth and beauty of the sentiment

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori?”

And who can wonder that the patriot has died for it, on its high places—and that the returning exile, stretching out his arms and viewing its shores through gushing tears, has exclaimed in the broken accents of sobbing joy—

“This is my own, my native land?”

And can we wonder that, with all these natural advantages and the incitement of such examples, a spirit of enterprise has been awakened and is stirring mightily among us? Its workings are all around us. It has conquered in realms that the Roman never shadowed with his eagles, and left where it has been, trophies more glorious and durable than the hoary monuments of Egypt. It has spanned, with its everlasting arches, the deep and broad abyss, making there a level and beaten track, and opened channels of intercourse through the bosom of the riven rock. It has made the wide and boisterous ocean to be as a gentle stream, and cleft, even through “the illimitable air,” a pathway to the stars. It has created scenes more beautiful than the dreams of the ancient time, or than ever glided before the glistening eye of a poet. Distant regions, but yesterday the abodes of the prowling wild fox and his red hunter, now smile with pleasant hamlets—their streams reflect the insignia of commerce, and their hillsides “echo to the song of the reaper.” It has spoken in solitude, and lo! an hundred voices have answered there. It has looked upon the forests of a thousand years, and they have passed away like visions; while glittering marts, sacred fanes and shining pinnacles, have risen in their stead. And then, its plummy harvests nodding and brightening on all our hills—its towering masts bristling in all our ports—its hum of universal business—its cheering sounds of toil—its clangor and roar of machinery, and all its tumult and its triumph! Amid all these operations, it moves, as it were the life-blood, preserving and animating and quickening the beatings of the mighty heart.

This same liberal and indefatigable spirit, we would have exerted in the great cause of diffusing light and knowledge. We would have it work out results still more honorable and blessed for our country, by raising it to that intellectual and moral eminence which it is so well fitted to adorn. We would have these same

expansive hearts and strong hands, which are working such magical changes in the physical condition of our land, employ their energies in aiding the poor and cheering on the young in their efforts after knowledge and improvement. We do not wish our country to possess crowns, or to hold the sceptres of nations; but wish her to sway hearts by the mighty influences of freedom and intelligence. It was for this, we trust, that she was raised up in these later times—to afford the world an example of what a republic can be, and to send forth in other ages and other lands, a power to regenerate and to bless. We would have the words of Milton be as a prophecy, to which she shall answer as the accomplishment—“Methinks,” says he, “I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed, at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.”\*

*Gentlemen of the Richmond Lyceum*—I have already, I fear, trespassed too long upon your patience. My remarks in conclusion will, therefore, be brief. Permit me to offer you a few words of congratulation and of precept. I rejoice with you, upon this your second anniversary, that you have been able thus far to succeed in your laudable and important object. I am glad to know, that within the past year, you have been able to establish an aid to your endeavors so valuable as a well selected library. I am cheered, also, with the hope, that the efforts of those of your number who have enlisted in the attempt to furnish the public with a monthly journal devoted to the cause of lyceums and debating societies, will prove successful; and that the liberal and the enlightened will, by their pecuniary and their mental contributions, assist in placing it upon a permanent foundation, where it will prove worthy of patronage, and be the agent of much and lasting good. I bid ye go on, gentlemen, in all your good works. I trust that you will not suffer the clouds of a few adversities, or the vexations of an hour, to prevent your vigilant, unwearied and triumphant action, in a cause so glorious as that of acquiring and diffusing intelligence. There is no portion of our country from which a blessed influence upon its prosperity can more appropriately arise, than from this. Here were the kindlings of its young liberty fanned into a flame, and hence should go forth that which will constitute its prosperity and the lustre of its immortality. Monuments of glory and of honor are here. Graves that hallow the soil and that distant nations speak of with reverence. Legends of liberty told by its haunted stream-sides, and songs of patriotism sung by all its clear and hospitable hearth-fires. Here, also, among these hallowed tombs, and amid the breathing of departed intellect, *here* may you and all succeeding generations, rear up rich trophies of mental and moral greatness; and may it be known in history, that those whose fathers fought and bled among the earliest for

\* Speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.



their country's freedom, were of the first to erect the columns of its strength and to deepen its imperishable foundations.

A few words farther, and I close. I have spoken of the important place which Christianity holds, as a portion of true intelligence. Gentlemen, I commend it especially to you again. You may scan the broad and legible heavens and the mysterious depths of earth—you may search skilfully among the relics of ancient lore and "drink deep" of "the Pierian spring." You may gather knowledge from all the sources of human learning. And I would have you, if possible, do so. But I wish to press upon you the injunction, not to neglect the BIBLE, amid all these studies. Mere uninspired knowledge will be mingled, more or less, with earthly frailties and human passions. But inspiration flows forth, untainted in its purity and reflecting only images of heavenly beauty, fast, fast from the throne of God. Even were it before you only as a model for *intellectual* improvement, it possesses powerful claims upon your attention. Would you have eloquence? There it is, breathing from lips that have been touched with sacred fire. Would you find lofty poetry? There it is, like that which the angels know, and to which the morning stars sang together. Would you learn lessons of practical or judicial wisdom? They are there, deep, strong and convincing. But it is *not* for such things only that you hold the Bible in your hands. You know that it makes appeal to the inward and spiritual powers, and see to it, I beseech you, that its appeals are regarded and known and practised upon. The soul, without principles of moral and religious action, even if it should reach (and we do not say that it can,) all unguided by its better nature, a mighty energy and a broad expansion of intellectual power, would be a wild, a chainless and a dangerous thing—wandering forth, like some terrible principle in nature, not bound into the fixed paths of the planets, or subject to any known law of order, threatening to commingle and crush worlds; or like the eagle, who, while soaring to the orb of day, with glory in his eye and sunlight on his wing, is lost amid stormy clouds, and beaten about by resistless and adverse tempests.

May you practice, gentlemen, upon these truths—thus assuring to yourselves pure knowledge and real benefit—and may the influence exerted by your society and kindred associations, do much in causing the dwellers of the future to know, not by the sad experience of its absence, but by feeling it around them as their air and very life, that INTELLIGENCE IS ESSENTIALLY REQUISITE TO THE PROSPERITY OF A NATION.

#### DEVOTION.

Why do men feel more devout, when their hearts are filled with deep emotions—when their minds are raised (as it were) from earth, by solemn music or the sublime and beautiful—but that their minds are then most fit to hold communion with the Deity, for nothing that is vile or base can then have place in them. In both deep joy and deep grief, the mind turns involuntarily to its Creator. And it appears to me that gratitude to him is almost an essential part, or at least an almost invariable concomitant of intense joy. G.

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#### TWILIGHT FANCIES.

The twilight hour,  
With mystic power,  
Is stealing o'er earth and heaven;  
And treasur'd lays  
Of other days  
Float on the breath of even.

The mirth and glee  
And minstrelsy,  
Of childhood's early morn,  
Trill on the ear,  
As loud and clear  
The mingling shouts are borne.

From girlhood's bower  
Each opening flower  
A note of love is sighing;  
Their petals pale  
Tell sorrow's tale—  
Their stems are prostrate lying.

But there's a spell  
Hath power to quell  
Each echo from the past;  
To bid the breast  
Enfranchis'd rest,  
And whisper peace at last.

That spell is thine,  
And worlds thy shrine,  
Imagination fair!  
Thy spirit springs,  
On venturous wings,  
High in the realms of air.

Each glitt'ring star,  
That shines afar,  
But paves thy grand highway;  
While quiet nooks  
And murmuring brooks  
Still tempt thy feet to stray.

By tangled dell,  
O'er rock and fell,  
Thy hov'ring form is seen;  
'Neath ocean's wave,  
In mermaid's cave,  
Thy gorgeous couch hath been.

When Ætna's fire,  
In flaming ire,  
Doth deluge the mountain's side;  
What joy to dip  
Thy thirsty lip  
In the whelming torrent's tide.

Then come to me;  
Thy tracery  
Is woven round my heart;  
Make me but thine,  
Be thou but mine,  
And let all else depart.

Limb shall not fail,  
Nor spirit quail—  
We'll range o'er earth and sea;  
The stars of night  
Shall guide our flight,  
And morn sing jubilee.

The compact done,  
The guerdon won,  
I bid each fear depart;  
Thy voice of love,  
Shall even prove  
A styptic for the heart.

GERTRUDE.

Fort Edward, Washington County, N. Y.

## AMRAM;

## THE SEEKER OF OBLIVION.

BEING A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Hamlet.*

Reader—if perchance I be so fortunate as to have one—I know no law which can compel me to declare from what Persian manuscript I deciphered the following tale; though I, no doubt, could amuse many, and flatter my own vanity, by displaying much ingenuity in forging and explaining some dark mystery which might furnish the desired information. From my unwillingness to tell the whole truth, kind reader, you may suspect the Persian origin of my story. Keep your suspicions, by all means, if they benefit you, but allow me also to keep my secret. After having learnt all this in relation to the original manuscript, you may perhaps wish to be informed unto whom the tale is told; and here I may be more communicative without endangering my veracity. Loquitur Amram—you could have found that out by your own research—but not that the Prince Aboun Hassein, unto whom Amram addresses his discourse, is a young and misanthropic traveller, of royal birth, with whom you and I, fair reader, may seek more acquaintance hereafter. But, lest I lift the veil too high, let me now introduce you.

Great Prince—the remembrance of the past rises on my soul like the sun on the sandy deserts of Araby. The light which it affords discloses but a blighted and a sterile region, where if the semblance of joy ever appeared, it was but a mirage\*(1) which attracted for a time, but whose unreal nature was detected by a nearer approach. Perchance the relation of my sorrows is painful to me, for time has traced deep furrows on my heart, though he has left my brow without a wrinkle; yet my lord Aboun Hassein has commanded, and his servant will obey—and if for a moment my narrative substitute in your bosom the warm feelings of sympathy for the morbid phantasies of misanthropy, the pleasure of success will fall on my soul lightly and sweetly, as did the manna on the plains of the South, to satisfy the cravings of the disciples of Moussa.(2)

\* For notes see the end of the article.

I was born in the neighborhood of Sham el Demes-hy,(3) that region of undying spring, which our Holy Prophet has declared to be the loveliest of all terrestrial paradises. Every where is the ground covered with a velvet grass—green as the turban of an Emir(4)—soft as the fleeces of Angora.(5) Every where is it spangled with the brightest and most fragrant of flowers, while o'er the thousand brooks that intersect the beautiful valley, the tall dates and pomegranates wave their graceful foliage. The air is oppressed with the sweetest of perfumes—the skies are flushed with the softest and richest of colors, and the maids of that clime are fair as the roses they sigh over—tuneful as the bulbuls they listen to. I have wandered over many lands—I have seen far countries—but still to me that spot seems the eye of the universe, and the vale of Demeshk stands unrivalled in my heart. Even now, while speaking, I am hurried back on the wings of memory to that home of my youth, and in fancy I stray through its vineyards and olive groves, drinking in the cool evening breeze, when it returns faint and weary from its pilgrimage over earth and over sea. Yet there are sorrows connected even with that garden of delights, and though seen in the distance and mellowed into less repulsive shades, they still cast a gloom over my spirits when recalled unto my mind. With the melancholy, however, a sad pleasure is mingled; and I still feel what in every country is acknowledged, that a charm encircles the home of our childhood, which time may deaden but not destroy. And from the myriad woes of life I have turned for consolation to those scenes of my early days—those hours of gladness, when my spirits were too buoyant to admit of that reflection which is the parent of all misery.

But I must proceed with my story. From age to age, my ancestors had devoted themselves to the reading of the stars and to the study of mystic lore.(6) The secrets which they discovered were handed down by each dying father as the most valuable legacy to his son, and the son treasured them as an heirloom which should descend to his remotest posterity. But the knowledge that my own parent attained, far transcended that of his predecessors, whose dark and magic scrolls had been but lamps for the direction of his course. His secrets were such as almost to compel the elements to obedience, and to exact from the genii the homage of fealty. It might be that these dark studies ruined his health, or that some too daring experiment was attended with fatal consequences, for he perished by some strange and sudden death ere my early age could be conscious of the greatness of my loss. Before his departure, however, he had dipped me in the waters of youth, brought from the extreme East,(7) and bound by a fearful oath a powerful Peri, to protect me in all danger and difficulty. In his last moments he consigned me to the care of his friend, the wise Ishmael; and as a recompense for the trouble he might undergo, he presented him with those mystic volumes which he so much valued himself, and which he well knew would advance my new protector to the most dazzling height in those studies whereunto his heart was devoted.

Moon after moon replenished her lamp—year after year rolled on, while I lived with my good guardian. I was educated after the fashion of princes, (for the rank of my father was noble among the noblest,) and after



having perfected myself in the use of arms and in all those accomplishments which add grace and dignity to courts, the sage Ishmael initiated me into the mysteries of his own much loved study. Oft have I passed the live long night with him drawing dread combinations from the stars, to charm the elements and to make nature subservient to his will—or gazing intently on the thrice-heated furnace, as we essayed to extract the virgin gold from the worthless dross, and not unfrequently attempting to discover the elixir of life, which for so many ages has eluded the researches of the wise. Oft-times too would we seek the refreshing coolness of the grove, and reclining under the wide spreading chenar trees, by the banks of my own Baradee, (8) I would listen to my guardian's remarks on the sages of old, or be amazed as I heard the cabalistic spells with which Soleyman ben Donad (9) is said to have routed the rebellious armies of Heaven. Frequently he would explain those unhallowed creeds which had held in darkness the deluded minds of men before the visitation of our prophet, and becoming excited by the fervor of his faith, he would picture the unconceivable perfections of the paradise of the righteous, and dilate upon the beauty of those houries who await with sweet sounding zitars (10) the admittance of the faithful into the gemmed and marbled courts of eternal bliss.

Though, by the nature of my studies, separated from the youth of my own age, yet was I not altogether alone, for the daughter of the Hakem was my constant companion. Together we received the instructions of her father, and hand in hand we strolled along the dancing streams, which, like veins, course through the vale of Demeshk, giving new vigor to the flowers of the earth, and adding beauty to the scene. Ever as the sun went down we sought the grove of chenar trees, (11) for it concealed a lovely bower, enlaced with the honeysuckle and the vine, the jessamine and the rose—where we would sit and recount the wild sweet tales of former times—those enchanting stories with which the Sultana Scheherazade (12) is said to have lulled the jealousy of her lord. Year after year did we live after this manner, each ever rejoicing in the society of the other; but as revolving years brought a darker tinge to my cheek, and boyhood gave place to maturer age, I could no longer view with the same feelings the ripening beauties of the fair Zobeide. From brotherly affection I passed to intensest love, and my adored one was persuaded without much oratory of the sincerity of my attachment, and confessed that the affection was reciprocal. Oh my loved Zobeide, even now can I fancy I see before me thine incomparable beauties—the unnumbered charms of my peerless one—her face beams on my soul, bright as the eye of the morning to the tempest tost—her cheek is soft as the velvet-mosses of Demeshk—crimsoned like the blush of the budding rose. She is tall and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon, (13) when its leaves are shaken by the winds of the summer—her step is light as the roe on the mountains—her feet white as the marble of Shirameen. (14) Her soul is as the finest mirror, reflecting every image presented to it, untainted in its purity—her voice is musical as the harp over whose chords the genii of the breezes play, and often has it sounded on my ear melodious as the dulcet murmurs of distant waters to the traveller of the burning desert. But pardon me, great

Prince; to you this description may be tedious; but in the pleasure I experienced, as I recalled the charms of my much loved—my long lost—my faultless Zobeide, I forgot unto whom I was relating the story of my misfortunes.

The full moon was to be the signal for rejoicing—the night appointed for the consummation of our happiness—and on that eve my dark-haired Zobeide was to become the bride of Amram. But as the moon shines brightest when farthest from the sun that gives light unto her, so was I farthest from the reality of bliss, when my prospects seemed brightest. But how shall I speak of my sorrows? Again my heart suffers all the dreadful pangs which then it suffered—my fair one was lost. On the eve preceding that appointed for our nuptials she disappeared, and left no clue to extricate me from the labyrinth (15) of my fears. I was altogether unable to discover whither or by what means she had departed; but the suddenness and the secrecy of her flight, made me suppose it effected by the violence of others. The excess of joy immediately gave place to a lonely and blighting feeling, which nestled around my heart and spread over my soul a cold and deadly sickness—for the uncertainty in which I was left opened the way to the most painful conjectures. Oh, prince! if you have ever loved with the intensity of affection, you may conceive the anguish which I then endured; my joys had been bright as the radiations of the hill of Emerald, (16) but it was now torn with throes more violent than those which convulse the base of that famous mountain.

To the memory of my Zobeide I erected a cenotaph; around it I planted the cypress and the yew, and with my own hands I tended the painted flowers that sprung lightly from that fancied grave. Here I spent whole days dreaming of the lost one—refusing all consolation, though many endeavored in kindness to administer to my wounded soul—but the sadness of my heart could know no solace; and the only occupation of which my palsied mind was capable, consisted in conjuring up all the sweet memories of the past and giving them an ideal body to perpetuate the charms of my own Zobeide. Three times had the round moon hung her bright lamp in the mid vault of Heaven—a faint type of that wild mystery of the far East—the incarnations of Brahma—but still my grief was unabated, and her resplendent glory bestowed no peace on the anguish of my soul.

About this time, the old Hakem seeing how vain were the attempts of others to console me, himself addressed me: "Son," he said, "your grief is unmanly—tears and long lamentations are for women, (17) but we who are men and born for action, must have our feelings of sterner mould. I have lost a daughter—you a bride. Is your loss to be compared to mine? I have watched over her in love and expectation, from the earliest hours of her infancy. You have loved her only in her bloom. Into my heart she has grown, as the solitary plant on the high mountains strikes deep its roots into the rock. To you she has been but as the flower plucked in the garden, for its beauty, to adorn or delight while its beauty and fragrance remain." "Venerable father," I replied, "your words are full of wisdom—but when the feelings are grieved, the head may assent to a truth which the heart rejects—there are none whom I

may love with the same fervor of attachment as the fair Zobeide. She is gone, and with her all hope of happiness has flown from my bosom." "So you deem now; but you little know the mutability of the heart of man when you call your sorrow ineradicable; but if this grief long continue, I may regret having violated the customs of the country in the treatment of my daughter. But for years I was alone. I pursued studies, in which my dark-haired beauty was my only companion. When I received you into the house, I had too long allowed her the control of her actions then to check them; yet I may look back with regret on the joys of former times, if bought by the present misery of Amram."

"Father, it were unjust—for though my soul be dark with clouds, know that the only alleviation of my sorrow is the remembrance of the past, and the consciousness of once having had happiness within my reach."

"Not happiness, my son—when the thin hair turns gray on your aged head, you will learn that unto none has Allah granted a state of bliss.(18.) Remember the persecutions of our Holy Prophet before he established the light of the faith; and think of the difficulties that opposed the course of the great Soleyman ben Donad, and forget not, my son, that though surrounded with learning, power, wealth, and honor, he remained not in the true belief, for which he is now cursed with the burning heart in the Halls of Eblis."(19.)

"Perchance thou sayest sooth—but my dreams of happiness were so vivid that they have begotten a belief in its possibility."(20.)

"Ah, my Amram, fancy ever is the deceiver of youth. Your visions of bliss are as bright and as false as those evening hues which gild the dark clouds of Heaven."

Another month passed on—day after day bore witness to the sincerity of my grief—but at length my heart was petrified by its continuance. An icy chill came over me. I was listless and almost unconscious. The lengthened monotony of woe had paralyzed my senses. My limbs refused their due and wonted assistance. My eye became vacant—my intellect inert. In vain I endeavored to shake off this lethargy. Neither the powers of my body nor the faculties of my mind were subservient to the dictates of my will. Every day I grew weaker—and as my weakness increased, a fever seized on me. My eye, from being filmy, became wild and bloodshot. A tingling sensation ran through all my nerves; and as the live blood danced in my veins, a throbbing pain convulsed my body. My head became light—my brain swum—I knew no more, for I was delirious.

My eyes opened, but they were blinded with the light to which they had been so long unaccustomed. With pain I raised my thin translucent hands to shade them. I closed my eyes and pressed my forehead;—it was cold—but an agonizing throb shot through my temples. A cool sponge was applied to them, which afforded such relief that I deemed myself transported to some other world. A melon was introduced into my mouth, to the parched roof of which my swollen tongue had before cleaved. The still tranquillity of delight relaxed my nerves, and I had but strength to open my eyes for a few short moments, to behold him who thus tended me. He was an old man—his face seemed known

to me, and the mildness of his kind blue eye beamed on me like the memories of the past. I fell into a slumber—sweet visions visited my sleep. I was seated among the chenar trees, with a fair one by my side, whose exceeding loveliness outshone those beauties which inspired the honied verses of Hafiz. Around her head was a coronet of the loveliest flowers; but the lily was shamed by the marble whiteness of her brow, and the rose blushed a deeper dye to see itself rivalled by the carnation of her cheek. Her eyes were soft and shining as the stars seen in the deep waters of the Green Sea;(21) and as her head rested on my bosom, they were upturned to mine, as if she would there read a transcript of her own feelings. Her hand rested within mine. I would cast my eyes on the smiling landscape, then turn them to that sunny face, to convince of the reality of that which I beheld. As I thus repeated my gaze, it assumed the likeness of one I thought I had seen before. I pressed my hands upon my eyes—then looked again—but my gaze fell only on the jasmine that hung before my lattice in the graceful festoons that Nature's hand had given it—my charmer was gone—it had been only a dream.

Again I slumbered—for I had not the power of remaining awake. I lay by a sweet rill, whose murmuring was soothing to my languid ear. The citron trees waved over me, shaking on every breeze the perfumes of their blossoming branches. The birds warbled their blithest notes—but to my ear there came a sweeter melody; it was faint at first, for it was borne on the blast from a distance; gradually it came nearer, and the liquid sounds rung in the listening air—it was celestial harmony. My tranced senses were drowned in that sea of music—still I lent an attentive ear, and methought my pulses were attuned to past delights. The musician approached me. She was all beauty. Her eye dark and languishing as the gazelle's.(22) Her breath perfumed as the breeze that issues from the throne of Allah. I looked but once on her who had so enchanted me—yet the love seemed no new feeling. I looked again—and again it was a dream.

I tried to recall the visions of my sleep, but slumber again overtook me. I was moving in an atmosphere of sweet sounds, which rose and fell wildly, like the modulations of a rising storm. Perfumes floated around, but I fainted not even with the ecstasy; neither was I overpowered by excess of sweetness, for a strange and unfelt power sustained me. I was not alone, for with me was one whose brightness surpassed the meridian splendor of the unclouded sun—yet my eye quailed not, for her beauty was mellowed by supernatural softness. Her figure(23) was the impress of perfection, yet I vainly tried to catch its outline, for each limb and lineament was breathing, and around was woven a thin robe of finest moonshine, whose ever varying colors were brighter and more changeable than those which flit across the lunar rainbow. She turned her face towards me. I knew not where it was I had seen a faint resemblance of those beauties. Hand with hand I journeyed—for, an unseen influence impelled us on, through groves of ever blooming trees, whose every bud and leaf filled the air with music, as they quivered in the wind. Nor alone passed we thus onward—thousands from a thousand quarters, merging towards the same centre, accompanied our wanderings; and all bore



crescents on their brows, from which most luscious odors were distilled to gladden the hearts of those who trod within the mystic gardens of that paradise. My fair companion looked and smiled upon me. The veil of light fled for a moment from her face; it was my own, my lost Zobeide.

It was a summer's eve—I lay upon my couch tranquil but weary; it seemed as I had just waked from a long trance, and was now gathering anew my energies to go forth unto the world. Long I lay in drowsy wakefulness; on my brow and cheek the cool and pleasant breeze swept gently, creeping through the open lattice, and bearing on its balmy pinions the tribute which each loving flower paid as it passed along. There was an old man bending over me: when he saw my eyelids open, he clasped his withered hands, upturned his eyes to Heaven—rapidly his thin lips moved. Exhausted, he sunk upon the floor. I lay unmoving, for as yet my thoughts were not my own. The recollection of the past came slowly over me—a tomb rose on my sight; gathering my wandering faculties, memory recalled Zobeide, and at once I knew all that had happened. I knew that I had been ill; my visions again flitted before me, and in all I recognized my lost Zobeide. The old man's face again bent over me, and I knew it was the father of my love. I spoke to him—the tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks—and he, who for weeks and months had watched over me, then sunk beneath his feelings. They had been unnaturally wrought up and excited, so that he had endured what few could else have borne. Now that I was recovered, the excitement was over—the stay which had supported him was suddenly withdrawn and the old man fainted. The slaves flocked into the room, and though they saw that I had opened my eyes, yet were they heedless of me; their whole attention being given to the old Hakem, (24) whom all loved. Slowly he recovered; he was carried to his own couch, that exhausted Nature might recruit her powers. Thought and reflection, with returning sense, came to me. I was calm, for my frame was still weak, and my blood had boiled so long, that now its fevered heat was gone. I dwelt upon the past; it was tasteful to me, for it was linked with associations of Zobeide; and every memory of her was painful, as it told of lost happiness, and as I deemed that my fair one was now in Heaven. I could find no content. I could no longer indulge in grief, for the fountain of my tears was dry; and I could not think of joy, when Zobeide still floated before my eyes. I, therefore, resolved to seek the only solace, the only refuge for my wounded spirit, and to wander in search of the waters of oblivion.

In three days the good Ishmael appeared again before me; his feet tottered, for his limbs had not yet recovered from the attack that greeted my awaking to convalescence. He came to the side of the couch on which I lay, and taking my hand between his palms—"You have been ill, my son," he exclaimed—"but Allah has preserved you,—he has listened to my prayers, and at length a bright star appeared in the sky, after I had watched long in hopelessness. Great is the God of Mahomet, and bounteous unto all the faithful." (25.)

"There is a mist upon me, my good father, which obstructs my remembrance; but I believe I have been

ill, and that more than once I saw your face bending over me. Was it not so?"

"Yes, my son, I watched you; for you were the last link that bound me to earth. My studies are tasteless and insipid to me, when there is none unto whom I may impart my thoughts. I should have been like the old pine on the mountain, which, the last of the forest, the lightning has scathed. I should have stood alone, stripped of my leaves and my branches, and fallen uncared for and companionless."

"Your own life has been nearly sacrificed for my preservation; your kindness falls on me like the dews of Heaven on the flowers of the field; yet I little deserved such unusual regard."

"My son, selfishness was mixed with my own motives; (for in all our actions our impulses are partly evil)—the oak, that for years has been clothed with the ivy, would perish if the parasite were plucked from it. You have grown around my heart; and had you died, in misery I should have followed you. You were the sun that lighted for me the darkness of this world—there was one other, but she is gone—my loved Zobeide is as one whom the waves of the sea cradle in their dark caves."

The old man's voice seemed a spirit from the past; it was like the voice of home when it speaks in silence to the exile; it conjured up all the memories of the sweet bygone hours: they burst over my soul in a flood of light, dazzling as when the day shines through the opened portals of the dungeon, to him who has been for years its inmate. Yet more painful than ever was remembrance: it eat into my soul as the rust consumeth the sheathed sword. "And now I must seek the waters of oblivion."

"T were vain, my son, though thy Peri assist thee."

"It may be, yet I must attempt it. I must leave you, good father. I can no longer endure the silent grief that preys upon me. I must depart. May Allah protect me."

"Your project is wild, yet go; change of scene may bring with it change of feeling; moreover it will make you conversant with others' woes and so forgetful of your own. Go, my son, and protection ever be with you. Yet the waters you desire, may not easily be found; many sages have sought them, but they have ever returned unsatisfied. Still go, my child. I too shall leave this abode of sorrow—and although I may not long survive when you are gone, yet will I seek in other climes alleviation of my afflictions. Adieu! here let us part; but take with you this signet—there are two which resemble it; one I ever keep myself where it cannot be lost, and the other my poor Zobeide kept with like care." (26.)

We parted! since that time I have not seen, I have not heard of my old guardian; and Ishmael is probably as ignorant of the fate and fortunes of Amram. Yet we shall meet again in the gardens of Heaven, if not here. I turned my face towards the rising sun, and thus began my pilgrimage, crossing the great desert with a caravan I overtook a few days' journey from Demeshk. Three weeks I travelled alone, after leaving the caravan, through varied scenery, till I came to a still lake, which spread before me its silver bosom. For a moment I was enchanted with its beauty—the weeping willow bent over it, and the chenar trees were lovelier than those that shaded the banks of my own Baradee. Amra

trees(27) were there—and the purple blossoms of that tree which presents the appearance of spring and summer ever enduring together. Vines, too, with clustering fruit, more delicious than the golden grapes of Casveen; and almond trees which might have rivalled those that bloom in the gardens of Dehlee. On the glassy waters, purer than the lake of pearl, red lotuses and blue water lilies raised their graceful flowers, while the banks were clothed with a soft grass, sending forth continual fragrance like that on the margin of the sacred Ganges. Neither were the leaves of the golden Champac absent; nor the ruby flowers of the Camalata; nor the Amreta Jambu, which gives its name to one of the fairest trees of Paradise. It were vain to describe all that decked that magic scene—earth seemed ransacked of her beauties, so varied were the flowers that bloomed beside that lake. But the pleasure which these afforded, did not continue. I sickened with excess of beauty, and the stillness of all things sunk on my soul as the atmosphere of the vale of death. The sheen of the broad basin remained unchanged—a wide expanse of liquid silver, over which there passed no shade—and the sky was blue above, but there was no cloud-wreath to relieve the sight; the birds were mute, and the leaves slept unquivering on the aspen bough. I was alone, and the still beauty of the scene made me more sensible of my loneliness. I tried to flee from the spot, but I could find no path to guide me—there were no footsteps on the long grass. Ever as I moved, flowers of melancholy associations sprung up beneath my feet—the Rayhan, whose soft tufts wave over the graves of the departed, and that Tuberose which the dwellers in the eastern islands(28) have named the mistress of the night, together with that flower which dispenses not its odors till darkness approaches, and seems itself the harbinger of death.

My brain reeled in a mist of its own creation. Overpowered, I staggered to the margin of the lake, and seeing there a light boat unmoored on the waters, I leaped into it, almost unconscious of my actions. The skiff wheeled round, for as I stepped upon it, a rapid current swept down the lake and hurried me away. I felt, almost senseless.

As my senses returned, I could perceive that I lay on a bed of flowers in that caique, borne down the narrow stream with the swiftness of lightning.(29) Trees, more beautiful than those I had seen on the borders of the lake, bloomed along the banks of that impetuous river; and their overreaching branches and blossoms hung so low that I thought to catch them as I was hurried onward. I stretched my hand to catch them, but their fragrance only I reached. Sometimes a stray flower fell into my hands, but I had no sooner touched it, than its beauty paled; it gave me pleasure no longer, but withering, quickly died. On I was borne—the arrow flies not straighter to its mark, than that boat bounded on toward some hidden home. The stream became wider and the trees bloomed thinner on the banks. I tried no longer to catch their flowerets. Still, onward, the river widened, and instead of blossoms and green leaves, sharp and jagged rocks frowned down upon me; but in some few and distant places I could see the acacia waving its bright saffron tresses, or a small tuft of green grass, on which my eyes would willingly have delayed. Still my small caique danced onward; the rocks increased

in size; verdure and vegetation were forgotten; the high mountains bathed their white heads in the dun clouds of Heaven, which hung over me like one vast shroud of watery vapor. But there was one bright blue spot in the far distance, though the leaden waters were not gilded by its smile. My boat stopped not; on it hurried with the same steady and rapid movement. The rocks drew nearer; I could not see them, but I felt the change; a tangible mist enveloped me, and a darkness which was not night—for that one blue spot was still visible, like the light of hope in the midst of sorrows. There was no rest for me; the river hitherto so smooth, fretted and chafed amongst the hidden rocks—my boat leapt from wave to wave; the billows raged higher, and boiled as when the waters of the Coral sea(30) bursting through the strait of Tears,(31) mingle their waters with the mighty ocean. The crags met, and through the low arch the tumbling boat shot. Once more I was in the open air—the unspotted blue of Heaven smiled over me. I looked back towards the stream I had just quitted—it was gone—shut out by the thick mist that rose behind me; and I found myself a lonely voyager on the dull untraversed waters of a shoreless sea. My boat moved not, but lay slumbering on the palsied waves; the sky became dark and lowering—behind me and before me the dense mists hung on the verge of the bright blue, as if eager to swallow up its brilliancy; there was no sound—no breath—the air itself was sleeping. I submitted to the strange influence of the place, and lay in waking slumbers; yet no visions came to gladden my soul; the semblances of things had vanished from my mind, and I could think of nothing but that sky and of those waters and of my weird boat. My skiff moved not, and yet there rose before me in the flushed horizon, a wall of shining crystal, on which the roseate hues of light danced fitfully. Rapidly did they come nearer, though my boat seemed still unmoving. Those crags of ice divided—the portals soon resolved themselves into dread shapes, from which a chill benumbing atmosphere proceeded and wrapped itself around me. From all sides, before, behind, battlements and towers of ice sprung through the misty shroud, and bathed their glittering peaks in the living light of Heaven. Slowly these walls closed in, and the waters of the lake, on which I floated, became dense and more dense. Then a loud voice, as of one the grave had freed, rung on my ears, "*On, mortal, on—thou hast no choice; the waters of oblivion are before thee—on to those waters whence is no return. Child of clay, thou hast sought the treasure of the genii in their wild and magic halls; on, for the waves of oblivion shall roll over thee.*" The voice had spoken; at once the water and the air and the blue heavens all found a voice and shrieked in dreadful unison: "*On, mortal, on—thou hast no choice; the waters of oblivion are before thee*"—and those crags of wondrous crystal threw back the awful sounds from peak to pinnacle, as when the loud thunder laughs at midnight among the lofty mountains. "*On, thou hast no choice—the waters of oblivion are before thee.*" Crag answered unto crag, till o'er the roaring waters there hung an atmosphere of loathed sounds. Then there rose, as if from myriad mouths, a wild and fiendish laughter, and those walls of ice burst out in wanton mirth, while the water and the air laughed in wild symphony. Suddenly the bosom of that lake, which be-



fore had been so still and smooth, rushed on in foaming rapids, and the war of streams sounded like the cataracts of Bahs el Nil. Swift as the eagle, when he swoops on his prey, or as the death-bearing Samiel, the light boat sprung forward, and through those portals of the ice, shot towards the waters of oblivion—and as I passed, they closed behind me with a horrid crash. "This cannot be," I cried; "the prophet will not resign his votary into the hands of the rebellious angels; it may not be. Dread powers of darkness and of ill—by the victory of Soleyman, I conjure you—by that charm which has excluded you from Paradise—by the majesty of Allah, and by that mystic spell which mortal lips may not pronounce, and which accursed ears dare not hear." With sudden plunge those toppling crags vanished in the dull waters, with themselves, and in their stead there sounded on my ear the sweet music of a rippled stream. My eyes were open, and a weight was off my spirits.

When my eyes had become habituated to the light, and the effects of that trance had passed away, I found myself reclining by that silver lake whereon I had started in the enchanted boat. The date trees waved over me their graceful foliage, the moon shone bright, and the stars viewed with joy and admiration their beauteous orbs glassed in the deep waters.

A spirit appeared to me—the radiance of her countenance and the brilliancy of her figure made the moon appear dark in heaven. She bent over me; and the words proceeded from her mouth sweeter than the remembered tones of a sweet sound; more soothing than the silver tones of Izrafil. "Amram," she said, "I have visited you with a dream—you have wished for the waters of oblivion; wilt thou now that I conduct you where you may meet with the reality of your vision?" A shudder ran over me—my cheek turned pale—a cold sweat issued from all the pores of my skin—the blood stagnated in my veins, and I had only power to exclaim, "Nay, fair Peri; drive me not thither; the recollection of those horrors overpowers me. I will not taste of those dark waters." "Amram," she replied, "it is well I have watched over you; for my oath to your mighty father compelled me. This time have I rescued you from the jaws of destruction. Farewell, and know that Zobeide liveth!(32.) Seek."

I did not remain long in the place where she had left me, but with the earliest dawn I proceeded to retrace my steps. The path which in the evening I had so hopelessly sought, presented itself at once for my acceptance. Instead of the stillness which before had been spread over nature, the birds carolled lightly in the woods—the winds made wild music in the trees, and every flower, that bloomed along my path, breathed forth the notes of gladness. With the utmost speed, I returned towards the vale of Demeshk, hoping that my Zobeide might possibly have returned toward the home of her childhood. Hope and fear were so nicely balanced in my bosom, that I forgot all my former desires of oblivion, and journeyed on in lightness of heart. But as I entered the vale of Sham el Demeshy, fear so far predominated, that I almost anticipated the reply to my frequent and vain inquiries, for I found that no intelligence had ever been received of the lost Zobeide. I visited all the spots which her partiality had consecrated—I strolled through the chenar grove—and for hours

I reclined in the jessamine bower; I even visited the tomb I had erected to her, but the sadness which it inspired was mellowed by my belief in her existence.

I now despaired of ever finding her again, without chance should throw her across my path; and I should probably have remained in the vale of Demeshk, if I had not remembered my protector, Ishmael, and been seized with a desire of informing him that his daughter still lived. But ere I again quitted, perhaps for ever, that sweet paradise, I sought the banks of the cool Baradee—and looking on it with a feeling of affection, "Murmuring rivulet," I cried, "laughing and sparkling in the noontide sun, sweet art thou to my heart! Still thou smilest and sportest, as when in the days of my childhood I stood by thy brink and watched thy current bear along with it the little boats which my idle fancy made of every twig that sailed down thee. Still thou rollest on, and strayest in happy ignorance of thy future lot—knowest thou that thy pleasant course will be ended—that thy waters will be lost in the brine of the ocean and thyself seen no more? Thou canst not, or not always wouldst thou wear that cherub smile upon thy cheek. My life is like thine: in childhood all was gladness—the sorrows, that like April showers at times bedimmed my joy, were but as the light clouds that, from time to time, steal from thee the cheering rays of the sun and rob thee of thy smile. But they quickly vanished, and every little incident that then happened to me, was like the straws and feathers, the leaves and flowers, which are carried along at thy sweet will. My gladsome thoughts seized them and hurried them along with me—and as the bee, unheeding, extracts honey from all flowers, so did I suck joy from things which to others might have seemed painful. But the tide of my life has rolled onwards, and brought to me, as it does unto thyself, a deeper and a wider stream—and now the brightest beams dance coldly on the surface, without penetrating to the heart as they were wont to do of old—and instead of sporting with the few green leaves and bright blossoms, they fall unregarded upon me. My stream is still rapid as before, but its rapidity makes it turbid. Still I roll onwards as thyself, fair brook, till I reach the ocean—the boundless and shoreless ocean of eternity. Smile on, then, my sweet Baradee; and though to me the past has been full of tears, yet will I smile with thee, for thou carriest me back to the glad days of my childhood." I bent over the stream. I scattered some flowers and green leaves upon it, and for some minutes my tears fell unnoticed on its sparkling waters. "Will there ever be one," cried I, "to shed tears over me, or to scatter fresh flowers on my grave when I am dead? None,(33.) with that sensation of pleasing regret with which I now deck thy bosom—for the hand of the stranger will adorn my tomb, and I shall die an exile from my home. Thou hast ever been my companion, and hast lent a ready ear to complaints which none other has heard. All my secrets have been confided to thee, and I have fancied that thy wavelets sympathized with my sorrows, for they seemed to wear a softer smile. Adieu! then, fairest of rivers. Adieu! my own sweet Baradee."

I turned and quitted the spot. I wandered in search of the father of my youth—the sage Ishmael—him I have never found. I have visited the shrine of our prophet—I have kissed the holy Caaba,(34)—I have drunk

of the soul-curing waters of Zemzem, (35)—I have lived with the tribes of Araby, and the tribes of Tooran (36) have extended their hospitality to me. I have visited the burning lakes (37,) which flame beside the great water of judgment, (38,) and have dwelt with the Guebres, (39,) whose sincerity and goodness deserve a better creed. In the course of my travels I have observed, that in all places the good and the bad are mingled—that kindness is naturalized on earth wherever man can live. I have observed that religions, which should unite all men, if the welfare of men be their intention, are unfailing sources of contention and bloodshed. I have found men possessed of the greatest virtues, marred by some trivial fault, which dimmed the lustre of their goodness; and characters of acknowledged vice, possessed of some dazzling virtue, which blinded the eyes of men to their faults. I have travelled much—the words of Ishmael I have tested and found true—there is no happiness—but I hate not the world in consequence, rather loving it, that I may alleviate the miseries of others in the hope of consolation in return. For vain as this consolation may appear, when carefully scrutinized in the eye of reason, yet it invigorates the heart, as the dews of the morning refresh the budding, and like snow sinks deeper in proportion to the lightness of its fall. I have found neither Zobeide nor Ishmael, yet I cannot conceive my time ill spent, since it has inclined me to a firm reliance on the bountiful goodness, and a pitying tolerance for the errors of others, whether in religion or in life.

Many revolutions of the sun had passed over me, since I quitted the soft flowing Baradee, and I was returning once more to revisit the centre of all my pleasing thoughts and fancies, when slumbering by the banks of the Euphrates, the voice of the Peri again sounded like music on my ear—"Up, Amram, arise! thy lord cometh and the hour of thy joy is at hand; haste thee to the plains of Farsistan, pass from the vale of Lilies (40) without delaying, and thou shalt find the prince Aboun Hassein by the fount, which wells out from the mountains of Fire (41)—him shalt thou accompany."

My tale is ended—the servant of my lord is before thee—thou knowest all—and if my story hath deserved thy attention, may it keep alive in thy breast the remembrance of "Amram, the wanderer."

*Notes explanatory of Orientalisms employed by the Persian author.*

(1) "Mirage." This word hardly needs explanation in the present day, for every one now knows that there is an ocular deception under the appearance of water, frequently met with in the deserts of Asia and Africa.

(2) "Moussa." Moses. The Mahometans claim the same right to scriptural references that we Christians do.

(3) "Sham el Demeshy." "On the eastern base of Libanus is the fertile plain, watered by numerous streams, where the ancient city of Damascus stands—the Demeshk, or Sham el Demeshy of the orientalists. The environs of the city, watered by the Baradee and other small streams, present at all seasons of the year a pleasing verdure, and contain an extensive series of gardens and villas. The valley of Damascus or Gather, is, according to Abulfeda, the first of the four terrestrial paradises." Malte Brun Geog. 110, xxviii, 3.

(4) "Green as the turban of an Emir." Green is the sacred color of the Mahometans, and the use of green turbans is restricted to the grandees, if I mistake not, for I cannot at present refer to the authority; but the words of the Persian author of this tale should be considered sufficient authority.

(5) "The fleeces of Angora" are so soft as to have become proverbial.

(6) A practice which even now is not renounced in the East, as is evident from the following passage of Malte Brun: "The Afghans believe in alchemy, magic, astrology, and the prophetic character of dreams." From a work entitled 'Travels in the East,' and published in the latter part of the seventeenth or the early part of the eighteenth century, I extract the following passage, to show the respect in which astrology was held even then: "Astronomy is studied in Persia purely for the sake of astrology; which last they term the revelation of the stars. The people of the East look upon astrology as the key to futurity, and they have an insatiable curiosity for prying into things to come. This seems to be the principal end of their studies, and they look upon a person to be stupid and ignorant to the last degree, who speaks slightly of this science."

(7) Where they may still be found, along with singing birds, ever living waters, and a variety of other curious things; for an enumeration of which I refer the reader to D'Herbelot and the Arabian Nights.

(8) "Baradee." See note 4.

(9) "Soleyman ben Donad." Solomon, the son of David, the greatest of the Preadamite kings, according to the orientals.

(10) "Zitara." A musical instrument, probably resembling the cithara of the Greeks and Latins, for its description as well as its name resembles the "testudo Apollinis."

(11) "Chenar trees." The favorite tree of the east; being a species of the sycamore.

(12) "Sultana Scheherazade." The name will instantly recall that beautiful work "The Arabian Nights Entertainments" to the minds of all readers. And here I would observe, that these tales seem as much admired in the east as they ought to be in the west.

(13) "Tall and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon." The proximity of Damascus to the mountain would naturally suggest the comparison.

(14) "The marble of Shirameen." "Near the village of Shirameen, not far from the lake of Shahee, are ponds or plashes, whose indolent waters, by a slow and regular process, stagnate, concrete and petrify, and produce the beautiful transparent stone commonly called Tabreez marble."—Shoberl's Persia. Mr. Morier observes, that in its last stage of concretion, the marble is white like Iwas frost.

(15) I was unable to translate the Persian word by any which might convey its real force, and therefore substituted "labyrinth," though it detracts from the consistency of the work. But the fault is that of the translator.

(16) According to the religious philosophy of the Mahometans, the basis of Mount Caf is an emerald, whose reflections produce the azure of the sky—the mountain is endowed with a sensitive sensation in its roots or nerves—and their vibrations, at the command of God, is the cause of earthquakes.—From a note in Gibbon's Hist. Dec. and Fall. Rom. Emp. Vide etiam D'Herbelot, Bibliothéque Orientales, pp. 230-231.

(17) The reader may from this perceive the propriety of Lord Byron's distinction:

"By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail,  
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale."

*Bride of Abydos.*

(18) The classic scholar may be pleased with the coincidence existing between this passage and the line of Hesiod—Works and Days:

"Ἀλλ' ἐμπύς καὶ τοῖσι μεμίζεται εὐθὺς κακοῖσι,"  
and the still more beautiful words of that sweet bard Lucretius—  
—Medio de fonti leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid.

(19) I would not willingly lose the opportunity which this allusion affords of adding my mite of admiration to the thousand voices which have praised that wonderful tale "Vathek."

(20) Who would not gladly be reminded of Shakespeare's words—*Henry IV, part II:*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

(21) "The Green Sea" or Oman's Sea, is the Persian Gulf.

(22) Among the Eastern nations a dark languishing eye is considered the greatest of beauties.

(23) Among the papers from which this translation was made, I found a loose scrap, on which was a species of lyric verse, apparently descriptive of the beauty of this vision of the night.



Not knowing whether to consider it as part of the poem or not, I have preferred introducing it here :

Her form was loveliness embodied—

Not those bright and fairy shapes  
Which we are apt to conjure up,  
When the last hues of evening spread  
Their soul-entrancing charms around,  
Could equal her in beauty.

Her rosy cheek, flushed with the joy of youth,  
Was clearer than a summer morn,  
When from the ocean's golden breast  
The sun uprising in a flood of light,  
Bursts into new existence.

Her brow was white as alabaster ;  
And where the purple veins meandered,  
It seemed as though the God of Love  
Had set his seal, and left those bubbling founts  
Of life as tokens of his presence.

(24) "Hakem," or wise man, applied more especially to their physicians.

(25) The Mahometan religion is distinguished above all others for the pure and unhesitating reliance of all its votaries on the goodness of Providence. In all dangers, in all afflictions, in the hour of prosperity, and in the hour of expected death, the maxim to which the Osmanlee steadily adheres, is "Lord, not my will, but thine be done." Would that their sincerity were grafted into a purer creed.

(26) The Persians and Orientals, in general, are remarkably superstitious in relation to amulets—few ever go without them. "Charms and amulets," says an old writer, "against diseases and enchantments, are another part of their superstition. You will not find a Persian without his amulet, and some of them almost loaded with them," &c. &c. *Travels in the East, 1690, 1710.*

(27) The description of these trees would occupy so much space, that I must content myself with referring the inquiring reader to Chardin's *Voyages en Perse* ; Malte Brun's *Geograph. Universelle* ; and Sir William Jones' *Asiatic Researches*.

(28) Of Java and the Sumatran chain.

(29) In this passage the author seems to have been desirous of portraying, metaphysically, the course of life. We come into the world—during the first fourteen or fifteen years of existence our thoughts are occupied chiefly with looking abroad upon the world and admiring the various novelties which are presented to our sight. About that age we feel an inclination to go forth unto the world ourselves, for it appears still beauty to our eyes, for the wandering fancies of our hearts prevent us from observing the shifting scenes of that which is before us. Once embarked, however, we perceive ourselves rapidly hurried forward, and though at first our brains turn giddily, from being so suddenly plunged into the vortex of action, yet this feeling, sooner or later, passes away, and we see thousand fancied pleasures almost within our reach, which we vainly strive to catch. As life glides on, these joys seem to recede from us, for our hearts being no longer set upon them, they are seen at juster distances. As we grow still older, the very perception of them departs ; they remain upon us merely as the wild vagaries of childhood, and we laugh at those who seek over them, as duped by those deceptions which we at length have escaped. The imaginative admirer of Amram's philosophy may range, on this subject, o'er the wide fields of his own fancy, and come at length to the conclusion, that as the rocks drew nearer on the path of the voyagers, so do all things cling closer round us as we approach that goal whence we must spring from time into eternity.

(30) "The Coral Sea." The Red Sea, so called from its abounding in red coral.

(31) "The strait of Tears." The straits of Babel Mandel, so called by the Orientals, from the dangers of its passage.

(32) Though here informed, in a manner I cannot doubt, that Zobeide lives, yet, after looking over the greater part of the papers, I have not been able to discover her locality. But if continued application make me more fortunate in my labors than Amram has hitherto been, I shall certainly give you the desirable information on the subject.

(33) Though we may all agree that the love of the animate is better than that of the inanimate, yet the pleasure is not so durable. In the latter case the feeling is a reflex operation of

our own hearts ; we love something inanimate ; in fancy we embody similar feelings in the object of our attachment, and by the action of the will and the imagination, we transfer them back unto ourselves, and endeavor to forget that the whole series of thought and feeling proceeds from our own minds.

(34) "The Holy Caaba." The black stone of Mecca, whereunto the faithful ever turn their faces when they pray. Vide Gibbon and D'Herbelot.

(35) "Zemzem." The sacred fountain of Mecca, which possesses all the wonderful powers of the lake of Bethesda.

(36) "Tooran." The Persian name for Tartary.

(37) "Not far from thence (Balaghan near Bakon) is the field of fire, about a square verst in extent, and continually emitting an inflammable gas."

(38) "The great water of the judgment." Among the many names given by Orientals, the one "in the Tend-Avesta is worthy of remark. That apocryphal work, which is full of old traditions, calls this sea Tchekâet Daéti or "the great water of the judgment." Malte Brun, liv, xxxiv.

(39) The Gaurs, or "Guebres, are the relics of the ancient Persians, who have refused to embrace the doctrines of Mahomet and retained the religion of Zoroaster." Shoberl's Persia.

(40) "Khusistan." The ancient Susiana, whose capital, Susa, signifies "city of lilies." Vide Malte Brun.

(41) "The Mountains of Fire." The El Ahwas mountains, (south-west from Ispahan,) anciently called Parachoatra, or Mountains of Fire, according to the testimony of Abulfeda, Hadgi Khalfah, &c.

## CONSUMPTION.

He had been her idol ;—from day to day,  
She pour'd the incense of her unshared heart  
Upon his shrine. To her eye, all that's best,  
Of earth's beauty, met in his radiant brow—  
To her ear, his voice had more of music  
Than all earth's measured melodies combined.  
And now she saw him dying ! hour by hour  
The living vermeil of his bright cheek fade,  
And the destroyer spread his waning wreath,  
To mock with its false light the opening tomb.  
What tho' his voice had bade her trust no joy  
Of mortal birth ! and told in faith deep trust  
Of that bright world, where love, deep quenchless love,  
Forever reigns, without or death or change ?  
The fond young heart, by its crush'd hopes—by tears  
And griefs from the heart's core,—by the deep thirst  
Unquenched by mortal streams, alone can trace  
Its weary wanderings to the founts of faith.  
And still she dream'd of hope—some sunny isle  
Fanned by soft breezes, fresh from myrtle bowers  
And groves of spices, rich with healing balm,  
To cool his fevered temples, and distil  
Through his parch'd veins the springs of life anew.  
And spring returned with its soft showers, and dews  
Distilling nectar from the honied flowers—  
And bee and bird-fly calling treasured stores—  
Breeze and insect, and all that love the sun,  
Returned,—but not to the poor sufferer health.  
And with the yearnings of the exile's heart,  
He panted for his native streams and vales—  
Familiar paths and household voices, things  
Deeply stored in memory's hallow'd shrine—  
But most he sighed to rest his weary head  
Neath the wild flowers of his own lov'd home.  
Fond wish and vain !—no native shore shall rise  
To scatter dust on thy fond faithful breast—  
But with old Ocean's gems, the young and true—  
The beautiful, the lost, thou'lt find thy rest.

The ship unmoor'd—along the dancing wave  
 The young and gay—the light of heart are borne,—  
 And wit and song, and revelry and mirth  
 Resound. But hush! the song is ceased, and lo!  
 Amid the list'ning crowd the sound is heard,  
 "Death, Death is here!" Dread foe! could'st thou not stay  
 Thy hand, and let this brightest victim pass?  
 But no! 'tis done! the cold dark waves rebound,  
 And clasp this treasure in their sad embrace.

Camden, S. C.

S. P.

## EXAMINATION OF PHRENOLOGY,

In two lectures, delivered to the students of the Columbian College, District of Columbia, February, 1837: By Thomas Sewall, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Boston, 1839.

The pursuit of novelty has always exerted a powerful influence over the mind of man. From the days of Eve to those of Gall and Spurzheim, it has formed one of the strongest propensities of our nature; and while it has been the original source of many useful discoveries in science and important improvements in the arts, it has also caused the sacrifice of many an intellectual effort, and the loss of much valuable time.

The origin and progress of what is called the science of phrenology, is a striking illustration of the truth of these remarks. Of all the visionary fabrics which have ever been constructed by the ingenious or supported by the credulous, few can be mentioned, that are more completely baseless than this. With just enough of novelty to engage the curious—of originality to entrap the superficial—and of ingenuity to enlist the reflecting—it presents many points to attract public attention and gain popular favor. Its pretended foundation on personal observation—its lofty pretensions to genuine simplicity—its pompous claims to superior success in explaining the operations of the human mind—the skill and address of its really eloquent and able founders, have all tended to gain active proselytes and attract devoted followers.

But, if we do not entirely misread the signs of the times, the dark shadows of a long, if not an eternal night, are fast gathering over its clouded horizon; and notwithstanding its temporary success and evanescent popularity, we firmly believe that this, like many other brilliant meteors, has arisen to glitter and dazzle but for a moment, and then disappear forever before the overpowering light of true philosophy and genuine science.

In France and Germany, where this progeny of genius and observation, which was to illumine the darkest recesses of mental philosophy and afford a ready clue to the whole labyrinth of metaphysical vagaries, first saw the light—even in France and Germany, which we should suppose peculiarly fitted, from the tendency to imaginative speculation in the one, and the fondness for specious novelty in the other, to afford a ready support to its deceptive sophisms and oracular dogmas—even there, where, (if any where,) we should think it might bask in the perpetual sunshine of popular favor, it has already ceased to attract public attention or claim a place among the important pursuits of man.

In Paris, we learn from recent and undoubted authority, that it no longer creates any interest—that very few of the distinguished *savans* of that metropolis of science have any faith in the truth of its doctrines, and that still fewer consider them worthy a serious discussion.

It is, however, no part of our object to enter upon an examination of the merits of phrenology or of the justice of its claims to be ranked among the valuable discoveries, which the science and learning and indomitable perseverance of the present day have sent forth to instruct and benefit mankind. We wish merely to introduce to the notice of our readers, the work, whose title is placed at the head of this article—a work, which has not been surpassed, if it has been equalled among the numerous productions on this subject, for conclusive reasoning, masterly induction, and overpowering argument.

Professor Sewall's work consists of two lectures, delivered to the students of the Columbian College in the city of Washington, and published at their request. In the first lecture he gives a brief but comprehensive, candid and perspicuous outline of the peculiar views entertained by phrenologists; and in the second he inquires how far these views are sustained by, and are consistent with, the anatomical structure of the cranium and brain—a course of argument and discussion perfectly fair to his opponents, and yet quite different from that which has generally been pursued in the attempts to overthrow this mis-called science.

Professor Sewall first presents a brief historical sketch of the origin of phrenology—of its introduction to the medical and scientific world by Dr. Gall, in a course of lectures at Vienna in 1796—of his association with his favorite pupil Spurzheim in 1804—of their lecturing in most of the principal cities of Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland, in 1805, on their way to Paris—and of their reception by the French Institute, which distinguished body appointed a committee to report on their peculiar views, at the head of which was placed the first comparative anatomist of the age, M. Cuvier. Of this report, Dr. Sewall states, "some merit was awarded them for the improvements they had made in the manner of dissecting the brain, and for a few other innovations; but many of the discoveries which they claimed as original, were traced to anatomists who had preceded them, and their main positions were regarded as extremely hypothetical."

"Dr. Gall died in Paris in 1828, at the age of seventy-two. Spurzheim, while he considered France his residence, travelled extensively through Germany, Switzerland, Prussia, England, Scotland, and Ireland, making observations, teaching phrenology, and collecting facts. He returned to Paris to reside in 1817, where he regularly gave two courses of lectures upon phrenology annually; but complained, that during his absence, the subject had in a great measure been laid aside and forgotten. In 1824, he married a lady of fine talents and accomplishments, who entered deeply into the spirit of his enterprise. This event seems to have given a fresh impulse to his investigations, and to have inspired him with increased zeal in extending the influence of phrenology.

"Spurzheim, in 1832, visited the United States. His objects were to study the genius and character of



our nation, and to establish and propagate the doctrines of phrenology. He landed in New York on the fourth day of August, and proceeded almost immediately to Boston. Here he was received with all the respect and kindness for which the inhabitants of that ancient metropolis are so distinguished in their treatment of strangers. He was conducted to the various public and private institutions; was introduced to the literary and scientific personages of distinction; and every thing was done to render his stay agreeable, and to promote the object of his visit. He was invited to deliver lectures, to examine heads, and to explain his doctrines. But he had scarcely entered upon his career, when he was struck down by a fever, of which he died on the tenth of November, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His remains were interred at Mount Auburn, with every mark of respect, where a neat and beautiful monument has been erected to his memory, by the generous and high-minded citizens of Boston."

Dr. Sewall then goes on to show, that ideas similar to those of Gall, were entertained and promulgated long before his time, by Aristotle, by Galen, by Gordon in 1296; by Albert, archbishop of Ratisbon, in the thirteenth century; by Montagnana in 1491; by Servetus, who died in 1553; by Dolci, a Venetian; by Porta of Naples; by doctor Willis of London; and by baron Swedenborg. He adds, however, that "whatever may be the truth with regard to the origin of phrenology, it is through the writings of doctor Gall, supported by the untiring labors and invincible zeal of his pupils and disciples, that the science has been widely spread through the civilized world. And it is by these labors, and by this ceaseless spirit of exertion, that the subject has been brought to our shores, and has afforded the occasion to investigate it and ascertain whether it furnishes us with that infallible guide in the study of human character, which has been pretended."

Professor Sewall then gives the following as the fundamental principles, upon which the whole system of phrenology is based:

"1st. Phrenology, like most systems of mental philosophy, makes the brain the material organ of the mind.

2nd. It assumes the position, that just in proportion to the volume of this organ, other things being equal, will be the power of the mental manifestations.

3rd. That the exercise of the mind promotes the development of the brain.

4th. That the character of the mind is to be determined by the configuration of the brain.

5th. That the brain is a multiplex organ, and composed of a definite number of compartments or sub-organs, each of which is the appropriate seat of a propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty.

6th. That the mind consists of a definite number of original powers, which are divided into propensities, sentiments, and intellectual faculties.

7th. That to the existence of each original propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty, a specific cerebral organ is necessary, and that every specific mental operation can be performed, only by means of an appropriate organ.

8th. That the brain is composed of at least thirty-five phrenological organs or pairs of organs, all commencing at the medulla oblongata or top of the spinal marrow, and radiating to the surface of the brain.

That they commence at a point, and like so many inverted cones, become more and more voluminous, until that portion which is bounded by the walls of the cranium, presents a surface corresponding in form, size, and situation with the figured skulls, delineated in plate 1, fig. 2, and 3.

9th. That just in proportion to the development or size of each of these organs, or cones, will be the strength of the particular faculty of which it is the residence; the size of the organs to be estimated by their length and breadth, and the extent of their peripheral surface; and consequently that each prominence of the skull indicates the degree of development of that organ of the brain which is situated immediately under it, and of course, the power of the intellectual faculty, sentiment, or passion, of which it is the residence.

10th. That the exercise of any particular faculty of the mind, promotes the development of the appropriate organ of such faculty."

"In accordance with these principles, the cranium has been mapped out into thirty-five distinct territories, corresponding, as is supposed, in position, form and size, with the bases of the different organs of the brain."

He next points out the position of the individual organs, and briefly sketches the leading characteristics of each of their respective functions, as described by phrenologists.

In his second lecture, Doctor Sewall remarks: "Having exhibited the leading doctrines of phrenology, as found in the standard books upon the science, and as taught by the most eminent lecturers, my object on this occasion will be, to show how far the science is reconcilable with the anatomical structure and organization of the brain, the cranium, and other parts concerned.

"I adopt this course from two considerations:

"1st. From a belief that the anatomy of the parts concerned, is the proper, and indeed the only certain standard by which to ascertain its truth.

"2nd. That the metaphysical arguments on the subject, while they have been urged with great power, have too often been evaded, and the public mind has not been enlightened as to the real merits of phrenology, by the usual methods of investigation. Even the lash of ridicule, under which it has generally been left to wither, has done but little in arresting its progress or exposing its errors. The ground which phrenologists assume the right to occupy, is so extensive, and the outlets for retreat are so numerous, that it is difficult to present an objection to the science, which cannot, upon the common principles of reasoning, be plausibly evaded. A few examples will illustrate the idea which I wish to convey.

"If an individual has a large head, and his mental manifestations are unusually powerful, the case is brought forward as a proof of the truth of phrenology; but if the manifestations are feeble, it is said that the great size of the head is the result of disease, or that the brain is not well organized, or that other circumstances have exerted an influence in diminishing its power. If a small head be connected with a powerful intellect, it only proves that the brain, though small, is well organised, and acts with uncommon energy.

"If an individual has a particular propensity strongly marked in his character, and there is no corresponding development of the brain, it is said that the organ has

not been thrown out by indulging its desires; but if there is a large development of an organ, and no corresponding propensity, then it is contended that the germ of the propensity is there, but that it has been repressed by education or other circumstances; or it is found that some counteracting organ is fully developed which neutralizes the first. For example, if the organ of Covetousness is large, and the person has no uncommon love of gain, and the organ of Benevolence is also large, it is urged that the action of the one neutralizes that of the other.

"I have already mentioned that the temperament also is supposed to perform an important part in modifying the action of the different organs, and for which all due allowance is to be made.

"When all these fail in furnishing a satisfactory explanation, another method, still more amusing, is sometimes resorted to, in relieving phrenology from embarrassment. It may be illustrated by the following facts:

"There is a celebrated divine now living in Scotland, equally distinguished for his amiable disposition, his gigantic powers of mind, and the great moral influence which he exerts upon the christian world. This individual, it is said, has the organ of Destructiveness very largely developed, and not having any counteracting organ very large, it is contended by those who are acquainted with the fact, that he manifests his inherent disposition to murder, by his mighty efforts to destroy vice and break down systems of error. In this way he gratifies his propensity to shed blood.

"By a recent examination of the skull of the celebrated infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of Veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his sensibility upon the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout christians, and that out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the christian religion from the earth.

"Other explanations, as much at variance with truth and common sense, are resorted to in carrying out the system.

"Allowing, therefore, to phrenologists the latitude they claim, it would seem impossible to present a case so contradictory to their principles as not to admit of prompt and plausible explanation.

"It is such considerations as these that have induced me to attempt an examination of the principles of phrenology, on other than metaphysical grounds, or its practical application to individual cases.

"In pursuing the investigation, I shall inquire:

I. How far phrenology is sustained by the structure and organization of the brain.

II. How far facts justify the opinion, that there is an established relation between the volume of the brain and the powers of the mind.

III. How far it is possible to ascertain the volume of the brain in the living subject, by measurement or observation.

IV. How far it is possible to ascertain the relative degree of development of the different parts of the brain, by the examination of the living head.

V. Notice a few facts which have been used in sup-

port of phrenology, and conclude with some general remarks."

Under the first inquiry, how far phrenology is sustained by the structure and organization of the brain—he states, that it is divided by a strong, tough, horizontal membrane called the tentorium, into two portions, (the cerebrum and cerebellum,) the latter being connected with the former by a small aperture in the tentorium near its centre: and that the fact of the existence of this horizontal membrane, separating the superior from the inferior portion of the brain, clearly shows the absurdity of the idea of organs as described by phrenologists. "Upon removing the dura mater, there are exhibited to the eye, numerous convolutions, rendered distinct by grooves which separate them to a greater or less depth; but these convolutions do not, in any respect, correspond in form, size, or position with the bases of the phrenological organs, as mapped out upon the figured skull. Phrenologists do not pretend that there is any relation between the one and the other. Neither the cortical nor fibrous part of the brain reveals, upon dissection, any of those compartments or organs, upon the existence of which the main fabric of phrenology is based. No such divisions have been discovered by the eye or the microscope. The most common observation is sufficient to show, that there is not the slightest indication of such a structure. Indeed no phrenologist, after all the investigations which have been made upon the subject, from the first dawn of the science to the present time, not even Gall and Spurzheim themselves, venture to assert that such divisions of the brain have been discovered; and yet they insist that such organs do exist."

The next inquiry proposed by our author, is, how far do facts justify the opinion that there is an established relation between the volume of the brain and the powers of the mind?

"This inquiry," he observes, "involves one of the fundamental principles of phrenology; and while pursuing the subject, it is proper to remark, that the phrenologist would escape from the consequences of the doctrine, that the volume of the brain is the measure of the mind, by placing the issue upon the relative development of the different regions of the brain, and not upon the volume of the brain as a whole. If the man of strong intellectual powers, for example, has an ample forehead, the man distinguished for his moral and religious qualities, has the superior region of the cranium large and towering, and the man of strong animal propensities, has the back and lower part of the head large and protruding, the developments are said to accord with the principles of phrenology, although the head be ever so small. This position often proves a secure retreat for the manipulator, especially as the lines of demarcation, which are made to separate the different families of organs from each other, are indefinite and variable in their position, and consequently may be drawn where best suits the case under examination. If the forehead happens to be stinted in its dimensions, and the individual still has a powerful intellect, it is only necessary to throw back the line which separates the intellectual organs from those of the moral faculties, so as to allow the former to encroach upon the region of the latter, and the whole difficulty is removed. Upon the same principle, the organs of the moral faculties



may invade the region assigned to the intellectual organs, or the animal propensities may usurp the dominion of the moral faculties, as the circumstances of the case may require. So by drawing the boundary lines of the different regions of the cranium farther forward or backward, the principle is adapted to the case, and the case to the principle. By this course, the phrenologist changes his position, and attempts to evade the legitimate consequences of his doctrine; and cases where individuals were remarkable for the diminutive size of the head, but were distinguished for power of mind, have been brought forward, not only as consistent with phrenology, but as evidence of its truth. But all this neither changes the ground of the argument, nor relieves us from the necessity of regarding the whole brain as the measure of the whole mind."

Professor S., then introduces a quotation from Mr. Combe, and adds some remarks, to prove still more conclusively, that phrenologists intend to embrace the whole brain as the index of the whole mind, and that it is the great fundamental principle upon which the science is based. "For if a small brain can be made to perform its mental functions with as much power as a brain of larger size differently constituted and endowed, volume is no longer the index of power, and phrenology must be abandoned as destitute of foundation. If the volume of the brain then is to be taken as the measure of the mental power, it is important to know whether its absolute or relative size is intended to be understood. If the former, then men of small stature must generally rank as inferior in intellectual power, to men of large size; and phrenology has also to contend with the fact, that the whale, the elephant, and several other animals of the lower order, have a larger brain than man, while their intellect is inferior.

"If the relative size of the brain be intended, then it is necessary to know with what it is to be compared; whether with the dimensions of the face, the size and length of the neck, with the size of the spinal marrow, the cerebral nerves, or with the volume of the whole body. Upon this point, phrenologists have not been explicit.

"The difficulty of instituting an accurate comparison of the brain with the first four of them, seems likely to prevent either from becoming the standard; and the great variations to which the body is liable, from different causes, losing, as it sometimes does, nearly half its volume, while the brain remains the same, renders this not a more certain criterion. Some facts, however, seem to have afforded the inference, that the volume of the brain, as compared with the size of the body, is to be taken as the measure of the mental power; and just as we descend in the scale of intellectual existence, from man through the various tribes of animals, it is said, the brain will be found to be diminished in size, according to this standard. But the investigations of Haller, Wrisberg, Soemmering, Blumenbach, Cuvier, and other anatomists, show this conclusion to be erroneous, and prove, by actual experiment, that it has no foundation in nature."

He then presents in a tabular form a summary of the result of Cuvier's investigations, by which it appears "that four species of the monkey, the dolphin, and three kinds of birds, the canary bird, sparrow, and cock, exceed man in the proportion of the brain to the

body; and that various other animals are nearly on a level with him.

"Nor does the argument in favor of a regular gradation of intellect, according to the size of the brain, hold good, in a comparison of the lower animals with each other; their intellectual capacities not being in proportion of the brain to the body. This fact is shown by the table of Cuvier.

"The doctrine, therefore, that man owes his intellectual superiority to an excess of brain, derives no support from his comparison with the lower animals; nor does it appear, from observation, that this is the source of the diversity of intellectual capacity, which distinguishes individuals of the human species from each other.

"Professor Warren, of Boston, who has probably enjoyed as great opportunities for dissecting the brain of literary and intellectual men of high grade, and of comparing these with the brain of men in the lower walks of life, as any anatomist of our country, if not of the age, says, as the result of his experience on this subject, that in some instances, it appeared that a large brain had been connected with superior mental powers, and that the reverse of this was true in about an equal number. 'One individual who was most distinguished for the variety and extent of his native talent, (says Dr. Warren,) had, it was ascertained after death, an uncommonly small brain.'

The third question discussed, is, how far it is possible to ascertain the volume of the brain in the living subject, by measurement or observation. And he here shows conclusively, that the instruments invented by craniologists for measuring the head are insufficient for this purpose, because the integuments of the head, and the walls of the cranium are not of a uniform thickness, and that we possess no means of determining the degree of deviation from this principle. He exhibits a number of drawings (very handsomely executed by the way) which illustrate very forcibly and conclusively some of these points.

One plate represents, by a horizontal section, "the skull of a sturdy, athletic waterman, who was drowned in the Potomac. It is scarcely the eighth of an inch in thickness, though it is firm, compact, and in every respect healthy in its structure."

Another represents, by a horizontal section, the skull "of a young and once beautiful female, who came to this city from a neighboring state, fell into bad company, abandoned the paths of virtue, and died in abject poverty. It is nearly twice the thickness of the former, and is well organized and healthy in its appearance."

An engraving of a third skull is given from the cabinet of professor Smith of Baltimore, which averages nearly *one inch* in thickness and appears in every respect healthy and natural. This of course is nearly eight times thicker than that represented in the first drawing, and is a striking illustration of the impossibility of ascertaining the amount of brain by measuring the exterior of the cranium.

But Dr. Sewall is not content with confounding his opponents, he literally overwhelms them in this "Pelion upon Ossa" argument—he goes on to remark:

"But in order to render this part of the investigation more satisfactory and conclusive, I have instituted

a series of experiments, in order to ascertain the exact amount of brain in the skull, compared with its external dimensions. These experiments were made under the immediate inspection and by the assistance of Dr. Thomas P. Jones of this city, and professor William Ruggles of the Columbian College; gentlemen whose high scientific character ensures the utmost accuracy in the results. I am much indebted to these gentlemen for the aid they have afforded me. In the first series of experiments, we ascertained the volume of each brain, the skull included; in the second series, the volume of the brain alone, or the capacity of the cerebral cavity.

"Then, in order to render the difference in capacity more obvious, the volume of each skull, the brain included, was reduced to the dimensions of seventy fluid ounces.

"This table shows the result of these experiments, as extended to five of the skulls delineated in the plates.

Vol. skull, br. included.	Vol. brain.
Plate II. fig. 1, 70 oz.	56.22 oz.
" fig. 2, "	51.72
III.     "	46.21
IV.     "	34.79
V.     "	25.33

"In five skulls, therefore, of the same external dimensions, we have a difference in the amount of brain between

I. and II.	of	4.50 oz.
I. " III.	"	10.01
I. " IV.	"	21.43
I. " V.	"	31.89

"In this computation we have a difference in the volume of brain, contained in two skulls of the same external dimensions, of 31.89, something more than one half. These experiments have been extended to a great variety of crania, not here delineated, which confirm the above estimate, and show that the external dimensions of the skull furnish no indication of the amount of brain.

"I hold it then to be clearly established, that no phrenologist, however experienced, can, by an inspection of the living head, ascertain whether an individual has a skull of one inch, or one eighth of an inch in thickness; nor whether he has 56.22 ounces of brain in volume, or only 25.33 ounces."

We commend this extract to the particular attention of Dr. Spurheim's followers, and we rather opine they will find it a "knot," which, like a certain one we read of in ancient history, can be more easily cut than untied.

The next point considered, is—how far it is practicable to ascertain the degree of development of the different parts of the brain, by measurement or examination of the living head.

"In the investigation of this part of the subject," professor S. remarks, "we shall find that anatomy interposes numerous obstacles to the practical phrenologist, the more important of which I shall briefly notice.

"1.—Of the frontal sinuses. These are cavities situated in the anterior and lower portion of the frontal bone. To show the manner in which they are formed, it is proper to state, that the bones of the skull are composed of two tables, external and internal, and

that these are united by an intervening lattice work of bony matter called diploe.

"In some parts of the skull, this diploic structure is absent; the two tables recede from each other, and cavities of greater or less extent are thereby created. It is in this manner that the frontal sinuses are formed.

"Plate VI represents, by a horizontal section, the skull of an individual whom I well knew. He was an athletic, laboring man, who became intemperate, and died at the age of thirty. During his life, I frequently remarked, that he had what would be called by phrenologists, a fine head for the perceptive faculties. His eye was deeply ensconced under a full projecting brow, and the organs of form, size, weight, color, order, number, eventuality, individuality and comparison, were uncommonly well developed. His locality was enormous. We should, upon the principles of phrenology, have pronounced him a Rubens in painting, a Humboldt in arrangement, and in form, size, and weight, a Wren, a Douglas or a Simpson. The development of his comparison, eventuality and individuality, would have placed him by the side of Dean Swift and the Earl of Chatham; and his locality represented him as quite equal to Columbus, Newton, Volney and Sir Walter Scott.

"But what do we find upon examination after death? we discover the frontal sinuses to extend over the organs of eventuality, individuality, form, size, weight, color, locality, order, time, and comparison; the two tables of bone separated in some points at the distance of an inch, and the intervening cavities so capacious as to measure one and a half fluid ounces.

"Here then, are ten of the organs, of which no correct judgment can be formed, as to the degree of their development in the living head. From the large frontal sinuses, delineated in this plate, I have skulls, in which they are seen of almost every intermediate size, to those which measure only a few grains."

He next speaks of the difficulties arising from the thickness of the temporal muscle—one of the principal muscles of mastication, and which from its situation necessarily conceals a number of the phrenological organs. He also states, that the two tables of which the skull is composed are not parallel to each other, and that no phrenologist, therefore, who discovers a protuberance on the skull can determine whether it is caused by a fulness of the brain, at that part, or an increased thickness of the bone.

The great number and diminutive size of the organs too, present a serious obstacle to the phrenologist in ascertaining their fulness, as well as their actual position. In the forehead, for example, there are no less than fourteen pairs of organs crowded together in the compass of a few square inches: a space scarcely equal to a single pair of organs belonging to the department of the propensities, or that of the moral sentiments, and all concealed by the frontal bone.

"How" then, he asks, "is the phrenologist to know, when measuring the head, whether the skull is thick or thin, whether the frontal sinuses are large or small, and whether the protuberances which he finds on the head represent corresponding developments of the brain, or are occasioned by an increased thickness of the skull at the places where they exist." After presenting several other considerations, bearing upon the general question,



which our limits compel us to pass over, our author goes on to strengthen his argument, from the fact that nothing has been deduced in favor of phrenology from all the various and complicated injuries inflicted upon the cranium and brain, and accounts of which have been preserved in the records of medicine.

"The idea that the brain is composed of a plurality of organs, and that each has its own appropriate functions, has elicited every argument which could be brought to its support. To sustain the proposition, volumes have been written, experiments have been made, and the records of medicine and surgery, have been ransacked in pursuit of facts.

"If the brain be composed of a plurality of organs, as represented by the figured head, each of which is the seat of a separate faculty, it necessarily follows, that when any one of these organs is injured or destroyed, its faculty must be injured or destroyed also.

"Yet in all the mutilations of the brain, to which man has been subjected for two thousand years, it appears that the records of surgery do not furnish a single well authenticated case, in which the loss of a particular faculty has happened, according to the organ on which the injury was inflicted, while the other faculties remained unimpaired.

"We learn from the researches of Haller, Dr. Ferrier, and numerous others, that a vast variety of cases are recorded, in which large portions of the brain have been actually destroyed, and in so many parts of the head, as to dispose of nearly all the phrenological organs in turn, and that not a single case has happened of such partial destruction of intellect, as must have occurred if the doctrine of separate organs be true; and we can hardly find a surgeon who has not met with cases in his practice, where portions of the brain have been destroyed by wounds, the consequences of which fully confirm the statement of these writers.

"In many of these cases, blindness and deafness have been produced, motion and sensation destroyed, and all the intellectual faculties suspended; but there has not been a destruction of a particular faculty of the mind while its other powers have remained untouched. How then, can it be, after the lapse of so many ages, that there are no facts of this description to confirm the doctrines of phrenology? Certainly it cannot be for the want of an opportunity for observation.

"To say nothing of the accidents of private life, there is scarcely a naval or military battle, in which cases of injury of the phrenological organs are not met with in abundance; and yet the science derives no support from this source."

He then inserts an interesting surgical case, copied from the American Medical Intelligencer, for April 1837, in which a boy, eleven years old, received a kick from a newly shod horse, that fractured the right superior portion of the frontal and the adjoining portion of the parietal bone. A portion of the bone an inch and a half long was driven in upon the brain, which was otherwise so much injured as to prove fatal on the forty-third day. The space of the skull, previously occupied by the right anterior and middle lobes of the cerebrum, was found, upon a post-mortem examination, to present a *perfect cavity*, the hollow of which was filled with some sero-purulent matter—the lobes having been destroyed by suppuration. The third lobe was much disorgan-

ized, &c. The other most important points in this case are noticed in the following remarks of Dr. Sewall: "Here then is a case, in which all that portion of the brain, which has been assigned by phrenology to the intellectual functions, viz:—Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Coloring, Locality, Order, Time, Number, Tune, Language, Comparison, Causality, Wit, Imitation, Eventuality and Wonder—was found in a state of disease and disorganization, and yet not one of those functions destroyed or impaired. And it should be borne in mind, that not one hemisphere of the brain only was found diseased, (for in such an event, the phrenologist would say, that although one hemisphere was disorganized, the other being healthy, the sound half performed the functions of both, as the brain is composed of two symmetrical portions,)—but in this case the anterior lobes of both the right and left hemispheres of the brain were diseased, and to an extent which precludes the possibility of any mental operation, being performed by them. Take, in connection with these facts, the position of the phrenologist, that the periphery or external portion of the brain is that in which the mental operations are performed, and what becomes of the doctrine of a plurality of cerebral organs, or a separate compartment for each of the mental functions? As well may we talk of walking without legs, or seeing without eyes, as to suppose this youth capable of those intellectual functions which phrenology has placed in the anterior lobes of the brain, if the doctrine of separate compartments be true. Under all this devastation of cerebral organization, what was the state of the boy's mind? 'The boy's faculties,' says the surgeon, 'were not destroyed, but there was some intellectual confusion, from the time of the injury, during the operation, and for two hours after, from which time he recovered every faculty of the mind, and they continued vigorous for six weeks, and to within one hour of his death, which took place on the forty-third day.'"

Professor S. presents various other cogent and forcible reasons for believing phrenology to be absurd in theory and unfounded in fact; but for these, we must refer our readers to the work itself, with the assurance that its perusal cannot fail to afford them both entertainment and instruction.

In conclusion, we cannot better express our own estimate of this highly interesting publication than in the language of the London Monthly Review:

"There is the reasoner, the practical expounder and the calm, dignified, and self-possessed refuter, exemplified in every page."

## GHOSTS.

The universality of the belief in ghosts, is generally brought forward, as an argument in favor of their existence. But it appears to me not to be one. I think that it may be explained on rational principles. Besides their belief in ghosts, all nations have also had one in other supernatural beings. But the imaginary beings of different regions have always differed widely in the character assigned to them. Thus in Asia, we find a belief in ghouls and genii—beings whose assigned character differs widely from that given to the fairies

of western Europe. As these beings do not really exist, there must be some tendency in the human mind to imagine their existence. And this tendency, it appears to me, consists in an inherent desire, which all men have, of assigning to every effect a cause. To men in a barbarous state, there are innumerable operations of nature, which they cannot account for: there are, particularly at night, many sounds floating through the air, and many appearances of natural objects whose cause is concealed. Men then, on account of this tendency which I have supposed, are led to solve the difficulty, by imagining them to be the work of supernatural beings. After the idea of such essences is once conceived, many qualities and attributes are quickly given them, as is well exemplified in the number of those assigned to the Grecian gods. The characteristic features attributed to these beings, is the joint work of the disposition of the people, of whose imagination they are the product, and of the nature of the country which that people inhabits. And thus their differences are owing to variations in these particulars.

Now the reason that ghosts are more universally believed in than any other supernatural essence, is—1st, That it is very natural to suppose that those with whom we have lived in terms of love or friendship will not desert us, if possible, even in death. 2nd, on account of this feeling, and the tendency which I have supposed above, it is more natural for men to attribute effects, whose cause is unknown, to the spirits of the dead, than to imagine other beings in order to account for them. 3rd, As these circumstances are common to all mankind, this belief has therefore been universal.

Williamsburg, Va.

G.

### THE ORPHAN.

We made her grave by starlight,  
And laid her down to rest,  
And bade the sod press lightly  
Upon her poor old breast.

Have you seen a friendless orphan,  
Of every tie bereft,  
Adown this cold world wander,  
Uncared for and unblest?

Come view with me this low bed,  
On a dark and lonely dell,  
And listen to my numbers,  
While I her story tell.

In far Britannia's green isle,  
Her birth-place and her home,  
Mid flowery meads and gay dells,  
Her feet were taught to roam;

A father kissed her bright cheek,  
And smoothed her sunny hair;  
A mother, for her loved one,  
Breathed forth affection's prayer.

And oft by summer evening,  
When day-light toil was o'er,  
Her sisters in the moonlight  
Played by the cottage door.

The bugle's blast o'er mountain,  
O'er hill and dale afar,  
Call'd forth the valiant-hearted,  
To scenes of distant war.

The sire obey'd the summons,  
And 'mid the cannon's roar,  
Poured out his dearest life-blood  
Upon a foreign shore.

And she, the tender-hearted,  
His glory and his pride,  
Like a pale floweret blighted,  
Bow'd down her head and died!

And thus bereft and lonely,  
The little orphan stray'd,  
Mid scenes of carnage only,  
By tumult's din dismay'd.

But God, who times the tempest  
To the lambkin newly shorn,  
Preserved this houseless lone one,  
From many a pelting storm.

And tho' through all her journey,  
Of four score years and ten,  
Neglected, poor, and lonely,  
Her days and nights have been;

Think not no beam of mercy  
Illum'd her darksome lot,  
For God regards the mourner,  
Tho' by the world forgot.

Peace to thy slumbering ashes;  
Let no rude foot molest;  
Peace to thy ransom'd spirit—  
In Heaven enjoy thy rest.

Camden, S. C.

S. P.

### MECKLENBURG

### DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

*Again considered; with remarks upon the resolutions of  
May 31st, 1775.*

The June number of the Southern Literary Messenger, contains an article on the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, the direct object of which is to deny the authenticity of that instrument as *published*, and, in its tendency is insidiously calculated to impeach the motives and injure the character of those venerable patriots who have given their solemn testimony in its favor. The writer wishes the public to know that these Mecklenburg resolves of May 20th, 1775, are *spurious*—a *base imposition* practised upon the community, and should no longer receive that share of attention they have hitherto commanded. This, we believe, is the obvious meaning of his article. And upon what does this grave denial, this reckless disregard of well-authenticated facts depend? Upon an old newspaper, discovered by Peter Force, Esq., of Washington City, containing certain patriotic resolutions passed by a committee in Charlotte, May 31st, 1775. These resolutions are seized upon, by "Investigator," with unusual avidity, and without paying a decent regard to the pious exhortation, "Stop, poor sinner, stop and think," so important in worldly matters as well as in ethics, are proclaimed to the world as the original Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence! Alas! to what extremities prejudices



will carry mankind! Enough, it was thought, had appeared in the pages of the *Messenger*, editorial and communicated, to satisfy every impartial inquirer on this subject. In the few remarks we now intend to make, we disclaim controversy—but shall proceed to examine briefly in what manner this subject has been investigated in the article above alluded to, and inquire if that knowledge of facts, value of testimony, or honesty of deduction has been evinced in its production, as might have characterised its author. We think it may be made apparent, if Investigator had ever read the Mecklenburg resolves, and accompanying proceedings, with any other motive in view than to cavil, he might have found therein a satisfactory solution for any mystery, to which the resolutions of May 31st might have given rise, and their origin consistently accounted for. In the account of the Mecklenburg Convention, we are informed of the appointment of a “standing committee of public safety,” whose duty it was to meet at stated periods and transact such business as the exigency of the day demanded. Before this committee, “clothed with civil and military power,” were arraigned all tories, and persons suspected of being inimical to the “American cause.” It exercised much wholesome and efficient authority, and recommended various measures of a prompt and decisive nature, which “had a general influence on the people of the county to unite them in the cause of liberty and the country.” Now, we ask an impartial community, may not these resolutions of May 31st have emanated from this “committee of public safety,” and does it not comport more with fair and honest inference, to conclude that such was the case, than to adopt the disingenuous artifice of pronouncing them identical with the Mecklenburg Declaration passed eleven days before, “in presence of a large, respectable, and approving assemblage of citizens?” A few of this “large assemblage,” are still alive to testify to the proceedings of the 20th of May, and delight to narrate this “deed of noble daring” with all the patriotic ardor so common to the veteran soldier; thus verifying the glowing sentiment of Miss Leslie:

“The warrior’s soul lights up and shines  
When memory fans the fire,  
And gallant deeds of former times  
The martial tale inspire.”

An impartial public will not, without due investigation, thus basely repudiate the high and unimpeachable testimony of a noble phalanx of revolutionary worthies. The Mecklenburg Declaration of May 20th, and the resolutions of May 31st, which Investigator heralds to the world, will be found, “upon comparison,” to be entirely different; the one emanating from an unusually large “convention” of delegates and people of the county unanimously adopting independent measures; the other, only such patriotic proceedings of a legislative character, as occurred frequently at that excited period, without any thing attending their publication to make an indelible impression on the memory, and, in reality, never existing, or regulating the community as therein recommended. In the exasperated state of the public mind that then existed, it is not surprising that “committees” met frequently, and that their proceedings should be marked with a spirit of resistance. With these facts before us, in offering a rational explanation of these resolutions of late discovery, is there any propriety or necessity of adopting the forced and illiberal construction which “Investigator” is pleased to advance?

Were this the only consistent view that could be taken of this matter, the community might rest satisfied. But there is another mode of accounting for them, drawn from the history of the state, touching this eventful period, which we will briefly notice, and leave for others to determine. It will be recollected that on the 24th of April, 1775, nearly one month previous to the adoption of the Mecklenburg Declaration, the royal governor of North Carolina was compelled, in consequence of the fearful array of popular movements in view of the palace at Newbern, to take shelter on board “his majesty’s ship *Cruiser*.” We forbear giving a detail of the train of interesting events which led to this first gubernatorial expulsion, constituting, as it does, one of the brightest pages in the early history of the state. It is here passingly alluded to, to show, that at this early period there existed much maturity of opinion on the subject of independence; the people were actually living under a whig government, and, consequently, no where felt the restraints of royal

authority. In every section of the state, the great principles of liberty, and the “unalienable and inherent rights of man” had been sedulously inculcated by the distinguished whig leaders of the day—to them the people were ardently attached, and to them they anxiously looked for a removal of grievances. Upon the memory of such men as a Johnston, a Harvey, an Ashe, a Hooper, a Caswell, an Iredell, a Polk, with many others, pioneers in the cause of liberty, the patriot delights to dwell. Under the auspices of such men, the provincial congress of 1774 was called into being, comprising the virtue and intelligence of the people. In this congress, the delegates of each county and town were instructed to have elected “county committees,” whose duty it was to have the resolves of congress properly executed, arrest tories, and consult for the general good. These “county committees,” soon sprang into existence at the recommendation of the delegates, and proved one of the most useful instruments employed in the revolution of public opinion. They held four regular sessions during the year, but from their great facility of assembling, were in the habit of meeting at “short notices” for the transaction of any important business. History informs us, they sometimes “usurped the authority of the county court, and subjected the gravity and reason of the law to the control of the popular will.” This conflicting jurisdiction, however, did not “uproot the foundations of civil society,” as predicted by governor Martin;—on the contrary, their imprudences were amply atoned for by the good they accomplished. “They exercised, rigidly, a political censorship, and did not hesitate to subject to the penance of a dungeon all persons convicted of disrespectful language towards the American cause.” That they held frequent meetings throughout the year 1775, we have abundant proof in the history of the state, and proclamations of governor Martin, denouncing them as “traitorous” and “seditious combinations,” and “subversive of his majesty’s government.” And again, we ask, may not these resolutions of May 31st have emanated from this “committee,” deriving its authority from a provincial congress? At this distant day it is, perhaps, impossible to say with which committee they originated—either might have passed them, and it is now a matter of little moment to which we ascribe their paternity. The flame, kindled at the battle of Lexington, continued to rage with unabated fury throughout the state, and was the active excitant in the Mecklenburg Convention of May 19th and 20th, of promoting the adoption of the most stern and declarative measures. The same soul-stirring argument—the “inhuman shedding of blood” at Lexington—is heard and felt, in the proceedings of the “Cumberland Association,” one month afterwards, (June 20th.) These “associations” prevailed extensively during the year 1775, and, although only a few of their acts, breathing the most spirited tone of resistance, have reached our times, shall we reject these as spurious, unworthy of a “local habitation and a name,” because they have not yet been found in the pages of a newspaper, and thus fall within the limits of our narrow prejudices? The proceedings of these “associations,” and a few other patriotic meetings, as well as the Mecklenburg resolves of May 20th, have come down to us in a properly authenticated manner, and they all await the same doom—a rejection or reception by an impartial public. The Mecklenburg Declaration was found among the valuable papers of the late General William R. Davie, in all respects a proper depository of such a record, and to whom we have evidence a copy was sent. This copy, now in the executive office at Raleigh, somewhat torn, and bearing all the marks of age, is entirely legible. A bare inspection of this venerable paper is well calculated to produce a favorable opinion of authenticity in the mind of any superficial or incredulous investigator of this subject. But apart from these explanatory views relative to a consistent accountability of the resolutions of May 31st, have we not the most direct and specific testimony? The late Col. William Polk of Raleigh, says, he was “present on the 20th of May, 1775, and heard his father, (Col. Thomas Polk,) proclaim independence to the assembled multitude.” And need it be inquired, will he be believed? The proclamation of independence on such an inspiring occasion, was well calculated to make a deep impression on every interested spectator. The late General Graham, of Lincoln, a citizen and soldier worthy of the best days of the republic, and noted for his general intelligence and accurate knowledge of revolutionary events, says, “During the winter and spring preceding that event, (Declaration of Independence,) several popular meetings of the people were held in Charlotte; two

of which I attended. On the 20th of May, 1775, besides the two persons elected from each militia company, (usually called committee-men,) a much larger number of citizens attended in Charlotte than at any former meeting—perhaps half the men in the county. The news of the battle of Lexington, the 19th of April preceding, had arrived. There appeared among the people much excitement. After reading a number of papers, as usual, and much animated discussion, the question was taken and they resolved to declare themselves independent."

This is but a small part of General Graham's testimony; but our prescribed limits will compel us to pass over much of its interesting historical matter. Need it be inquired throughout the range of his acquaintance, 'was he deceived, or can he be believed?' The testimony of the late Rev. Humphrey Hunter, of Lincoln, who, in the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, laid aside, for a time, his academical studies—his engagement with books, to join in the engagement with men—is equally specific, clear, and satisfactory. He left behind him a manuscript "Journal of the war in the South," describing every battle in which he was an actor, and every important transaction which he witnessed. He says, in connexion with this subject, "Orders were presently issued by Col. Thomas Polk, to the several militia companies, that two men selected from each corps, should meet at the court house on the 19th of May, 1775, in order to consult with each other upon such measures as might be thought best to be pursued. Accordingly, on said day, a far larger number than two out of each company were present." The resolves, as heretofore published, are then given. "These resolves having been concurred in, by-laws and regulations for the government of a standing committee of public safety, (above alluded to) were enacted and acknowledged. Finally, the whole proceedings were read distinctly and audibly at the court house door, by Col. Thomas Polk, to a large, respectable, and approving assemblage of citizens." But will we be told all this is *spurious* or *fabricated* testimony? So deep an impression had this magnanimous and early step by the citizens of Mecklenburg made on the writer's memory, that in an account of "General Review" in Charlotte, in 1812, seven years before the first public agitation of this subject, by the editor of the Raleigh Register, we find the place and the occasion eliciting a passing tribute of veneration to this illustrious transaction. After saying "One hundred seniors, exempted by law from military duties, were present," and that "a large majority of these were veterans of the revolution," he adds, "It is also worthy of remark, that not a few of these well-trying patriots had paraded on that same ground in 1775, and anticipated Congress in a Declaration of Independence." The testimony of John Davidson, one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration, sustaining the above statements, has been adduced. He also furnished a copy of one of the original certificates, granted by Abraham Alexander, chairman both of the Mecklenburg Convention and the "Committee of Public Safety." It ran in the following words:

"North Carolina, Mecklenburg County,  
November 28, 1775.

These may certify to all whom they may concern, that the bearer hereof, —, is allowed here to be a true friend to liberty, and signed the association.

ABRAHAM ALEXANDER,  
Chairman of the Committee of P. S."

This was the test of patriotism, with which every individual friendly to the American cause was required to be furnished; so vigilant were the measures adopted by our forefathers in guarding the sacred privileges we now enjoy! Other testimony equally clear and specific might be cited from published and unpublished sources, but as this subject was discussed somewhat in detail, in a former number of the Messenger, we deem it unnecessary to multiply proof. Long before the first public announcement of this subject in 1819, the citizens of Mecklenburg knew and appreciated the noble deed. It was not a vague and uncertain tradition of the passage of a few patriotic resolutions of a bold character, of which several of the colonies could even then boast, but it was the adoption of a Declaration of Independence that made the distinguishing and indelible impression. When public attention was first called to this subject, it was not so much to remove any doubts that had arisen, as to supply the knowledge of a memorable transaction in the history of the state, which was known to be notoriously deficient, not

only in this, but in several other important respects. Added to this, many of the respectable witnesses would soon pass from time to eternity; and hence, not only the honor due to the actors, but the cause of truth pointed out the necessity of publishing to the world the important fact, and the indubitable basis upon which it rested. It is worthy of remark, that several of the most conspicuous actors in the Mecklenburg proceedings of May 20th, were active and influential members of the provincial congress, which convened in Halifax a little upwards of ten months afterwards, (April 4th, 1776.) We accordingly find that the same spirit of independence which characterised the Mecklenburg Convention above all other "meetings" of the people or their "committees," also shone conspicuously in this Congress, and gave birth to the first legislative recommendation of a national declaration. As this report on the subject of independence is not extensively known, we subjoin it as an important historical document:

"The select committee to take into consideration the usurpations and violences attempted and committed by the King and Parliament of Britain against America, and the further measures to be taken for frustrating the same, and for the better defence of this province, reported as follows, to wit:

"It appears to your committee, that pursuant to the plan concerted by the British ministry, for subjugating America, the King and Parliament of Great Britain have usurped a power over the persons and properties of the people unlimited and uncontrolled; and disregarding their humble petitions for peace, liberty, and safety, have made divers legislative acts, denouncing war, famine, and every species of calamity, against the continent in general. The British fleets and armies have been, and still are daily employed in destroying the people, and committing the most horrid devastations on the country. That governors in different colonies have declared protection to slaves, who should imbrue their hands in the blood of their masters. That the ships belonging to America are declared prizes of war, and many of them have been violently seized and confiscated. In consequence of all which, multitudes of the people have been destroyed, or, from easy circumstances, reduced to the most lamentable distress. And, whereas, the moderation hitherto manifested by the united colonies, and their sincere desire to be reconciled to the mother country on constitutional principles, have procured no mitigation of the aforesaid wrongs and usurpations, and no hopes remain of obtaining redress by those means alone which have been hitherto tried, your committee are of opinion that the house should enter into the following resolve, to wit:

"Resolved, That the delegates for this colony in the continental congress, be empowered to concur with the delegates of the other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances, reserving to this colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a constitution and laws for this colony, and of appointing delegates from time to time (under the direction of a general representation thereof,) to meet the delegates of the other colonies, for such purposes as shall be hereafter pointed out.

"The congress taking the same into consideration, unanimously concurred therewith."

Upon comparison, it will appear that a striking similarity of language is common to this short state paper, and the national Declaration of Independence. Yet who accuses Mr. Jefferson of intentional plagiarism? It is not strange, that men who have been long accustomed to think alike should also speak alike. It is not strange, when high-toned patriotic feelings seek for utterance, and the cause of liberty was the ever-present, soul-stirring theme, that men should express themselves in similar or identical language. Neither is it strange that many choice phrases should be currently used, and fondly remembered. Such expressions as "inalienable" or "inherent rights," "dissolve the political bands," "absolve all allegiance," "pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes," &c., or "sacrifice" or "risk our lives and property," with many others that might be named, were peculiarly the language of the times. The sentiments eloquently embodied by Mr. Jefferson, were not peculiar to himself, but adopted by him as expressive of the common feeling in the emphatic language of that eventful period. We particularly allude to those expressions upon which is built the theory of plagiarism. In conclusion, under whatever aspect this whole subject is viewed, the honest inquirer will see no propriety of adopting "Investigator's" gratuitous assumption of a forgery of resolutions for the 30th of May. Against this cheap and summary process of settling questions, the candid reasoner



will revolt and enter his willing protest. The imposing circumstances under which the Mecklenburg Convention was called into being, its duration, (two days,) the subject discussed, (Independence,) and the applause with which the proceedings were received by a large and admiring audience, were as fitly calculated to rivet the attention, and make a lasting impression on the memory, as any other prominent and interesting occurrence of the revolution. We now dismiss our remarks to the careful investigation of an impartial public, prepared to await its rightful decision, under whose award the subject can only properly rest in peace.

C. L. H.

August 31, 1839.

## THE BACHELOR BESET;

### OR, THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

The house of Mr. Singlesides was situated in one of the pleasantest parts of the city; it was a snug, commodious building, painted white, with a pretty varandah, green venetian blinds, and modestly overtopped by a slate-colored roof. Before the door was a prim looking row of trees, trimmed into proportions exactly corresponding with one another, and the whole fenced in by a white paling, along the top of which ran a cornice, garnished with a formidable array of sharp nails or spikes, which presented a military air of defiance. Besides these defensive appliances, the dwelling was guarded on the sides and in the rear, by a high brick wall, which showed a no less hostile aspect, being surmounted by fragments of bottles that threatened laceration to all who should attempt to reach its height. From the neatness and order of all around, one might readily conjecture this to be the abode of "single blessedness;" and so it was—for Zachariah Singlesides was fast hastening towards his grand climacteric, and from his first verging to manhood up to the present time, love had never sweetened or embittered his draught of life; and it was a source of much self-gratulation, that amid the vicissitudes of our ever whirling sphere, woman had not influenced his destiny. A bachelor, with avowed principles of abhorrence to the matrimonial contract, which principles have been vigorously and consistently sustained through a long series of years, is not often liable to become an object of speculation to the fair sex. In the instance of Mr. Singlesides, his pertinacious resistance on first commencing life, to the advances of the ladies, had established a conviction, that nothing short of a miracle could uproot feelings and prejudices, confirmed and strengthened by time—and, that the thawing of a glacier or an iceberg would be quite as feasible an undertaking as that of attempting to melt the frozen ramparts around his heart.

If in his youth and manhood, therefore, he had been irritated by the arts of the designing, they had long since ceased to ruffle his serenity. He revelled *ad libitum*, in the "funny and free revelries" of a bachelor, and if the din of connubial devilries smote upon his ears in the quiet of his orderly domicile, he would devoutly bless his stars that he was exempt from the evils which distracted his neighbors and acquaintance.

Among other blessings enjoyed by Mr. Singlesides, was that of having his household conducted in the quietest and most methodical manner possible. His domestic arrangements moved onward with that noise-

less precision, so desirable, yet so rare. His servants performed their several offices like the invisible wheels and springs of a time piece, the results of which appear to the eye, without any material interruption to the other senses. His garden was laid out with mathematical skill, and in happy accordance with his conceived opinions of taste. Each walk and bed had its boundary of stiff box wood—and bachelor's hat, with southernwood or old man, were conspicuous embellishments to almost every parterre. In proof, however, that Mr. Singlesides was not so illiberal as to allow his antipathy to the ladies to militate against his professed admiration for plants and flowers, a particular spot in his garden was appropriated to the culture of old maids, whose stiff stems and dusky red petals occupied a small space of earth; and lady slippers, maiden's blush, heart's ease, and even love in a puff, were likewise permitted a place. It must be confessed, however, that he appeared tacitly to consider this portion of his garden as an infected district, for he had caused an intervening row of tall shrubs to be planted, so as to intercept it as much as possible from observation, and when disposed to take a turn in his garden, always carefully avoided that particular spot.

Returning home, sometimes worn and harrassed by every-day cares and professional labors, he never felt the want of those pleasing sympathies of conjugal affection, which numbers have so feelingly depicted. When he closed his door upon the world, it was with very opposite emotions—he had within him a sweet consciousness of quiet and security, unmingled with fearful anticipations of sour looks and squalling notes from wife and children.

On the opposite side of the street, directly facing the house in which Mr. Singlesides lived, stood the mansion of Miss Betsy Bud, an elderly gentlewoman, who had survived the expectation, at least, if not the hope, of matrimony. When the reminiscences of past days were sometimes made the tea-table chat of a group of respectable matrons, whose youth had been cotemporary with that of Miss Bud, many a racy joke relative to her love adventures was recollected and laughed over. But age seemed to have dried up every avenue to the tender passion in the heart of Miss Betsey; it was believed that the fire of her juvenile days had burnt out, and though its violence had been extreme, all now regarded her as an extinct volcano.

Although within a convenient distance for watching the movements of the bachelor, she was never detected in the unbecoming act. Her eyes, those "outlets of the soul," were discreetly confined to her own household, and if Mr. Singlesides proved his liberality by suffering lady slippers and old maids to occupy a corner of his garden, Miss Bud with true feminine pride, had rendered bachelor hats and bachelor buttons contraband plants in her well organized flower knots. This prudent line of conduct sufficiently demonstrated that she not only abstained from evil, but even from its appearance; for though it may be heroic to face and overcome temptation, still that prudence is commendable which guards against objects calculated to awaken desires known from past experience to be fruitful of discontent and disappointment. Whatever, therefore, had been Miss Betsey's juvenile follies, the tongue of malevolence could not now find a single fragment of indiscre-

tion on which to base a tale prejudicial to her character. It is true, she was sometimes peevish and ill-natured; but who, that has the control of several unruly maid servants, would not be the same? And then the equanimity of her temper was frequently interrupted by the midnight revelries of neighboring cats, who, entering her premises, would scratch and scramble over her favorite beds of violets and camomile, root up her catnip with unsparing effrontery, and scare her slumbers with terrific serenades.

The respective positions which Mr. Singlesides and Miss Bud maintained in society, were not only similar as bachelor and maid, but they were, moreover, both governed by the wise principle of discharging diligently their own concerns, without breaking in upon the rights of others. Their views, however, were not extended to the promotion of universal good; for having long lived isolated from all domestic and social ties, they cared little how the machine of civil life worked, provided it did not interfere with themselves. Unfortunately though, for the peace of these two individuals, there occurred an unusual number of marriages. Many elderly young ladies, about to hang their harps upon the willow, unexpectedly found themselves converted into brides. Indeed, one wedding succeeded to another with such startling rapidity, that all trembled, lest their turn should come next. In the midst of this revival, one who had been an intimate of Miss Bud, but who like herself had remained single, moved off the stocks. On learning this news, her ancient associate reddened, and unhesitatingly pronounced her a "fool;" but notwithstanding this harsh and hasty censure, there was soon a visible change in the manners and deportment of Miss Bud. The very next Sunday, succeeding the event, she was seen at church, decked out in a style of unusual juvenility, and her usual sanctimonious air changed for one of unbecoming levity. In one so notoriously circumspect, the gaiety of her attire and obvious inattention to the ceremonies of the day attracted the notice of all, and it was decided without a dissenting voice, that the wonderful metamorphosis of Miss Bud could only proceed from the brisk way in which the matrimonial market was looking up. The favorite meal of Mr. Singlesides was breakfast. It was a repast he loved to linger over, though his table was crowned with the simplest fare—for he was as abstemious as a camel—but with a newspaper, his slippers slipshod, and leisurely nibbling a crust of dry toast, occasionally softened by an appeal to his cup of coffee, his moments flew by on angelic wings. To have interrupted him at such moments, would have occasioned serious annoyance; therefore, his well disciplined attendant, after quietly placing his meal before him, would instantly withdraw, leaving him to the luxury of feeling "never less alone, than when alone."

Now, it happened, while Mr. Singlesides was enjoying his solitary repast, the day after Miss Bud's profanation of her venerable person by youthful gewgaws, and of the Sabbath by indecorous demeanor, that the door of the bachelor's hall was assaulted by a repetition of raps, which quickened the steps of Mr. Singlesides' sedate waiting-man, who was curious to know who demanded admittance at this unseasonable hour. Upon opening the door, a demure looking damsel manifested herself, holding a neat waiter, on which was a covered

saucer overspread with a milk-white napkin. Poor Jacob looked aghast, when "Miss Betsey Bud's compliments, and saucer of marmalade of her own making," were presented to his master, and for a while he remained in a delicate dilemma, at a loss how to proceed—his natural politeness pleading in favor of instantly repairing to Mr. Singlesides with the sweets of Miss Bud—and on the other hand, restrained by habitual respect for peculiarities to which for many years he had been subservient. Our bachelor, at the moment, was poring over one of those long presidential messages, which none but a most inveterate newspaper reader could have finished to an end, when Jacob broke gently, like "the morn on tip-toe," into the apartment, and in a subdued voice disclosed the purport of his errand. To a man who had long considered himself as free from female impertinence, as if an inhabitant of that paradise into which woman is never supposed to enter, the effect was stupifying. Speedily recovering himself, however, and shrinking from the marmalade as if it had been the gum of the deadly upas, he peremptorily ordered it to be returned, and too much discomposed to resume his employment, made a covert retreat from the house by the back door.

From a minute chain of evidence, it was apparent to all that Betsey Bud was getting mischievous. The pointed rebuff her first advances had received, threw her into disorder, and gave a momentary check to her motions, but with the characteristic perseverance of her sex, she quickly rallied her scattered energies and recommenced hostilities, though in rather a more cautious manner.

There was at the back of Mr. Singlesides' dwelling a vacant lot—this, Miss Betsey rented, and presently, from the hitherto barren enclosure, was seen to sprout a flourishing young plantation of the *morus multicaulis*. This bold manœuvre of taking the bachelor in the rear, was concealed under the prevalent silk-worm fever, though some were ill-natured enough to hint that her design was to make a cocoon of Mr. Singlesides, by enveloping him in meshes of her own spinning; yet the more benevolently disposed, considered her as only acting up to the spirit of the times. It requires but one ingenious projector to set afloat a novel design, for thousands of others to imitate it, were it not for the wise and valuable security of a patent; but, unfortunately, there was no legal authority to secure to Miss Betsey an exclusive right to the conquest she meditated. Like the intrepid and enterprising discoverer of our continent, she was doomed to see others press into the new world, which she had vainly hoped would be left for her alone to possess.

It was not long before the bustle of cleansing, white washing, and the removing of furniture, in a fine brick tenement just next door, attracted her notice, and she learned, to her unspeakable dismay, that a young, handsome, and sprightly widow, was to become its tenant. That woman who has been able to secure a first husband, is always suspected of understanding the art of entrapping a second. Pangs of jealousy, and dread of rivalry, began to assail the bosom of the spinster, who resolved to keep an eye on the movements of her new neighbor, in order to ascertain whether there was any solid grounds for apprehension. Alas! for poor Miss Betsey Bud, she never cast a glance in the direc-



tion of the brick tenement, but she saw either the bust of Mrs. Gossamer, prominent from a window, or a full length figure of the same individual, placed in a picturesque attitude on the portico. The widow had a brilliant voice: throughout the evening the street was filled with music, as ever and anon she broke out with a fragment of a popular ditty, or brought to light the memory of some sweet bard, whose numbers deserving immortality, have been swept away among the rubbish of past ages. Though not apt to combine causes with effects, Miss Bud shook in her shoes at the possible emotions that might be created by the melody of this enchantress. In her youth she had read Alexander's feast, and in terror she recalled the different passions inspiring the conqueror by the apposite measures which burst or breathed from the lyre of Timotheus. She, herself, had once enjoyed the reputation of a sweet singer. In an association called the Seraphic Society, whose object was the cultivation of sacred music, she had even acquired the soubriquet of Seraphina. But since her time, music, like almost every thing else, had changed its style and character; and when striving to imitate the light grace, with which the widow run or rather flitted up an octave, Miss Betsey's efforts resembled the gobbling of a turkey, or the more discordant notes of a donkey. With the occupation of watching her rival, setting snares for the bachelor, and attending to her other numerous engagements, the duties of a diplomatist were not more fatiguing and complicated. But Mrs. Gossamer was the sorest evil with which she had to contend; her mind dwelt incessantly on the subject, until the lovely widow became the incubus of her sleeping and waking visions. Penetrating the careless intrepidity of her disposition, Miss Betsey concluded it best to redouble her efforts to gain access to the good graces of Mr. Singlesides, before weapons from that quarter could affect him. In consequence, she busied herself more than ever with her morus plantation, and even went to the expense of having a neat little coconery erected in the centre of the lot, where she was sure to be found at those hours when Mr. Singlesides was at home, ostensibly engaged in superintending the progress of the building. The lot was not only in the rear of the bachelor, as has already been remarked, but also adjoining his garden, so that often when he was inhaling the evening breath of his flowers, the bony arm of the spinster thrust through the paling, to gather a sprig of verbena, or her long neck stretched over the shrubbery like a camelopard's, would startle and drive him away. Never was a bachelor so beset! If he took a retrospective glance, there was the spectral form of Betsey Bud, standing in grim relief, like the apparition of a disturbed conscience, while a forward view showed the attractive widow, with siren smiles, luring him to his destruction.

There was one stroke of Betsey's policy, which seemed to promise greater success than any she had tried; this was, having gained Jacob, as she believed, over to her interest. But this was not exactly the case. Though no ways anti-matrimonial, this faithful servitor was not particularly desirous of serving under a gynarchy, while on the other hand he was not destitute of feelings of gratitude for services rendered him by Miss Bud, which he endeavored to maintain consistently with his fidelity to his master. When, therefore,

any delicacy arrived, Jacob would secretly receive it, and return a polite message of thanks in the name of Mr. Singlesides. From certain expressions that had reached her ears, Miss Betsy concluded that she was much indebted to her confidant for the gracious manner with which she was led to believe her presents were received, and in consequence looked upon success as more than probable. Coinciding in the opinion, that "the surest way to a man's heart, is down his throat," she continued to attest her tender regard and her housekeeping abilities, by blackberry cordial, squeezed by the magic hand of love, custards, and nuts, picked in unbroken halves from the shell, to give zest to a glass of madeira—with a catalogue of other dainties, like the smaller articles in the stock of a dry-goods merchant—too tedious to enumerate. Nor was this the only way in which her talents and ingenuity were exercised. She had contrived to ascertain, that a mat was wanting for the argean lamp, which stood upon the centre table in the bachelor's parlor. Immediately the requisite materials for working in worsted, were procured, and seated in a becoming attitude at a front window, Miss Bud commenced a bird of paradise. Day and night she toiled, first at the head—then at the tail—till at length, starting from the canvass, appeared the gorgeous inhabitant of the torrid zone, arrayed in even greater splendor than when seen on fluttering pinions, beneath its own fervid suns. This working in *crewel*, was literally *cruel* work both to the person by whom it was executed, and for whom it was designed. When it was handed in to Mr. Singlesides, carefully wrapped in the folds of a perfumed pocket handkerchief, he angrily bade the handmaid to be more particular in future, and not pester him by mistaking one house for another. When the girl returned with this evidently wilful misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Singlesides, Miss Bud retired to her chamber to weep, and to calculate the cost of her mat, which, having regarded frantically for a few seconds, she consigned to the depths of a large trunk, to rest among other woollen articles which her precaution had buried in tobacco, to prevent the incursion of the moths.

It is not uncommon in a concern where matrimony is the subject, that what was at first entered upon merely as a matter of speculation, ends in becoming an affair of the heart. At the commencement of her undertaking, from simply having in view a change of name, Miss Bud now imagined herself deeply and irrevocably in love. Alas! she was indeed a *bud* with a canker concealed within it.

Mrs. Gossamer, the charming widow, was precisely one of those kind of women, who are adored by the gentlemen, and detested by the opposite sex. There was just sufficient freedom in her manners to lead her innocently, and without a suspicion of being at all liable to censure, into those trivial breaches of prudence which the censorious delight to seize upon and magnify into glaring improprieties.

From the number of beaux who daily worshipped at her shrine, Miss Betsey's apprehensions of her as a rival were somewhat allayed, until a circumstance transpired to put in agitation all her former fears and suspicions. Miss Bud was one evening, as usual, stalking among her morus, feigning to be busy in gathering leaves for her voracious pets, the silk worms, when who

should enter Mr. Singlesides' garden, but Mrs. Gossamer! There she was, advancing gaily along the middle walk, without gloves, bonnet or shawl; her hair floating over her face and neck in bewitching negligence. The apparition of one from the nether regions, could not have more astonished Miss Betsey, the sensitive Miss Betsey Bud, who quivering and shivering, remained gazing at her with distended eyeballs. This bold step of the widow was indeed taking the bull by the horns. She ran about, smelling first one flower and then another, when Mr. Singlesides appeared at a window. "Your garden is charming," cried she, to him, in a voice whose cadence lingered delightfully on the ear. "You must excuse my trespass—the temptation is so great"—and her concluding words were accompanied with a "wreathed smile," as she continued waiting in expectation of an answer. Whether it was the powerful spell of beauty, or that the bachelor had not quite forgot himself to stone, yet irritated and perplexed as he was, he certainly made an effort to be gracious. He muttered some words not exactly intelligible, and waved his hand with an action somewhat resembling the motions of a dead body under the effects of a galvanic battery, yet which might admit of the interpretation of a welcome.

Betsey Bud felt as though she could have challenged her to single combat. She surveyed her with the emphatic glare of a dragoness, and would assuredly have spoken, if, at the instant, Mr. Singlesides had not retreated from the window, and Mrs. Gossamer from the garden.

'From this time forward, the sole aim of Mrs. Gossamer seemed to be the captivation of the bachelor. Perceiving his partiality for flowers, she never came into the possession of a rare plant, without sending him a cutting; and whenever he was the least indisposed, her inquiries never ceased until the object of them was restored to health.

These soothing attentions, in seasons of indisposition, Miss Bud had been most unaccountably deficient in, for which, on reflection, she sincerely reprehended herself, determining hereafter to repair her fault; and it was not long before an occasion offered for her doing so. The bachelor was seized with an acute attack of rheumatism. Miss Betsey early apprised of it, immediately dispatched a long message of regret and condolence, accompanied by the skirt of an old red flannel petticoat, on which was pinned a certificate, penned by herself, highly commendatory of its virtues from her own personal experience. Whether these virtues were ever put to the test in the instance of the invalid, is uncertain; for although Jacob in his anxiety to relieve his master, tried each recipe that poured in from the widow and maid, yet he might prudently have rejected this, from a fear that Miss Bud meant to intimate by this *sanguinary* banner, that she intended to give no quarter. During this distressing spell, she was never for one moment off her guard; her voice varied only from piano to pianissimo, and she stepped about as noiselessly as time.

Now the widow was not so circumspect, but, as usual, had had her bevy of beaux paying their evening homage. Though not absolutely vain of her vocal powers, Mrs. Gossamer never enjoyed herself more, than when making melody either with a select knot of amateurs, or warbling to one entranced listener; and it

was difficult at such moments to determine, whether her voice, her harp, or her smile was most bewitching. Betsy Bud enjoyed the thought of what a happy contrast her humane behavior would present, when viewed with the levity of her rival, and enjoyed these concerts, not for their harmony, but for the discord they were likely to produce.

It was a bright beautiful night in July, when all within the vicinity of the pretty widow's residence were awakened by a group of serenaders, who were striving with all their skill to impart to the fair object of their gallantry some idea of the music of the spheres. The weather was intensely warm, the upper windows of every house in the neighborhood were opened to catch any breeze that might stir—and carefully screened within a lace net, from those nocturnal disturbers of repose, the moschetos, lay Mr. Singlesides. It had been a restless night with him until the last half hour, when sleep had kindly visited his pillow; but he was recalled to the miseries of life, by the noise of the musicians. The hour which brought them there, was not only an evil one to the bachelor, but also to his guardian angel, Jacob, who, worn with the fatigues of attending his patient, was most unfaithfully slumbering on his post. Ever since his master had lain quiet, Jacob's head had commenced a bobbing motion, similar to that of a beligerently disposed goat; but his master's voice roused him—and he arose, scratching his head and staggering to the window. "Close in those shutters," cried Mr. Singlesides, loud enough to be heard on the other side of the street. "Gracious goodness," responded Miss Bud, frisking from her couch, "they have waked *him* up."

Miss Betsey's love had arrived at such a pitch, that she never could, when speaking of Mr. Singlesides, pronounce his name. She generally ran through the whole declension of the pronoun *He*. "Shameful," she continued, elevating her voice so as to be overheard—"such downright barbarity!" "he has not had a wink of sleep"—"it will ruin *his* health"—"it will be the death of *him*." Although the dog star was raging, Miss Bud modestly enveloped herself in a large cloak, and advanced towards a window, whence she could indistinctly discover the figure of Mrs. Gossamer, hid behind a curtain, peeping down upon the serenaders. "This ought not to be encouraged," she said, firing at the sight of the widow—"the civil authority should interfere"—"our police regulations are scandalously lax"—"and such a valuable life as *his* is." Here Mrs. Gossamer gave a faint titter, which was echoed in a corresponding key by one of the party below. "Gentlemen," called Miss Bud, "there is an unfortunate individual in this neighborhood, who is extremely ill—will you please to move further off with your music." A brisk chorus from the serenaders was the only reply; and in an agony of imaginary distress, Miss Bud paced from window to window, wringing her hands, and tearing the border of her night cap. "Mrs. Gossamer," she again began, "though I have not the *honor* of your acquaintance"—these words were delivered in a tone of mock emphasis—"I take the liberty of speaking, to request you will endeavor to silence this uproar." "Madam," answered an impertinent young fellow of the group, "we shall play and sing as long as we feel inclined;" and he immediately struck up in a comic voice, "Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo."



Slam went the window shutters, crash, down upon the sill came the sash, and flap into bed went Miss Bud, vowing eternal enmity to Mrs. Gossamer and every other widow extant.

Mr. Singlesides now arose and seated himself, with a groan, in the silver rays of the magnificent orb which streamed full into his apartment. It was just such a moon as a lover or poet might have apostrophised,—by turns brightly beaming, or partially overshadowed by drifting fragments of dark clouds. But Mr. Singlesides had no pretensions to either character; he was a thing entirely apart from the romance acting beneath the lattice of the young and gay, and he could only continue to groan and protest against "the intolerable racket."

"Upon my honor," whimpered Miss Bud in a sympathetic tone, "this is too bad"—and up again she sprung and rolled herself in the cloak and unclosed the window—"Gentlemen," she called in a voice of mild expostulation—"there is in this immediate neighborhood a valuable life at stake"—but a voice in which the very soul of the singer seemed embodied; as he stood with uplifted face towards the window of Mrs. Gossamer, drowned her quivering accents; and before Miss Bud could summon resolution to speak again, the serenading party withdrew, as the closing line of the song, "Yes, till death I'm thine," died upon the air.

It was not long ere Mr. Singlesides was able to resume his ordinary occupations; but the serene delight with which he used to return home from the fatigues of his counting-house, was completely destroyed. His means of ingress and egress were so entirely under the surveillance of his indefatigable persecutors, that he seriously meditated the plan of having a communication cut through the side of the house, leading into the alley, and which at last he triumphantly saw executed. But here the superiority of woman's wit over man's ingenuity, was manifested—for Miss Bud, by enlarging the borders of her mulberry domain, rendered this avenue of escape even more exposed to her vigilance than the two others. The poor "beset" one, knew not what to do: he was attached to his house, its location, and every thing about it, but to live in such incessant thralldom was out of the question, and in a fit of spleen and despair, he put an advertisement in the "Morning Herald," offering it for rent. Miss Bud was congratulating herself on the manner in which she was gradually drawing a line of circumvallation round her prey, when the notice of Mr. Singlesides' projected removal caught her eye, and perplexed to know what had caused so sudden and unlooked for an event, she determined to find it out.

Mr. Singlesides was usually so very methodical in his movements, that in his hours of going from and returning to his home, there rarely occurred the deviation of a minute, and Betsy, as soon as she saw him leave the door and turn the corner of the street, screened her head in a large dove-colored caleche, threw over her lean shoulders a strip of black lace, and tripping over the way, was soon heard knocking at the highly burnished rapper of the bachelor. Jacob heard and obeyed the summons, but was somewhat reluctant to admit the lady, who came under pretence of examining the house before engaging it for a friend. Recollecting, however, that as his master never returned until half an hour before the hour for dining, there could be no great harm in complying with her request, he at last ushered her in

with true African urbanity. Besides wishing to know Mr. Singlesides' motive for renting his house, Miss Bud was actuated by another powerful principle of curiosity. She wished to inspect every thing about the bachelor's establishment; so after putting a few leading questions to Jacob, while she peered into every nook and cranny, she made a feint of retiring; but no sooner had Jacob withdrawn, than slipping off her shoes to prevent being overheard, she stole stealthily up stairs, thinking to have a peep into the bachelor's bed-room, although her maidenly delicacy strongly argued against the step. But, "when a woman deliberates, she is lost," and in went Miss Bud in breathless trepidation. She was charmed with every thing she saw—such exquisite order, combined with such solid comfort!—such a display of just taste in the pattern of the bed and window curtains! "not gaudy but neat." While in this state of delicious excitement, she fancied she heard advancing steps and voices. Poor Betsey Bud flew about the room like a pent up rooster, and quite as red. Once she felt inclined to take a desperate leap from the window, but her courage forsook her, and again she scampered and fluttered about in agony. By some accidental circumstance, Mr. Singlesides had returned to his house very soon after having left it, and the first object that presented itself on entering, was Mrs. Gossamer, seated near the centre table, negligently turning over the leaves of a book she had taken from it. With a slight excuse for her freedom, she named her desire to look at the house, which she proposed renting, as it appeared far preferable to her own. The "beset bachelor" internally groaned, as he perceived how fairly he had rendered himself liable to female impertinence and intrusion; but hoping that his misery, which now seemed to have reached its climax, would soon have an end, he exerted himself to make a show of civility, while he conducted the widow through the rooms on the first story. To preclude any further examination, he remarked that the upper part was precisely on the same plan; but this would not satisfy Mrs. Gossamer, who declared that she never engaged a house without first having made herself intimate with the geography of it. "So come, Mr. Singlesides," she cried, gaily—"lead the way." "You will excuse me, madam," said the bachelor. "Indeed I will not," said the undaunted widow, running towards the staircase, followed by Mr. Singlesides. "Into every room except *this*," he said, placing a resolute hand on the lock of his chamber door. "Nay, but I must, sir." "Impossible, madam." "I am determined upon it." "Ma'am, I swear—" "Come, do not swear, for I am resolved to have a peep into this Blue Beard chamber of yours." "You cannot enter ma'am; if *you* choose to overstep the bounds of propriety, *I* do not." "Nonsense, Mr. Singlesides, your opposition only inflames my curiosity."

At this critical juncture, Miss Bud, nearly driven out of her wits, was just in the act of hiding under the bed. She was entirely concealed except one long leg which protruded from beneath the valance, when the door flew open, and in came Mrs. Gossamer. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed she, starting back with well feigned surprise—"what do I behold! Really, Mr. Singlesides, had I known—could I possibly have anticipated *this*—pardon me, sir—but I must say, it is the last sight I should have expected to see. O! for shame, Mr. Sin-

glesides—a man of your unblemished reputation; really, I am shocked—amazed—disgusted.” “Madam,” cried Mr. Singlesides, glaring at Betsey’s leg, “I solemnly affirm that I do not know to whom that limb belongs.” “Impossible, sir; I would swear to it among a regiment of legs.” “Your knowledge far surpasses mine, madam,” cried the bachelor, elevating his voice to a higher pitch, and stretching out his clenched fist—“I again solemnly protest that I know not to whom that limb belongs.” “Then I’ll venture to assert you are among the very few men of the city who are unacquainted with the leg.” “That’s a cruel, shameful slander,” screamed Miss Bud, struggling from her hiding place. “Miss Betsey Bud, by all that’s dreadful!” exclaimed Mrs. Gossamer with a theatrical start. “Yes—the woman you would injure in the tenderest point,” said the weeping spinster. “O, Mr. Singlesides,” she continued—“I am placed in an extremely delicate situation—I can scarcely explain myself, my situation is of such a delicate nature—I feel faint—overcome—harts-horn, if you please—drops of any description.” “There is nothing of the kind about this house,” said Mr. Singlesides—“it is not used to be troubled with hysterical females; and I must say, ma’am, that your appearance here gives rise to most unpleasant suspicions against me.” Miss Bud attempted to give an account of herself, frequently interrupting her scarcely coherent narrative, with floods of tears. Mrs. Gossamer regarded the scene with an incredulous smile, when at length she said, “Well, I never saw more spirited acting than is displayed on both sides. Really, Mr. Singlesides, and Miss Bud, you would do well to enrol your names among the first strolling company you meet. But I will intrude no longer, and in future I shall take care how I enter a bachelor’s house.” With these words, she indignantly withdrew.

“I am forever undone,” whimpered Betsey Bud; “she will proclaim it from one end of the town to the other.” “And I shall be slandered and laughed at,” thought Mr. Singlesides, who was peculiarly tenacious of his fair fame. “I never can survive disgrace,” squeaked Miss Bud—“I shall certainly imitate the chaste Lucretia.” “Do not say so, Miss Bud.” “Indeed I shall put an end to myself.” “Oh! Miss Bud.” “Upon my honor, I will commit some dreadful act.” “You talk rashly, madam,” cried the bachelor, who perceived that Betsey would suffer as much from the blasting breath of calumny as himself, and in a fit of unnatural pity he made her an offer of his hand!!

Mr. Singlesides had never before been so much excited; his discretion and judgment were completely under the dominion of the contending feelings at work in his breast, or he never could have terminated the scene by such a magnanimous act of self immolation.

Miss Bud returned home with very different emotions from those with which she had left it. She seemed to tread on air, and could scarcely behave herself with due decorum on the occasion. Before his excitement had subsided, Mr. Singlesides wrote a note to Mrs. Gossamer, explanatory of the recent occurrence, and closing with an earnest request that it might “never be made the subject of discussion.” The lovely widow was warbling her sweetest strains to a pale, intellectual looking young man, who was hanging over her entranced, when this was handed in. “Is that a billet-

doux from one of your thousand admirers?” asked he. “It is from your uncle,” replied Mrs. Gossamer. “From my uncle! what can he possibly have to correspond with you about?” “It is in reference to a laughable adventure—I will tell it you;” and she began a relation of the late rencontre.

From her account it appeared, that Mrs. Gossamer had seen Miss Bud in Mr. Singlesides’ bed-room, and believing something ludicrous might result from it, particularly as she had seen the bachelor on his way home, she went to his house on pretence of renting it, and purposely insisted on being admitted to his sleeping apartment.

It furthermore appeared from the conversation that ensued, that a deep and romantic attachment existed between the narrator and the person that listened, who was nephew to Mr. Singlesides, and heir of his fortune, provided he remained single during life. Mrs. Gossamer’s attentions to the uncle, therefore, were intended to propitiate his good opinion and induce him to reverse the order of his will; and Mr. Singlesides being ignorant of the preference entertained by Mrs. Gossamer for his nephew Frederic, naturally appropriated the attentions to himself.

“Then you have done for yourself with my uncle,” said Frederic, laughing. “Not at all—I have a capital plan; it has this moment struck me. Return here in an hour and you shall hear of a way in which you may gain your uncle’s consent to our marriage.” Instead of either a written or verbal message from the widow, as he had imagined, Mr. Singlesides was startled by the unceremonious entrance of that person herself. “There is only one condition, sir,” she abruptly began, “on which I will consent to keep secret what I have seen.” “Name it, madam,” said Mr. Singlesides, apprehensive of some new evil. “That you will make me your wife, sir.” “Impossible, madam; I—I—.” “No apologies, sir—we understand each other I presume—good day.” “Stay, Mrs. Gossamer—I cannot—.” “O well, sir—no compulsion; you may do as you please, you know.” “Really, Mrs. Gossamer, if I could consistently—.” “I repeat, you can do as you please, Mr. Singlesides; but believe me, I shall not keep silent; indeed I shall go to the expense of having caricature cuts engraved of the whole scene—not omitting the memorable leg discovery.” The vision of the bow window of a book-store, stuck full of these execrable prints, was too much for our bachelor, and, just as the widow was making her exit, he recalled her, and in faltering accents assented to the proposed terms of accommodation. “Am I in my senses?” asked the unfortunate bachelor, as soon as the light form of the widow had escaped through the door. “Do I really exist? Yes,” he added, reasoning with Descartes, “I think, therefore, I exist.” Burying his face in his hands, he continued in this attitude many minutes, until aroused by the entrance of a person whom he recognised as his nephew. Frederic gazed at his uncle with an inquiring eye, remarked his haggard appearance and expressed the greatest apprehension about his health. “Something extraordinary must afflict you,” said he; “and I hope you will not refuse me the privilege of sympathising with you.” Mr. Singlesides’ emotions were too violent to be pent up in his own breast. He told his distressing entanglements, and even asked for advice. “I will



not only advise," said Frederic, (being previously instructed by Mrs. Gossamer,) "but also make a proposition. I will myself marry the widow, provided you annul the clause in your will which disinherits me in case of my marrying. As for the maid, you must leave her without explanation or apology. Your secret will be safe, when Mrs. Gossamer is your niece."

Mr. Singlesides had too long appreciated the blessings of liberty, not to seize the first occasion to release himself from shackles, with which the delirious excitement of a moment had encumbered him. Very soon after the interview between the uncle and nephew, the widow and the latter were united under the roof of Mr. Singlesides, who bestowed a substantial benediction on them by settling a liberal annuity upon the bride.

Meanwhile Miss Bud remained immersed in matrimonial preparations—alas! too premature. She did not fail, however, to remind her intended husband of her existence, by repeated messages and presents, which were almost entirely disregarded.

There was an unusual air of bustle and confusion about the quiet and orderly domicile of the bachelor; who himself was busily employed in superintending the packing of several trunks, with a countenance on which was strongly impressed mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. A gentle tap at the door, drew his attention—it was a maid with a plate of batter-cakes and Miss Betsey's compliments. "D—n Miss Betsey," cried Mr. Singlesides—slamming the door in her face. The following hour he was off to Texas.

Miss Betsey Bud—but we will draw a veil over her sorrows. No, we will leave it for an instant unclosed, and just glance at her as she paces frantically from room to room, calling out in allusion to Texas, "Well, well indeed, may it be called 'rogue's refuge.'"

Macon, Bibb County, Georgia.

M. G. M.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

TO ANNA.

I.

Do you remember how our childhood's hours  
Were spent in wandering through the forest shade,  
Weaving our garlands of the sweet wild-flowers  
That on the air a pleasant fragrance shed?  
And how we sat beside the flowing brooks?  
Watching the sun-fish glitt'ring in the stream,  
While uncheck'd joy spake in our very looks,  
And all was peaceful as an infant's dream,—

Do you remember it?

II.

Do you remember our old favorite tree,  
Spreading its boughs of foliage, thick and dark,  
And how you clapp'd your little hands to see  
The letters of your name carved in its bark?  
And all the cares and sport we had at school;—  
How long I tarried when you were detain'd;  
And when the mistress placed me on the stool,  
While others laugh'd and mock'd, how you were  
pain'd,—

Do you remember it?

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III.

Do you remember, too, how many a time  
Through the lone church-yard we together trod,—  
And the sweet music of the Sunday chime  
That called the village up to worship God?  
How near the altar-spot we had our seat,  
E'en in the holiest of that holy shrine;  
And how we bow'd with awe and reverence meet  
Beneath a feeling which we *knew* divine,—  
Do you remember it?

IV.

Do you remember, too, our fireside meetings—  
The many pleasant faces gathered there,  
The words of friendship and the cheerful greetings;  
And our "dear grandpa's" high-back'd, cushion'd  
chair,  
In which he sat, his tender stories telling  
To friends that hung upon each moving word,  
While in their eyes, the quiet tear-drops welling,  
Told of the deep effect of what they heard,—  
Do you remember them?

V.

Do you remember, cousin, the warm tears  
You shed, while clasp'd so closely to my heart,  
And how I tried to soothe your rising fears;  
On that sad morning when we had to part?  
And how I told you all that I had dream'd,  
In young ambition's most propitious hour,  
Of untrod heights of fame, whose summits seem'd  
Above the common hopes of men to tower,—  
Do you remember it?

VI.

Do you remember me, while far away  
From all those friends in whom I took delight,  
And cherish my remembrance day by day,  
And meet me in the visions of the night?  
And while I tread temptation's dangerous path,  
And see my fond hopes blasted, one by one,  
Meeting with scorn and frowns, and slights and wrath,  
Will you, sweet cousin, love me fondly on,  
And still remember me?

New York, Sept. 17, 1839.

C. M. F. D.

## THE GOOD AND THE BAD.

The good generally attribute the actions of persons to better motives than the bad; and this is very natural. For the latter having been often impelled by such motives, can more easily imagine others to act from their influence, than the former can; who must necessarily have but a faint idea of such feelings, never having themselves experienced them. In fact, they both generalize from themselves to others.

If the world be as bad as some assert, I should suppose that a knowledge of human nature would conduce very much to our own fall. For, by habit we may accustom ourselves to any thing; and the constant sight of vice deadens our horror for it; seeing also so many around us doing wrong, we will be apt to consider it not very heinous for us also to act thus.

C.

## ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Horticultural Society of Maryland, at its Annual Exhibition, June 6, 1839; by Zac. Collins Lee, Esq.\*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE

MARYLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY:

At your request I appear this evening to discharge a pleasing duty, and offer with you on this fragrant and pure shrine of Nature, the homage and gratitude which these her gifts of fruit and flower demand.

From the engrossing and dull pursuits of artificial life—from the marts of commerce and the feverish paths of politics and ambition, we here solicit all ages and classes to unite in a festival and taste a cup unmingled and unembittered by selfishness or pride.

Had I consulted my own just estimate of the occasion, and my unfitness to make it interesting or useful, the duty I now perform should have been declined; but there was something so refreshing and beautiful in the associations of your society, that I yielded rather to instinct and feeling than to judgment, and determined to throw myself upon the same kind opinion and indulgence which had called me to its discharge.

The anniversaries of national disenfranchisement and renown are stirring and patriotic in themselves—but the very achievements they celebrate, have been won by the blood of patriots and the sufferings of a whole people—the laurel and the willow entwine the chaplet on the hero's brow; and many a tear for the gallant dead, saddens the 'flowing bowl' in which their deeds 'are freshly remembered.' In other lands less favored and free than our own, the waving of banners, the falchion's gleam, and the roar of cannon, proclaim too often the sanguinary triumph of power over civil liberty—and the proud pageant is darkened by the retrospect of battles, the sack of cities, the burning of villages, and the flight and massacre of thousands, before the conqueror's sword. Even in the earlier days of chivalry and romance, with the tilt and the tournament, where was sung and commemorated

'Knighthood's dauntless deed,  
And beauty's matchless eye'—

there, alas, so servile and degrading a barrier separated the lord from the serf, that it robbed these heroic jubilees of that freshness and attraction which freedom alone bestows.

But this, your anniversary, simple and unostentatious, though it be, is, compared with *those*, the refreshing shower, and the balmy air, after the thunder-cloud has burst, and the summer heat has passed away. It is the *union* of all that is useful with all that is beautiful—the *rainbow* of the fields, displaying every color and fraught with every sweet.

Surely then, if the smiles of Heaven ever descend, it must be upon a scene like this—for you have come

\*In accordance with our previously expressed determination, not to be restricted altogether to original matter when a good selection is at hand, we take great pleasure in spreading before our readers a rich and delicious repast in the address of Zachæus Collins Lee, Esq., delivered before the Horticultural Society of Maryland, at its annual exhibition in June last. We trust that none of our readers, and especially our fair readers, will think of laying down the Messenger until they have admired with us this beautiful literary gem.—[Editor S. Lit. Mes.]

up here, the young, the beautiful, the aged, to behold and adore the wisdom and benignity of Him, whose wonderful works are now spread out before us, and to whom human pageants are 'as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,'—for 'the lilies of the valley are his, and Solomon in all *his* glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

Upon an occasion of such unalloyed interest and pleasure, it would ill become me to detain you with any labored or scientific dissertation, even had I the ability or the time to do so: I therefore choose rather to dwell on some of the more obvious advantages of your society, and enforce upon the public attention, the claims it so irresistibly presents to more general and zealous support.

The Maryland Horticultural Society was formed in 1832, by a few gentlemen of taste and education, who then determined to give to the long neglected subject their attention; and among its officers and members at that date, will be found several beloved fellow citizens, now no more, associated with many who are still its friends and patrons—they subsequently obtained an act of incorporation, which in its preamble declares the object to be, an association 'for the purpose of improving and encouraging the science and practice of horticulture, and of introducing into the state new species and varieties of trees, fruits, plants, vegetables and flowers.'

The first annual exhibition was held in June, 1833; and at this, its sixth anniversary, it presents to the public the most cheering evidences of its beneficial and successful progress. To an increased list of members, it has added and united by its own attractive pursuits, many of our admired and spirited townswomen, whose zeal and devotion have already imparted a charm and impulse to the society, not to be resisted by the most selfish and obdurate benedict or misanthrope; while, apart from these attractions and resources, it is now giving life and energy to innumerable cultivators of the soil, by awarding weekly and annual premiums to the most enterprising and successful among them, and thereby affording to industry and taste a stimulus, and to horticulture a prominent place among the sister arts. Indeed the present exhibition of flowers alone, might challenge competition in our country, while the rapid improvements manifested in the culture of fruits and vegetables since the society's foundation, will speak its best eulogy: and the regret must now arise, that in this, our Baltimore, distinguished for the beauty and moral loveliness of her daughters, and the valor and public spirit of her sons, so many years should have been suffered to elapse in which the culture of the garden and the husbandry of the field (taught us thirty years ago by the West Indian emigrant) were without this great auxiliary and stimulant, and that more regard and attention is not now given to the society.

Around us, and on every hand, our hills and valleys are blooming with the growth of almost every plant and tree; and we are in our walks and rides enchanted by the rich scenes which open from some adjacent and once barren spot, where, 'emparadised in flowers,' the cottage of the horticulturalist peeps forth to win the heart and gratify the eye.

Our markets too, in the abundance they offer and the returns they make to the industrious and thrifty farmer and gardener, will convince you, that *interest* as well as pleasure, are moving onward, hand in hand, in the dif-



fusion and enlargement of the society's benefits—while by its direct agency, every foot of ground near our city, and landed property generally in its neighborhood, is rapidly enhanced in value; and by being converted into gardens and rural retreats, afford even to 'the dull edge of sated appetite,' some luscious fruit, or early plant and vegetable, before strangers to our boards—and then the ornamental trees which embosom so many cool sequestered country seats, where the invalid and man of business may repair for renovation and repose—all proclaim, with most 'miraculous organ,' the usefulness and the elegant and refined pleasures of horticulture.

The great Roman orator declared in one of his finest orations—that there was no better pursuit in life, none more full of enjoyment or more worthy a freeman, than agriculture. The same may be said of the kindred art which gave birth to this society: and Lord Bacon, the great master of human learning, has borne testimony to its value, in an essay on this subject, in which he describes gardening and horticultural avocations as the purest of human pleasures as well as the greatest refreshments to the spirits of men; and considers the perfection of this art, as the indication of a nation having attained the highest degree of civilization and refinement. He says, in his quaint language, 'when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were not the greater perfection.'

The sacred volume also breathes throughout its holy pages, the sanction and encouragement of rural and innocent pursuits; and the Creator, by placing our first parents in a garden—a paradise—

'And place of rural charms and various views,  
With groves whose rich trees wept odorous gum and balm,  
Where flowers of all hues, and without thorn  
The rose untended bloomed'—

seemed indeed to indicate the preference and favor which the husbandman and gardener would ever receive at his hand.

Profane history has brought down to us its mythology and civil rites, associated and invested with fruits and flowers; and the song of the Bacchanal and the lute of Pan, tell of the clustering grape and the overhanging bough. But the knowledge of plants was then greatly limited, and few, very few of the wonderful creations which modern botany has since disclosed, were known or regarded.

The revelations of the Creator to the tenants of Eden, doubtless discovered to them such productions of the earth as were necessary to their sustenance; but the Bible only speaks of the three general divisions of the vegetable world, into the *grass*, the *herb* and the *tree*; and Solomon, the most celebrated for his botanical knowledge, enumerates particularly the Mandrake, the Cedar of Lebanon, and the Hyssop that groweth on the wall, as most prominent in his day.

For centuries afterwards, botany was but the humble hand-maiden of medicine and surgery; hence we find the balm of Gilead extolled in Judea as the panacea of all diseases, and of more inestimable value than all our modern panaceas for the assuaging of the ills that 'flesh is heir to.'

The heroic age added little or nothing to the preceding period, unless indeed the fabled gardens of the Hesperides and Alcinous, in which Homer has placed 'the

reddening apple, the luscious fig, the glowing pomegranate, the juicy pear, the verdant olive, and the bending vine, can be regarded as bright exceptions—these being the offspring rather of poetry than mother earth.

From the days of Theophrastus to those of Pliny, during an interval of nearly four hundred years, there had been only enumerated about six hundred plants, regarded more for their medicinal than nourishing qualities, and the account we have of them is very indistinct and unsatisfactory. Following came on the darker ages, in which the few known arts of life shared the sad fate of civil liberty, leaving to the world the discovery, by a few Moorish and Arabian physicians, of one or two herbs—such as Rhubarb and Senna, which are now recognised in our *materia medica*.

The Roman era, deriving, as it did, its taste for gardening from Greece, to the extent it had gone there, opened a wider field to its cultivation. Numerous beautiful passages in the Latin poets, prove the high estimation in which gardening was held among the Romans. Tacitus describes a palace built by Nero, which was on a site laid out on the principles of modern gardening; he says, 'the usual and common luxuries of gold and jewels, which adorned this palace were not so much to be admired, as the fields and lakes and flowers, which here and there opened in prospects before it.' But it is to modern times we must look for the revival and creation of botany as a *science*. Gesner, Haller, and Linnaeus, established for it a system of investigation, by which thousands of new and rare productions were added to the catalogue of Ceres and Flora. These great high-priests of nature, reduced at once, to fixed principles and invariable rules, the study—and by the classification of plants according to their natural affinities, demonstrated, that like man, their domestic life was regulated and sweetened by the presence of the gentler sex, and their being depended upon constitutions and habits peculiar to themselves.

In England, during the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth, much of the taste and natural beauty of the gardens of Rome were lost sight of, and substituted by an artificial and grotesque deformity, which maintained for many years, and which, by torturing the box, the yew, and evergreens, into the shape of beasts and other whimsical forms, degraded the standard of horticulture; so that many of the English gardens of that period are described, as being adorned with yew trees in the shape of giants—Noah's ark cut in holly—St. George and the dragon, in box—cypress lovers, laureline bears, and all the race of root-bound monsters which flourished, and looked tremendous around the edges of every grass plat.\*

But a better spirit soon succeeded, and the works and philosophy of Dr. William Turner, the father of English botany and gardening, gave a right direction to its pursuit, and added countless treasures to the researches of his predecessor—and by the innumerable varieties of shrubs and flowers, to which he gave 'a local habitation and a name,' the sea-girt island became the home and nursery for almost every tree and plant; and it is now to the annals of English agriculture and gardening, that we look for the most valuable improvements in the useful and ornamental departments of horticulture.

\* See the eloquent address of Mr. Poinsett, in 1836, before the Horticultural Society of South Carolina.

The science of botany, being thus founded solely on the natural affinities and fixed laws of vegetation, the great masters to whom I have referred, raised it at once from being the obscure handmaid of medicine, to be the most enlarged and delightful study to which the head and heart of man could be devoted. The poorest plant and the most unobtrusive flower that 'blushed unseen,' under their hands in a moment unfolded the mysteries of its being and the hidden lore of nature. For, if the flowers on the mountains and in the valleys, are the alphabet of angels, with which they have written secret and divine truths upon the hill-tops, how doubly attractive must become a study, which shall disclose the loves of those angels or the higher destiny of man.

Standing as we do, at an immeasurable distance from the olden time—living in an age and land where all who have the spirit to be free, or the virtue to be just, may become public benefactors—how strong are the calls which duty and interest, in every art and department of life, make on us, to be active and beneficent in our efforts. If we cast our eyes over the world, its past and present condition, how infinitely exalted appears the physical and intellectual resources of our generation.

The face of nature too, is more prolific and interesting, and exhibits ten thousand beauties and benefits, unknown to past ages. The history, therefore, of the vegetable world, written as it now is, in every language and on every green field, developed then but little compared with the present hour, in which we have assembled to celebrate its triumphs, and to behold, by the light of truth and christianity, what was denied to the darker eras of man.

But the great temple of nature, though thus opened, is not explored; beyond us there are many meandering streams and flowery fields to be traced, and hidden treasures to be discovered. The promised land rises in bright perspective, and our children must finish what has been commenced by us—kindling brighter lights, and erecting nobler altars to nature and religion.

What a theatre for horticultural effort does our own country afford? The vegetation of the United States is as various as its climate and soil. In the Floridas grow the majestic palm, the orange, the cotton, the indigo and the sugar-cane. In the Carolinas, the eye of the traveller is charmed with the beauty and grandeur of the forest trees, the evergreen oak, the various species of pine, walnut, and plane tree, the splendid tulip, the curious cypress, and the superb magnolia,—while the oaks, the firs, and the chesnuts of the middle and northern states, afford to the naturalist a rich scene for investigation and study.

Already ten species of the walnut are distinguished for their use and beauty, in the soil and in manufactures; and as many of the maple, the spruce, the hickory, and the larch; most of them, now transplanted to our gardens, and public pleasure grounds, are the objects of daily converse and admiration.

There, too, is the giant sycamore, the king of our western forests, exhibiting in its growth, a fit emblem of the vigorous and hardy race, who people the young but glorious west. It rises, as Mr. Washington Irving has described it, in the most graceful form, with vast spreading lateral branches, covered with bark of a brilliant white. These hundred white arms interlacing

with the other green forest trees, form one of the most striking traits of American scenery. A tree of this kind near Marietta, measured fifteen feet and a half in diameter; and it is said, that Judge Tucker, of Virginia, obtained a section of such a tree, put a roof to it, and furnished it as a study, which contained a stove, bed, and table, making a comfortable apartment.

Horticulture is domesticating the birch, the elm, the acacia, and the poplar, and beautifying our gardens with the magnolia, the holly, the almond, and the Catawba, and many others, whose existence was almost unknown to us ten years ago.

Some of the most luscious fruits we now prize and cultivate, are strangers to our soil. Modern horticulture, within the last two centuries, has domesticated them. The fig was brought from Syria, the citron from Medea, the peach from Persia, the pomegranate from Africa, apricots from Epirus, apples, pears, and plums from Armenia, and cherries from Pontus—to Rome they first passed, then to Europe; and with our progenitors many of them became the pilgrims of freedom in America.

Public gardens of any note and extent, owe also their establishment to modern times. The first known in Europe, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, in Florence: afterwards the celebrated botanic garden of Padua was planted, and flourished in 1533. That of Bologna was also founded by the liberality of Pope Pius the VI; then followed that of Florence, erected by the Grand Duke; since which period they have steadily increased, and there is now one to be found in almost every city of Italy. The botanic garden of Leyden was established in 1577, forty-four years after that of Padua, which it surpassed in number and variety of plants—in 1663 the catalogue of this garden numbered 1,104 species. And in Boerhaave's time, who, when professor of botany there, neglected nothing to augment its riches, it contained 6,000 plants. Nearly all the beautiful flowers from the Cape of Good Hope, which now adorn our gardens, were first cultivated there. The first botanic garden in France, was established at Montpellier, in 1597; but the Garden of Plants at Paris was afterwards founded, in 1620, by Louis XIII—this noble institution has been greatly enlarged by successive monarchs and is now regarded as the most scientific garden and the best botanic school in Europe.

A taste for flowers is said to have been introduced into England, by the Flemish emigrants, who fled (as did those of St. Domingo to our state,) to that country, to escape the cruelties of the Duke of Alva, in 1567. The first botanic garden in England was afterwards founded at Oxford; and the royal gardens at Kew, were begun about the middle of the eighteenth century, by Frederic, Prince of Wales, father of George the Third, and now contain a rich and extensive collection of exotics, equalled, however, if not surpassed by those in the botanic garden at Liverpool; an institution founded by the influence and efforts of Mr. Roscoe, who established it in 1800.

In our country we know of no extensive establishment of this description. That commenced by Dr. David Hosac, of New York, has been suffered to go to decay by the government of the state, who purchased it from the learned and enterprising proprietor. Here, in Maryland, there is as yet no public garden of the kind—



but our society is we trust awakening public attention to the subject.

A taste is now springing up amongst us—and many private gardens, beautifully represented here to-night, attest the success of individual efforts. The field is before us—laborers are wanted—its limits are the confines of our republic. Look to the south, clothed at this time in a garb of rural splendor, to which its tropical flowers and brilliant evergreens, give a surpassing lustre. There alone flourishes the live oak, that tree, which upon the ocean is the bulwark of our land and the boast of our prowess. How irresistible and magical is the march of improvement, and the triumph of culture and art! Let the rover or naturalist seek some cool sequestered spot by the sources of the Missouri or the Mississippi, and pleased with the bright and lively rill which dances from rock to rock, to the murmuring cadence of its own music, watch and follow it as it steals under the osier and the vine, with gentle wing, till he finds it the majestic river upon whose bank Wealth builds his palace, Science his temple, and Religion her sacred fane; could his wonder be greater or his joy more intense than ours, at the triumphs of art and refinement over the rudeness of uncultured nature? Methinks the progenitors of many who hear me, once sought the fresh breeze of the evening, and plucked the scented wild flower on *this very spot*, now covered and adorned by edifices of taste and splendor, and crowded with monuments of civilization. So rapid and imperceptible, therefore, are the improvements of the great age, that if we would preserve around us at all the pristine charms of hill and dale, of wild flowers and native forests, it must be by horticulture, and in our gardens,—for the hammer and the noise of the busy multitude, and the axe of the emigrant, and the sweep of commerce, and the sister arts, are onward, with the velocity of our rail roads, clearing the way and settling the waste places, for more enduring power and extended wealth than the woods and wilds of our native soil can afford.

Our national resources, too, physical and political, and the giant strides of our people, already proclaim, even beyond the Mississippi, the sway of civil institutions and the glories of freedom. Hurried before their resistless march, the red man, and his once countless tribes, is flying from his hunting grounds and council fires—and his lion heart and eagle eye has cowered before the victorious arm of the white man.

Scarce two hundred years have rolled away, since the rock of Plymouth and the heights of Jamestown were pressed by pilgrims' feet, and consecrated to human rights. Now, twenty-six commonwealths, bounded by the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, are before us, united by a common bond, and flourishing under the same bright banner, and crowded with upwards of fifteen millions of freemen. What a spectacle for the world to admire! what a cause of self-gratulation to us?

The 'May Flower,' laden with the seeds of liberty, touched *then* with drooping sails a savage and inhospitable shore—*now*, from the same strand, the moving palaces of steam and the countless ships of commerce, depart and arrive between cities of astonishing wealth and population. I repeat it, that now is the time for our most active exertions in the noble cause of Agriculture, and its patron, Horticulture, if we desire to

keep pace with the wide-spreading manufactures and commerce of our union.

To the farmer and agriculturist is offered a climate and soil more fertile, varied and healthy, than any under the sun—combining the heat of the tropics with the temperatures of the north and west, and inviting him to cultivate every variety of produce: while the growth of distinct and inexhaustible staples, presents what is no where to be found under the same government, agricultural resources of priceless value, which can in no event compete with and oppose each other in the same foreign or domestic market.

The south, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton and the golden harvests of the rice fields, binds the planter to his soil by the strong tie of *interest*, and makes his staple the very life's blood of exchange and commerce; while the northern, western and middle states, by their grain and the culture of tobacco, form a vast store-house and granary for domestic and exporting uses, unlike the granaries of Rome, inexhaustible, and not filled from plundered provinces.

I might dilate upon these animating motives to exertion, which our favored position and resources so strongly urge—but I forbear—pausing only to add, that if the cause of agriculture and the claims of this society have no recommendation from considerations like these, there is yet *one precious and irresistible motive* to be found in the opinions and practice of him, the mention of whose name raises a throb of gratitude in every heart that loves liberty. Among the letters preserved and published of the immortal Washington, is one addressed by him in 1782, to Mr. Young, an English horticulturist, in which the father of his country uses the following language:

'Agriculture in the field and garden has ever been among the most favorite of my amusements, though I never have possessed much skill in the art, and nine years total inattention to it, has added nothing to a knowledge which is best understood from practice.' He then desires his correspondent to send him the following horticultural items:

'A little of the best kind of cabbage seed for the field culture—twenty pounds of the best turnip seed—ten bushels of sanfoin seed—eight bushels of winter vetches—two bushels of rye grass seed, and fifty pounds of best clover seed.' What a touching illustration of the simple habits and practical sense of this illustrious man. At the time this letter was penned, he had just returned victorious from the revolutionary struggle to the shades of Mount Vernon;—we there find him turning from the voice of praise and the blaze of military glory, to his *farm and garden*, with the same fondness with which the infant seeks the maternal bosom—and in the unostentatious amusements and healthful exercises of his fields, becoming the first American farmer, as he had proved himself the greatest hero and general on the tented plain.

What a lesson and rebuke should this incident convey to the noisy pride and bustling littleness of some of the miscalled great men of our day. To the *place-man* and demagogue, even the garden of Mount Vernon, blooming under the eye and hand of Washington, could afford no charm or solace for the loss of power or emolument—*these* serve their country but to *serve themselves*. Marius, in his defeated hour, sighed amid the

ruins of Carthage, and the imperial exile wept upon a barren rock. Washington, whether at the head of armies or guiding the destinies of his country, was the same exalted character; simple in his tastes, manly and noble in all the relations of life. In him education found a patron, religion and virtue a model and support, and agriculture its most distinguished benefactor. So happily combined were his sentiments, taste and principles, that in private as in public life, his example will descend to unnumbered generations, as the brightest ever bequeathed by man to man.

Imagination might carry those of us who have visited the hero's tomb, to that sequestered and beautiful garden, with its nursery of rare exotics and tropical fruits, the classic arrangement of its box-wood and hawthorn hedge, and the simple but chaste display of every flower and plant which wealth or fancy could procure. There, upon *this* seat, sat Washington, when the storm of battle was over, and refreshed his spirit and elevated his thoughts by the culture and contemplation of his garden—beside him was her, the chosen and beloved consort and companion of his life—like him in the noble but gentler attributes of her mind, fitted to be the sharer of his glory and repose. Around them bloomed the gifts of every clime, from the rose and fragrant coffee shrub of Java, to the night-budding *Cereus* of Mexico.

The seat still remains, but the patriot sleeps at the foot of that garden by the side of his fond associate and exalted partner—wild flowers and the evergreen are blooming over them, in token of the renewal and immortality of the glorious dead. And when summer comes, there the birds sing sweetly, and like angels' voices, do they tell of happiness, harmony and peace.

The sculptured column and proud mausoleum might (and should) adorn that spot—but in the scene, as Nature's hand has left it—in the murmurs of the breeze, the majestic flow of the Potomac, and the solemn stillness of the grove, broken only by the wild bird's note—above all, in the yet unfaded and unaltered walks of that garden of Washington, there is a *memorial*, which the 'storied urn or animated bust could never give.' It is the *pathos* and *truth* of nature. This theme is carrying me beyond my purpose—you will pardon the digression—I must pause.

Before us this evening is spread out a rich banquet—the strawberry and cherry,—the more substantial offerings for the kitchen are here, also, presenting a rotundity and condition which an alderman might envy; among them there doubtless is that talisman of fortune, the golden fleece of the vegetable world—I allude to the *morus multicaulis*, for the culture of which, it is feared, all things else may be abandoned. So warm is the fever which its prosperous fortunes have excited, that it is said, "a loving swain in one of the fertile counties on the Eastern Shore, was breathing to his lady-love the most impassioned vows, and had put the solemn and interesting question, upon a favorable answer to which his happiness depended, when she, with much enthusiasm, replied by asking him another question, 'Do you grow the *morus multicaulis*?' 'Oh! no,' he exclaimed, 'only beautiful flowers and roses for you.' Alas! simple youth, this answer was fatal to his hopes, and the *morus multicaulis* prevailed over love. Horticulture, in addition to this, is colonizing trees and

shrubs, for the purposes of shade and ornament for the bowers of love. Should it not then command the affections and aid of the fair?

There are finally to be drawn from the reflections of this anniversary, many lessons and benefits, calculated to warm the heart with gratitude to Him, who is the giver of all things; and above all, there are opened, by the study of this volume of nature, sources of unfailing joy and contentment. So ordered is the economy and wisdom of Heaven, that this lovely season of the year, the precursor of Ceres, and the prophet of abundant harvest, by its *regular return*, teaches 'desultory man, studious as he is of change,' that there is an invariable and immutable law, stamped upon every plant that grows, and every bud that opens, alike incapable of change and deterioration, and instructs the child of adversity, who has been left alone, scathed like the pine upon the mountain's top, by the lightning and the tempest—that there is a recuperative principle in the mind, shadowed forth most beautifully by the reviving tree and the budding flower, which the breath of Heaven shall awaken to *life, beauty* and *immortality*,—emblems of the christian's hope, which burn brighter as the clouds gather, and his spirit is departing, and his heart becoming cold.

By assiduous efforts and gentle care do we not, when this lovely season is gone, behold how culture and the artificial warmth of the conservatory and the greenhouse keep a perennial spring about us amid the snows of winter, and the window and boudoir of woman become the home of the dahlia and the rose, living and giving out their incense to her tender mercies, when all around is death; or, blooming in unwonted splendor among her soft tresses, telling of the kind, gay girl, the fond and loving mother, whose hand has watered them, and beneath whose smile their buds have expanded into life.

The sentiment and morality of flowers are among the most attractive of their charms. Who does not feel full often the pure power of the teachings which these little moralists declare? The rose is a legend of romance, and its history, whether in the bower of love, or embroidered on the banners of civil war, is a history of the heart. The rose of Sharon, and the lilies of Damascus, were sung by the waters of Israel, while poetry and religion have associated and embalmed it with all the most sacred of their rights.

In the festive hall, where the dance, and song, and music prevail, it is the companion and emblem of the young and joyous. The bridal wreath and the nuptial altar find its purity and fragrance, though but 'the perfume and suppliance of an hour,' a sentiment congenial with the brightness and brevity of the passing scene.

And, oh, with what unsearchable and deep love does the youthful mother place it in the garland of her first born; and should the nursling be too early snatched from her bosom, with what fond but melancholy pleasure will she oft times turn with moistened eye from the memory of the cherished one, to the rose bud or the flower, as the remembrancer of its loveliness and beauty. Think you there is then no truth in all this? To the pensive and uncorrupted mind can there be a pleasure more refined than the culture of these sweet earth-born innocents, amid the shades and serenity of the garden and the groves?



The Prince de Ligné, who was the companion of monarchs, and surrounded by the splendor of courts, derived his chief enjoyment from the cultivation of his garden, and with enthusiasm has said, 'would that I could warm the whole world with my taste for gardening; it appears to me impossible that a *bad man* can possess it; there is no virtue that I do not imagine in him who loves to speak of, and to make gardens; fathers of families, inspire your children with a love of gardening and flowers.' This is the language of a prince, and the testimony of a generous and exalted spirit.

There is, besides, in the culture of the garden, a *religion* silently but truly taught, to which meditation gives the most consoling tone; the conflict of exclusive and *intolerant* opinions are there unfelt and unheard; but we hold converse with Nature, and from her flowery lap raise our eyes and hearts in adoration to Him, who,

'Not content with every food of life  
To nourish man; by kind illusions  
Of the wondering sense, hath made all nature  
Beauty to his eye and music to his ear.'

How cooling to the chafed brow and the careworn spirit is the copse-wood shade and the rural walk! What memories of happy days and well-beloved companions crowd upon the garden's contemplative hour, bringing back to age its golden morn, its blithesome boyhood. If a father or a mother hath departed from us, the haunts they loved, the flowers they nursed, the paths they trod, summon us back to all we owe them; and all we have lost in them,

'Soft as the memory of buried love,  
Pure as the prayer that childhood wafts above,'

come back to us from these interviews with nature, our best days and our most cherished affections.

The stars have been called the poetry of Heaven; but may we not with equal truth turn to these flowers as the poetry of earth, speaking as they do to us of peace and good will among men?

Rank, power, and wealth, the arm of the warrior, and the tongue of the sage, have seldom blessed their possessors; and we are called too often to deplore in this and other lands, the evils which have resulted from the 'fears of the brave and the follies of the wise.'

How touchingly beautiful and sublime are the pictures of those primitive days, when, under their own vines and fig trees, the babbling brook at their feet, and the bleating and spotless flock around them, the shepherds of Israel poured forth their morning song of praise to Him who made the meadows to nourish and the trees to shade them. With what fervor did they exclaim, 'The Lord is our shepherd; we shall not want; he maketh us to lie down in green pastures and leadeth us beside the still waters.' The altars of christianity never burned with a purer incense than this: and are we not then invoked now to realize from the pursuits of this society the primitive charms and excellence which they impart?

Peace and abundance cover our land—in others, less happy and exalted, some flower or shrub is the household and tutelary emblem and watchword of national honor. The lily of France and the rose of Burgundy, have encountered the thistle and the shamrock on the bloody field, or, interwoven in peace, become the olive branch and pledge of union and friendship—with us as

yet, not one of the many beautiful productions of our soil is the badge of American freedom. And why should it not be, like the song which animates in the fight? Let us also point to some ever present and blooming token of our land, which will meet us in the field, cheer us in absence, and delight us every where, and which to the dying patriot's eye shall revive the recollection of his home and country—

'Sternitur infelix alieno vulnere; cælumque  
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.'

To fix then upon this emblem, is a task I commend to our fair countrywomen, who should indeed present it, as a gift from the beautiful to the brave, with which to return victorious, or return no more.

These are the refined charms of horticulture, and thus is your society recommended. At this celebration it invites men of all conditions in life to come forward here, in Maryland, and devote not their gold and silver, but their leisure and taste to the most interesting cause and the most delightful recreation. The motives, the land we inhabit, the resources of our people, and the innate value and purity of the pursuit itself, have been alluded to, and all call on us to lend our influence to its promotion. The tired and worn down citizen shall be refreshed by it; for to green fields and healthful exercises we introduce him while living; and there is a spot preparing for him, when dead, almost within sight of this hall—a place of repose, a city of silence, which, by the enterprise of many connected with this society, shall ere long realize the prophet's vision that made paradise the home of the dead.

Beneath the fragrant birch and the refreshing evergreen shall *there* repose the departed, with birds to sing over their graves, and the sweetest wild flowers to bloom in earnest of the spirit's destiny. Horticulture is doing this. Then, by all its pleasures, by its usefulness and innocency, we do again invoke you to become its patrons and friends.

The studies of the closet and the feverish pursuits of life, wear down the body and corrode the spirit; but here is a pursuit full of beauty and freshness—peaceful and lovely are its ways—pure and uncontaminated is the cup of its joys; its study and culture will assuage anger, moderate ambition and sanctify love, and raising the heart from objects of temporary interest, place it on those of eternal hope, keep with us and about us the bloom and fragrance of life's weary journey, and make us wiser and better in our day and generation.

## RETROSPECTION.

Selected.

I love—when all the world is still,  
At midnight's solemn, silent hour,  
When retrospection's magic thrill  
Steals o'er the soul with matchless power—  
I love to linger o'er the days  
Of halcyon childhood, swiftly gone!  
When to my heart this "thorny maze"  
Seemed but a world of joy alone.

## PAULINE BLENLIS ;

## OR, THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDEGROOM.

Pauline Blenlis—the young and high spirited heroine of my little tale—was a beauty of twenty summers, a brunette with a glowing cheek and a sparkling eye ; rich, pouting lips that revealed, when parted, pearly teeth of a marvellous whiteness, and a smile that would make your heart leap, bright, joyous and beautiful as herself—but Pauline's smile was not always radiant, nor was her heart always joyous ; for one enemy to her peace, in the shape of an antiquated little lover, made his appearance regularly every afternoon at six o'clock. Monsieur Hericourt, comte de V—, was old, ugly and extremely disagreeable—with a mouth which seemed made for the express purpose of dispatching madame Blenlis' delicious fruit, which hung in tempting clusters above the summer-house, in which he was sure to meet a cordial welcome from madame, and a very reluctant one from mademoiselle. Monsieur was evidently a gentleman of the old school, as might have been observed from the very profound manner in which he replied to madame Blenlis' salutations, and the delicate deference which marked his attention to her daughter. He generally wore a velvet coat of no small dimensions,—long, white hose, which displayed his sinewy limbs to advantage, and shoes of the most approved fashion of the time of the sixteenth Louis—large silver buckles ornamented his knees, which slightly inclined outward ; and a little cocked hat, doubtless a relic of the last century, covered his well powdered wig, and both together most effectually concealed his shrivelled face.

The age and ludicrous figure of the old count, was sufficient to have created aversion and disgust in the mind of a young, admired, and romantic girl, like Pauline—but there were more powerful arguments against him than those enumerated.

There was, at this time, sojourning in the little village of N., a young American of very prepossessing appearance, who, having made the tour of Europe, was waiting quietly at N., previous to taking his departure for his native land. But opportunities had occurred repeatedly—vessels bearing the star spangled banner had arrived and departed from the neighboring port—still the young republican lingered—charmed with the bright and beautiful scenery around, and the brighter and more beautiful eyes of Pauline Blenlis. Hervey Leslie, was no ordinary youth, with a taste attuned only to the gay frivolities of the metropolis, which he had quitted after a short visit, for the fresh air and simpler manners of the village of N. Light-hearted, bold and reckless of danger, he sought enjoyment in following the chase, wandering among the wild and unfrequented passes of the mountains, or plunging fearlessly in the rushing waters of the noble river that flowed past the little town. But now, there was for him a sweeter, rarer pleasure in holding sweet converse with the bright creature that passed before him like a wood-nymph, in guiding her little skiff over the blue, glad waters, or curbing his mettled charger, to keep pace with the gentle animal she rode. Her voice came over him like a spell, and he started with new and undefinable emotions when her joyous laugh, clear and musical in its merriment, thrilled on his delighted ear.

He, too, was a daily visiter at madame Blenlis' little cottage ; but as he never called at the house, which was set apart for the reception of the count, she little dreamt of the progress he was making in her daughter's heart ; therefore she had never thought of his being in the way of her darling project, the union of the old noble with the young and delicate Pauline. To be sure, Pauline always declared that she hated the count, that she would not marry him for the world, and invariably preferred the company of the younger beaux of the place ; but madame Blenlis was sure she would, some day, prefer the titled and wealthy Hericourt de V—, to all the handsome and penniless lovers who were at her feet. And so the wedding day was named, and grand preparation made for the young bride.

Evening shades were stealing over the gay town of N. By degrees the din of busy life gave way to the hum of cheerful voices, and the careless laugh of the pleasure-loving Frenchman, as he sought a respite from his daily toil ; one dim, uncertain light, showed itself from a cottage window ; another, and another, bright and cheerful, sprang up, and the whole place soon wore an air of gaiety and happiness, that but little accorded with the feelings of Pauline Blenlis, who wept in bitterness of spirit in the retirement of her chamber. But Lucile, a pretty little soubrette, spent no time in vain lamentations—for two long hours had she waited, with a patience and fortitude worthy of a martyr, at the door of madame Blenlis' boudoir. That a conference was held within, which related to mademoiselle Pauline, she did not doubt, for she had herself shown monsieur le comte into the presence of her lady. Now monsieur le comte was no favorite with Lucile, and she watched his motions with the earnestness peculiar to her sex and country. If the count de V— paid madame Blenlis a morning visit, and Pauline was not sent for, she knew it ; and if his cross-eyed little valet presumed to bring a note from him, Lucile always peeped into the open ends, before she delivered it to her mistress, and then flew to acquaint mademoiselle with its contents.

For a long time had the soubrette maintained the attitude of an anxious listener—her body inclined forward, until one knee and one hand rested on the floor ; her ear applied to the key-hole, and her face expressive of the most eager curiosity. Suddenly she started to her feet, and retreating into the recess of a window, was concealed from sight,—a step was heard within the room, the door was opened, and the count de V—, in his cocked hat and shining knee buckles, passed through the saloon ; soon his carriage rattled from the door, and the next moment Lucile emerged from her hiding place, and gliding through an opposite door passed swiftly down the street. It was quite dark when she entered mademoiselle Blenlis' room with candles. Pauline was sitting with her back to the door, and observed not her entrance,—the maid deposited the lights on the dressing-table, and passing noiselessly around the room, until she came in front of her young lady, stood perfectly still, (a wonderful thing for Lucile,) and contemplated the beautiful picture before her in silence.

Pauline was sitting in a large arm-chair, with her finely-formed head thrown back against it, revealing a full, swelling throat, that vied with the purest marble—one hand, delicate and symmetrical in its form,



lay over the arm of the chair, while its beautiful fellow lay in her lap clasping an ornament of brilliants, that seemed to have been taken from a box which stood near her. It was the bridal present of the count de V—. Lucile observed that her eyes were closed and her cheek extremely pale. The chain of brilliants, disengaged by their own weight, fell, from the slight fingers that held them so carelessly, to the floor. The *soubrette* sprang forward and caught them. "Mon Dieu! mademoiselle, she exclaimed, "you have broken your beautiful necklace; such superb jewels too; but you do not care for these things. You would rather have one pearl, one little pearl from monsieur Leslie, than all of old cocked-hat's jewelry, himself into the bargain."

The delicate lids of the languid beauty suddenly unclosed, and a pair of dark lustrous orbs flashed indignantly on the speaker.

"Silence, Lucile! you are impertinent. What is Hervey Leslie to me?"

"I do not know, mademoiselle," replied the girl meekly, "what he is to you; but you are a great deal to him—for Antoine, his valet, says that your name is on his lips every night, and he has pined away ever since it was rumored that you were going to marry the Count de V—."

"Peace, prattler," returned the blushing Pauline; then starting from her seat, she paced the floor distractedly. Her arms were now clasped tightly over her breast—now flung wildly from her—the rich blood rushed tumultuously to her face, and as quickly receded, leaving the paleness of despair upon her cheek and brow. Suddenly she stopped.

"I will not marry this old dotard. Now hear me swear it, Lucile—I will not marry him. If they drag me to the altar, I will not pronounce the vows!"—and clasping her face with both hands, she sank into a chair.

"Mademoiselle," said the girl tenderly, "here is a billet for you from monsieur Leslie."

Pauline snatched the note from the attendant, and glanced her eyes eagerly over its contents; then followed a sudden transition from a blushing crimson, to a deathly paleness; and then the beautiful rich color came rushing again over neck and brow—and then a smile—one of her own radiant and peculiar smiles, lit up her exquisite features, and Pauline Blenlis was herself again.

That night a long and absorbing conversation was held in a subdued tone, between mademoiselle Blenlis and her humble attendant—and once or twice Lucile was seen passing to and from Pauline's apartment, during the week that followed, with billets in her hand—and Francois, one of madame Blenlis' own servants, was heard to declare, that he saw monsieur Leslie's valet pass him one evening about night-fall, with a couple of travelling trunks in a wheelbarrow—that he went in the direction of his master's residence, and had doubtless come from the cottage. But Francois did not tell this until after an important change took place, which you will learn, gentle reader, in the sequel.

The bridal morning of Pauline Blenlis broke brightly and beautifully, and the sun shone as gloriously as if his presence were to light up the altar of youth and loveliness, instead of witnessing the sacrifice of a delicate and shrinking victim to the demon of riches.

Every one in the village loved Pauline; and more than one shrewdly suspected that mademoiselle would rather give her hand to the handsome American, than sell it to monsieur le compte and his cocked hat—but all knew that she entered into the engagement reluctantly, therefore they prudently forebore any remarks on the occasion.

The chapel was fancifully decorated with flowers; the bells rang a merry peal, and the villagers, in their holiday attire, were gathering around the doors. At length the bridal cavalcade appeared. The count's chariot rattled up to the open portal, and he dismounted as quickly as his rheumatic affections would permit, and turned to assist his bride who followed in a carriage with her mother. Pauline could scarcely repress an expression of loathing as she gave him her hand, while the other was clasped by the elegant and graceful American, who walked by her, in ridiculous contrast to the ancient knight on the other side, until they reached the church door, when dropping it, he fell into the rear, and followed the party slowly up the aisle of the building. And now they were all to witness the celebration of nuptials, which all regarded with horror and some with contempt, as they thought of the youth and beauty on one side, and the age and infirmity on the other.

Pale and trembling, from excessive emotion, the bride leant on the arm of the palsied-stricken count, like a lily-bud reposing its delicate cheek against the gnarled trunk of a decaying tree. The priest, in deep and solemn tones, began the marriage service, when suddenly, a convulsive shudder shook the frame of the lady, and she fell fainting into the arms of the person who stood next her—who happened to be, (accidentally, perhaps,) Hervey Leslie. Then there was confusion and astonishment, and the buzz of many tongues; and amidst all this Leslie made his way through the crowd, and bore the senseless form of the bride to the carriage. Lucile remained behind, considerably urging madame Blenlis to return in the count's carriage, as they were both too much agitated to render any assistance; she would herself run forward, she said, and assist the gentleman who was trying to recover her young lady. Then passing rapidly through the crowd, which made way for her, she sprang into the carriage with Hervey and Pauline. The footman quickly put up the steps; the coachman applied his whip, and before the infirmities of the count would allow him to mount into his vehicle, they had turned the corner and were out of sight. Never travelled horses so fast before. Pauline had recovered from her apparent fainting fit, and in a few hours from their hasty departure from the church, they were on board a gallant merchantman, with her sails spread, and rapidly leaving the blue shores of "la belle France" in the distance.

When monsieur le compte discovered that his lady-love had decamped, he was inconsolable for his loss, and at the end of the week offered himself to the mother of his former attachment, and was accepted.

Six months had flown by on gossamer wings, when one cold autumnal evening a chaise and pair drew up before the city hotel, followed by a coach and four noble prancing grays; from the former establishment, alighted a female, with a lap-dog, a ban-box, and sundry small articles in her arms; and a gentleman of

starched and powdered dignity. In the latter, came monsieur and madame compte et comtesse de V—. In a few hours after their arrival, madame de V— had the pleasure of clasping her daughter in her arms; and the count, reverently laying aside the identical cocked hat, in which we introduced him to you, reader, declared that monsieur Leslie had stolen the bud from him, but he had received in recompense, the beauty of the full blown rose.

Pardon me, gentle reader, I had nearly forgotten one part of my story. Lucile stood by to offer her congratulations, accompanied by her spouse. She had become mistress Antoine Ruet.

J. H. M.

### THE SUBTILTY OF LOVE.

A very old song modernized.

You cannot bar Love out,  
 Father, mother, and you all!  
 For, mark me! he's a crafty boy  
 And his limbs are very small;  
 He's lighter than the thistle's down,  
 He's fleetier than the dove,  
 His voice is like the nightingale's;  
 And oh! beware of Love!

For Love can masquerade  
 When the wisest do not see;  
 He has gone to many a blessed saint  
 Like a virgin devotee;  
 He has stolen through the convent grate,  
 A painted butterfly,  
 And I've seen in many a mantle's fold  
 His twinkling roguish eye.

He'll come—do what you will;  
 The Pope can't keep him out;  
 And of late he's learned such evil ways,  
 You must hold his oath in doubt:  
 From the lawyers he has learned,  
 Like Judas, to betray;  
 From the monks, to live like martyr'd saints,  
 Yet cast their souls away.

He has been at court so long  
 That he wears the courtier's smile;  
 For every maid he has a lure,  
 For every man a wile.  
 Philosophers and alchemists,  
 Your idle toil give o'er;  
 Young Love is wiser than you all,  
 And teaches ten times more.

Strong bars and bolts are vain  
 To keep the urchin in,  
 For while the goaler turned the key  
 He'd trap him in his gin.  
 You need not hope by mail of proof  
 To shun his cruel dart;  
 For he'd change himself to a shirt of mail  
 And lie next to your heart.

More scatheful than an evil eye,  
 Than ghost or gramercy,  
 Not seventy times seven holy priests  
 Could lay him in the sea.  
 Then, father, mother, cease to chide—  
 I'll do the best I may,  
 And when I see young Love coming  
 I'll up and run away!

PETER.

### LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY GEO. COMBEE, ESQ.

Reported for the New Yorker.

#### LECTURE VI.

**Constructiveness.**—This organ is situated at that part of the frontal bone which lies behind and above the superior and outer angle of the eye, immediately above the spheno-temporal suture, and before Acquisitiveness. In the brain it occupies the posterior part of the anterior lobe. Dr. Gall discovered this organ by noticing that in this region men distinguished for mechanical genius are very wide. Some time after becoming satisfied of the function of this organ, some gentlemen of Vienna presented to him a person concerning whose talents they solicited his opinion. He told them that he ought to have a great tendency toward mechanics. They then told Gall that he had been examining the famous painter, Unterbergen, and expressed dissatisfaction at the decision; but the painter acknowledged that Gall was quite correct—that he had always had a passion for mechanics, and painted only for a livelihood. He also took the party to his house, where he showed them many machines and instruments, some of which he had invented and others improved. Besides, Constructiveness is an element in the art of painting.

Dr. Barclay used to exhibit to his pupils the skulls of the lion and other carnivorous animals, and ridiculed the Phrenologists for explaining the narrowness of this region in those animals by their deficiency in Constructiveness. "The lion, gentlemen," he would say, "has very strong temporal muscles, for the purpose of empowering its jaws to masticate flesh and bones: now it is evident that the play of these muscles compresses the head in this region, and causes this remarkable narrowness." This seems plausible, but the Professor did not carry his observations far enough. Had he extended his inquiries, he would have found that the form of head alluded to occurs in the fœtus of carnivorous animals, and cannot, therefore, be the effect of the action of their jaws on hard substances. Further, the beaver eats through pretty strong logs of timber with its teeth, and its temporal muscles are strong, yet the head is broad in this region, and the animal is highly constructive. Again, in the human race some have narrow heads and weak constructive talents, though they live on slops; and others broad heads and great mechanical skill, though they live on hard viands. This is the skull of a beaver: you may see the development of this region very distinctly, and on putting my finger within, I find a distinct hollow corresponding with the external protuberance.

I must here repeat the caution I gave when treating of the organ of Acquisitiveness. The temporal muscle differs in different persons. It is therefore necessary to estimate its thickness in the living head, by feeling at the muscle while the individual moves the lower jaw.

To construct, means to put detached materials together so as to make a single object. Thus, we construct a house or a ship. This faculty, however, goes farther than this; it seems to be a tendency to *fashion* in general, and this may be done by putting materials together, or by chipping off fragments, or by moulding, or by drawing lines and laying on colors. This faculty does not *invent*: that is the act of the understanding: it merely fashions or configures. Though when large it stimulates the understanding to invent what will employ it agreeably in constructing.



Constructiveness takes its direction from the other faculties. Combined with large Weight, it leads to machine-making; with Ideality and Form, to statuary; with these and Color, to painting. Compare these heads; in this, of Franklin, it is small; in this, of Canova, very large. The development is greater in the European than in the Malay or Negro, and he is well known to have more constructive talent than either. It is very small, as you see, in the New-Hollander, and of all mankind they are the least constructive. When visited by Capt. Cook, they were naked, built no houses, and had no implements of agriculture, fishing or hunting. They were destitute, in short, of every art which can add comfort or decency to life, depending for a subsistence on spontaneous vegetation, and the fishes which are left by the tide among the rocks. Compare this skull with that of an Italian; how enormous the difference in favor of the latter! This Italian skull, known to be at least two hundred years old, was supposed to be that of Raphael, and was preserved as such in St. Luke's academy at Rome; but as Raphael's skull has been recently discovered, objectors say that this mistake refutes Phrenology. All that they can make of the case, however, is, that it did not belong to Raphael, but to somebody else remarkable for Constructiveness, Ideality, Form, Comparison and Causality; and that Raphael's skull, remarkable also for these, is in conformity with his well known character. Compare this, the head of Napoleon, in whom Constructiveness was small, with this, the head of Brunel, the celebrated engineer of the Thames Tunnel, and the inventor of machinery for making blocks for the rigging of ships by means of steam. Here the organ is very large, and this is in other respects a very superior head. The organ is very large, too, in Haydon, the great historical painter of England. Contrast the development in his head to the cast of Hogg, the Eurick Shepherd. Contrast it again in Wilkie and Wm. Pitt. Here is the head of Sir Wm. Herschell, in whom it is very large, and the construction of a superior telescope was the principal foundation of his fame.

This organ is of great service to operative surgeons, to engravers, to cabinet makers, to tailors and dress-makers. We find some men who for want of it cannot mend a pen nor sharpen a razor. This was the case with a friend of mine in Edinburgh. You perceive it small in the Rev. Mr. Martin, who was bred a watch-maker, but finding no interest in the employment, he gave it up and turned preacher. Lucian and Socrates renounced sculpture. On the other hand, we often find men whom circumstances have prevented from following their natural inclination, and whose occupations do not lead them to its exercise, occupying themselves with mechanics as a pastime and amusement. An eminent Scotch barrister told me that in the very act of composing a pleading on the most abstruse question of law, vivid conceptions of mechanical improvements would dart into his mind, and that he often had to leave his employment to embody them in a diagram in order to get rid of the intruders. Leopold I, Peter the Great, and Louis XVI constructed locks. The late Lord President Blair had this organ large, and he had a private workshop in which he constructed pieces of mechanism.

This organ is very differently developed in different nations. I before showed you the skull of a New-Hollander. This is the skull of an ancient Greek, in which it is very large; and this is the case with almost all I have seen. The organ is larger in the Italians and the French than in the Scotch and English, and they manifest greater constructive ingenuity.

Constructiveness is sometimes large when Intellect is deficient. Thus, some of the cretins of Switzerland are employed in making watches. Dr. Rush mentions two cases in which a talent for design had unfolded itself during a fit of insanity. And he adds, that there is no insane hospital in which examples are not found of constructive talent suddenly developing itself during their insane condition.

The natural language of Constructiveness is to turn the head sidewise, in the direction of the organ. Dr. Spurzheim remarked that women in whom it is large, when entering a milliner's shop turn their heads on one side toward the article they are examining. I have observed that children with it large, in learning to write, move their heads with their pens, and delight in flourishing; while those with it small will hold their heads still and upright, and write stiff, plain hands. This is a hint to writing-masters to let the heads of their pupils alone, for their instinctive movement or position will best aid the mind and the hand.

*Sentiments.*—We now come to that genus of the faculties called Sentiments. Some of these are common to man and the

lower animals; others are peculiar to man. The former are styled the Inferior Sentiments: of them I shall treat first. I shall begin with

*Self-Esteem.*—This organ lies at the crown of the head just above the sagittal angle of the parietal bones. When large, the head runs upward and backward from the ear in this direction. It can be readily found by noticing that it lies on the middle line, and in the superior part of the back of the head, and never occupies any portion of the head which looks directly upward.

But for this organ, man, placed as he is in a universe of worlds, surrounded by objects vast and magnificent, would be apt to have an overwhelming idea of his own insignificance, and exclaim, despondingly, 'What is man, O Lord, that thou art mindful of him?' This organ was necessary to give him due importance in his own eyes, to impart that degree of satisfaction with self which leaves the mind open to the enjoyment of the bounties of Providence and the amenities of life; it inspires us with that confidence in our own powers which is essential to every great achievement, and even to the proper application of our faculties in the every-day business of life. Some have expressed their surprise that there should be an organ for esteeming one's self, seeing that humility is a virtue; but they forget that humility is the opposite of arrogance, not of proper self-esteem.

Gall discovered this organ by noticing the head of a beggar of extraordinary manners. This beggar was the son of a rich merchant from whom he had inherited a considerable fortune, but was so proud that he thought it beneath him to apply to business, either for the preservation of his paternal fortune or the acquisition of a new one. Gall moulded his head, and on examining it with attention found the organ of Cautiousness small, with a small head in general, but this part much developed. He pursued his inquiries and finally established the organ.

The organ is very large in this cast, which was given to me at Boston. The head, you perceive, is very long upward and backward from the ear. I was told that the gentleman whose head it represents manifests the feeling to a most ridiculous extent. Love of Approbation lies on the sides of Self-Esteem. When large it gives remarkable fullness and breadth to the upper and back part of the head. I will present some heads to you in which these two organs are in various states of development. This is the Boston head, in which Self-Esteem is large and Love of Approbation small. This is the head of Mrs. Aldin, in which Self-Esteem is small and Love of Approbation large. This is the head of the Rev. Mr. Martin, in which both organs are large. Here are three others: this is the head of an Irish soldier who shot three men; in it Self-Esteem is very large and Love of Approbation very small. This is the head of Francois Gordonnier, the French poet, in which Self-Esteem is small and Love of Approbation very large. This is the head of Sheridan, in which both organs are large. This is the head of Pope Alexander VI, in which Self-Esteem is very large; contrast it with the development in this, the head of Melancthon, in which it is small; here you perceive, too, splendid moral and intellectual regions.

The proper development of Self-Esteem is an essential element in a great character; but when too large it produces arrogance, superciliousness and selfishness, and in children pettishness and wilfulness of temper. The man of inordinate Self-Esteem sees every thing through the medium of self. He is a world unto himself, to which all things must concentrate. He is a standard to which the manners, morals and opinions of others ought, he thinks, to conform. This feeling in predominance is to a great extent the fountain of that intolerant zeal so frequently manifested by professing christians on behalf of their sectarian views. "There is no grace," says Cowper, "that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skillfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own, and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted: he has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble, and confess that God is in him of a truth, he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible, and lost forever." This is a fine description of a minister who depresses his hearers that he may himself be exalted.

There is at this time a great war going on in my own country between two religious parties, one of which has certain endowments which the other thinks it ought not to have. A minister of the established church, making a speech at one of their meetings, maintained that the true religion should be endowed; "But," said he, "it is asked, which is the true religion? I answer, ours is the true religion." This assertion, which was merely an amusing manifestation of Self-Esteem, was received with loud applause.

The person in whom this organ is too small, lacks proper self-confidence. He is often unable to pursue even a virtuous course, through diffidence of his own judgment. Inferior talents, combined with a strong endowment of Self-Esteem, are often crowned with far higher success than more splendid abilities joined with this sentiment feebly developed. Dr. Adam Smith remarks that it is better to have too much than too little of this feeling; because, if we pretend to more than we are entitled to, the world will give us credit for at least what we possess; whereas, if we pretend to less, we shall be taken at our word, and mankind will rarely have the justice to raise us to our true merit.

Self-Esteem is an essential element in *conscientiousness*. Persons in whom it is large are often found discussing the characters of others, and degrading them. It is the fancied superiority of self which produces the enjoyment of detraction. They take their neighbors down a peg that themselves may appear a peg higher. *Envy* is the result of Self-Esteem and Destructiveness. The one is offended at the superior happiness, excellence, wealth or station of others, and Destructiveness hates them for it. It is this organ which renders true the saying, 'that we always find something to console us for the misfortunes of our neighbors.' This organ is extremely active in society. In my own country the learned professions look down upon and despise the merchants as a plodding set, and the merchants look down upon the doctors and despise them for their poverty. The wholesale dealers look down upon the retail dealers, and these look down upon the handicrafts—and the men of title look down upon and despise all. These are strange fantastic tricks, from the spirit of which this country is by no means free.

Predominant Self-Esteem is a foe to advancement, rendering men quite satisfied with themselves, and with whatever belongs to them. An eminent phrenologist sailed as a passenger from the Clyde to a foreign port. In the captain of the vessel Self-Esteem was very large, and Reflection and Conscientiousness deficient. He said that when he first saw this vessel he estimated her very lightly, but that after commanding her a while he thought her the best ship belonging to the Clyde. This was evidently because she had become his vessel. Madame de Staël describes the effect of inordinate Self-Esteem on even a powerful mind. 'He spent his time,' she remarks, 'in admiring the astonishing magnificence of his own abilities and attainments.' This organ and Benevolence large, give a solemn, good-natured, patronizing air. Men possessing this combination are apt to address others with the epithets, 'My good sir,' 'My good fellow,' and the like.

Self-Esteem is large in the North American Indians, who are remarkable for pride and personal dignity. It is large in the English and Americans, and is the foundation of that love of liberty which characterizes this arrogant and turbulent race. It is large in the Hindoos, who think themselves the wisest people in the world, but have no other quality that inspires love of liberty. It produces that egotism, that proneness to use the emphatic *I*—'*I* did this; *I* said that'—which characterizes the discourse of some people. During the wars of the French revolution, when the British nation were struggling for existence against all Europe, excluded from the continent, and mostly confined to their island, their patriotism was invoked in all modes, and their Self-Esteem continually stimulated. They thus learned to consider themselves the only civilized people in the world, and were greatly astonished on visiting the continent after the peace, to find any great, good and amiable quality as abundant elsewhere as at home.

Self-Esteem often restrains men from forming improper connections; it inspires with the dislike of every thing mean and contemptible in behavior. Combined with Acquisitiveness and small Benevolence, it produces a disposition to acquire and keep property, and make misers; with Acquisitiveness, Love of Approbation, Ideality and Form, it leads people to collect and exhibit statues; with these and Color, to collections of paintings; with Acquisitiveness, Love of Approbation, and Eventuality,

with a passion for uniques. It has been said that but three farthings were coined during Queen Ann's reign. This combination would prompt its possessor to give one hundred pounds for one of these farthings, and one thousand if the other two were destroyed.

Self-Esteem is the foundation of that love of distinction and of titles which is so common in my own country, and from which this country is by no means free.

When diseased, the organ leads the patients to consider themselves great personages, as kings, queens, generals, great poets, or even as God himself. It is larger in men than women; and the former are more liable than the latter to insanity from pride. Its natural language is a strut in the gait, a lofty carriage of the head, and a repulsive manner and tone of voice. When much excited, it draws the head back. You see the natural language expressed in the most striking manner in this caricature of Louis XVIII. It was printed at the time that there was a contention between this king and the people about a charter. The French, very reasonably in my opinion, thought that France belonged to them, and that they had a right to form their own charter. Louis thought that France belonged to him, and he out of the plenitude of his condescension would bestow a charter upon them. They revenged themselves by drawing him in this attitude with about as much contempt in his face and manner as if he were giving to a dog a bone. I mentioned, that before the Rev. Edward Irving became distinguished, in fact while he was yet a student, I examined his head and found very large Self-Esteem and Wonder. This represents him in the pulpit: you see he is drawn back in the attitude of self-importance. It is easy to perceive that he is winding up a period in which he tells his hearers that he has done his duty, and that if they will go to perdition, their blood will be on their own head. Here is the full-length portrait of a lady: her erect and composed attitude indicates the presence of this organ. At the close of a battle between two cocks, you see the abasement and exaltation of this organ. The one slinks away with his head down, and the other stretches up his head and proudly struts while issuing a victorious crow. Self-abasement bows the head into a direction contrary to that of Self-Esteem, as in this beautiful representation of our Saviour, who is supposed to be saying: 'Thy will be done.'

*Love of Approbation.*—I have pointed out the direction of this organ, and presented to you a number of specimens. Dr. Gall met with a woman in a lunatic asylum who fancied herself the Queen of France. He expected to find the region of Self-Esteem largely developed, but instead there was a distinct hollow and a large round protuberance on each side. This at first caused him much embarrassment. But he soon perceived that this woman's insanity differed much from that of men alienated through pride. The latter affected a masculine majesty, and were grave, calm, imperious, elevated, arrogant. This woman, on the contrary, manifested a restless frivolity, an inexhaustible talkativeness, affected forwardness, eagerness to announce high birth and boundless riches, promises of favor and honor. She solicited attention, and strove by every means to obtain admiration. From that time he perceived the difference between Self-Esteem and Love of Approbation.

Love of Approbation is the drill-sergeant of society, and admonishes us when we depart too widely from the line of march of our fellows. It is the butt, too, on which wit strikes, and which enables ridicule to shame us out of faults and improprieties. When excessive, it craves for compliments, and is the enemy to independence. It is led by fashion, and ever asks, before adopting a course of conduct, what will the world think of it? A person in whom it is excessive, gives openly, that he may receive praise. He feels rebuffs keenly, and a thousand things occasion excessive pain which pass over one in whom Self-Esteem is large without exciting attention. In the French, Love of Approbation is predominant, and they think the English cold, haughty and arrogant. In the English, Self-Esteem is predominant, and they think the French low-spirited, fawning and trifling.

Love of Approbation combined with Benevolence, produces politeness and desire to please; with Self-Esteem, love of fame; with Alimentiveness, it leads men to boast of feats in eating and drinking, producing the *four-bottle* men, whom Lord Chesterfield in *charity* calls *liars*, because, if he believed them, he should call them beasts. Combined with Ideality without large Intellect, it produces love of dress and ornament, and ambition to lead the fashions; with Ideality and Constructiveness, love of



works of art. Combined with Language, it produces a fondness for composition, for love of fame as an author; with Acquisitiveness, it produces admiration of wealth; with Combativeness, and an otherwise low organization, it forms the *bully*, who loves to be considered the best fighter in his neighborhood. The organ is very large in the American Indians; and the love of decorations and ornaments, whether these consist of stars, garters and medals, or of tattooed faces, bored noses and eagles' feathers, springs from it. We find some men who are apt to captivate us very quickly by their attentive and respectful manner, but we often find in a while that all is not gold that glitters. We learn that all their attentions are bestowed for the purpose of obtaining approbation and praise for themselves.

Dr. Gall draws with great accuracy the distinction between Pride, which is an abuse of Self-Esteem, and Vanity, which is an abuse of the organ of which we are now treating. "The proud man," says he, "is imbued with a sentiment of his own superior merit, and from the summit of his grandeur, treats with contempt or indifference all other mortals; the vain man attaches the utmost importance to the opinions entertained of him by others, and seeks with eagerness to gain their approbation. The proud man expects the world will come to him and acknowledge his merit; the vain man knocks at every door to draw attention toward him, and supplicates for the smallest portion of honor. The proud man despises those marks of distinction which on the vain confer the most perfect delight. The proud man is disgusted by indiscreet eulogiums; the vain man inhales with ecstasy the incense of flattery, although profusely offered, and with no very skilful hand."

The diversified forms in which its activity appears are well exposed in the following lines of Young's 'Love of Fame':

'The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,  
Reigns more or less in every human heart:  
The proud, to gain it, toil on toil endure;  
The modest shun it but to make it sure.  
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells—  
Now trims the midnight lamp in college-cells;  
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads;  
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades;  
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head—  
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead—  
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,  
Adorns our hearse, and flutters on our tombs.'

This passage is imbued with the very soul and spirit of the faculty.

This faculty is too much cultivated in education, by being almost universally appealed to as the chief stimulus to exertion and good behavior. It is only where improper subjects are taught, or proper ones are taught improperly, that such an appeal is required. In excessive activity it prompts to the equivocation, 'not at home,' when the person is otherwise engaged. It, as well as Self-Esteem, prompts to the use of the first person: but its tone is that of courteous solicitation, while that of Self-Esteem is arrogant and presumptuous.

When this organ is deficient, the individual cares little for the opinion of others; and if the selfish propensities predominate, the combination produces what are called 'impracticable' men, whose whole feelings are concentrated on self. Rebuffs and indignities never affect them. Free from restraints of delicacy, they practise upon the benevolence, the friendship, the interest of others, and often achieve their ends in spite of obstacles which to a sensitive mind would have been insurmountable.

We have in our country an interesting class, called dandies, which I perceive you are not without. In these, Love of Approbation is, in general, predominant; and I have almost always found them, at bottom, to be polite, obliging, and good-natured. This faculty is, however, more active in women than in men, and a greater number of them become insane from this feeling.

The natural language of this feeling is to carry the head backward, and a little to the side; it imparts to the voice a soft, soliciting tone, clothes the countenance in smiles, and produces in the lips that elegant line of beauty which resembles Apollo's bow. You see the natural language well manifested in this drawing. A lady, after I had delivered this lecture on one occasion, told me that she was surprised at my considering women more vain than men, when the latter might be seen with long, curled hair, their heads turned to one side, and a little cocked upward, walking about in the most affected manner. I mention this, that both sides may be heard.

A young lady, a relative of my own, went to a boarding-school, the governess of which was very particular about the manners of her pupils; and among other things, she taught the young ladies that they were to lean their heads over the left shoulder. In my young relative, Self-Esteem and Firmness were rather large, and consequently it was natural for her to hold her head erect. She did her best, however, to follow directions; but after sitting for some time with her head on one side, she took a kink in her neck, and had to resume her natural position. She would then get a scolding, would again try to hold her head in the required position, but the kink would again come; and finally the governess gave up the attempt, remarking that she got on very well in every thing else, but that she was excessively awkward and incorrigibly vulgar. I subsequently saw this lady, and remarked that in her head Love of Approbation was enormous, and that she naturally threw her head in this position; and because it was natural to her, she conceived it to be the beau ideal of graceful position.

**Cautiousness.**—This organ is situated near the middle of the parietal bone, where ossification generally commences, beneath what are called the parietal protuberances. Compare these skulls: This was picked up on the plain of Waterloo; you see that it seems truncated. This is a common Scotch female skull, in which it is very large. In this, the skull of a Cingalese boy, the size is immense.

This organ is the fountain of fear, or the instinct of self-preservation. Gall was struck by the extreme irresolution of a clergyman of Vienna, who could never decide upon anything. A few days afterward, at an examination of a public school, this clergyman sat beside a Counsellor of State, of the same irresolute character, and so proverbial for his indecision as to have received the nick-name of *Cacadubio*. Dr. Gall sat immediately behind them, and observed the great projection of their heads in this region. Conceiving that Indecision and Circumspection might be connected with this particular part of the brain, he pursued his investigations, and soon verified his conjecture.

Fear appears to me to be the primitive feeling of this organ. Fear cannot be the absence of courage, as it is a positive emotion, which the negation of a quality cannot produce. The tendency of this sentiment is to make the individual apprehend danger, to make him keep a constant look-out, to hesitate before he acts, and to look to consequences, that he may be assured of safety. A full development is essential to a prudent character.

When the organ is too large, it produces a wavering, doubting, undecided disposition, and may occasion an absolute incapacity for vigorous and decided conduct. A great and involuntary activity of it constitutes *panic*, in which the mind is hurried away by an irresistible emotion of fear. I have noticed that it is almost invariably large in children, and we must all admire this providential arrangement. It is a guardian better than fifty nurses, and the place of which no external care can supply. A boy of six years of age, in whom it was very small, took off his clothes, and was about to jump into an old quarry full of water after his cap, which had been blown into it, when he was stopped by a passer-by. His mother was continually in alarm about him; danger he seemed incapable of comprehending. The boy subsequently died; and the mother, after the first emotions of grief were over, expressed her thankfulness that he had passed away.

When this organ is small, and Hope large, the future seems full of joy and gladness; there is a confident looking forward for brilliant success, with, too often, a neglect of the means of success. A person so organized seems to think that all desirable things will come unsought. He is subject, however, to keen visitations of disappointment; Hope does not fulfil her promises, and a pang follows. Elasticity is, however, soon regained, another alluring object presents itself, which, in its turn, eludes the grasp.

When Cautiousness is large and Hope small, the present cannot be enjoyed, on account of fearful forebodings. The future seems dark and cheerless, and evils are suffered by anticipation which are never realized in fact.

It may be diseased; in fact, in the old country it is more often diseased than any other organ. When it is so, it gives most fearful apprehensions. A lady, in whom it was morbidly affected, rose thirteen times in one night to see if her children were alive. In this case, Philoprogenitiveness also was large. When the

organ is in this diseased condition, people often try to laugh the patient out of the notion. They might as well try to laugh them out of the tooth-ache. The rational way is to subject him to a course of moral and physical treatment adapted to the peculiarities of his case.

In Dr. Dodd, who was executed for forgery, this organ, as you perceive, is very small. Compare it with this of the Rev. Mr. Martin, or this of king Robert Bruce. Dr. Dodd committed forgery on the Earl of Chesterfield. He was brought up for examination privately, and his case excited very painful sensations. All the persons got up and went out of the room, in which there was a fire, leaving Dr. Dodd with the papers by which alone he could be convicted, hoping that he would destroy them; but on their return they found, with horror and surprise, that he had not done so.

In many animals, this region is found in a state of high activity, and is always larger in the female than in the male. This was noticed by Gall, and is corroborated by Captain Franklin and others. This organ is large in the Hindoos, who, with Combativeness small, are remarkably timid; and in the North American Indians, who, with large Destructiveness and small Combativeness, make war by stratagem. It was small in the skull of the soldier in New Holland who killed and ate seven men. When combined with large Vitativeness, it produces habitual fear of death. Combined with large Acquisitiveness and Self-Esteem, it produces general caution and slowness in business; the individual saves, and is content with small and secure profits. If Cautiousness be small and Acquisitiveness large, the consequence is rash speculation. When large in children, it is, as I before remarked, better than fifty keepers. A lady was very apprehensive for her little son, who had a disposition to climb and perform other feats of activity. Perceiving his Love of Approbation and Cautiousness large, I told her that the boy performed his feats to gratify the first, and would not undertake them unless observed. Therefore her remedy was to let him alone, for his Cautiousness would guard him from danger.

This organ is larger in the English than the Turkish head. Mr. Forster, who was travelling in disguise through Turkey, was detected by a Georgian merchant, by the superior development of this part in Mr. Forster's head to that of the Turkish. Dr. Brown speaks of *Melancholy* as a primitive emotion. This is an abuse of the faculty.

Suicides have generally this organ and Destructiveness large, and Hope small. Cautiousness, when stimulated to excess, gives rise to intense melancholy, anguish and anxiety; and by thus rendering life extremely miserable, it indirectly prompts to this result. Let no one suppose suicide to result from mere error of judgment. It proceeds from internal and involuntary feelings of a diseased nature, the misery and torment of which, he who has never felt them cannot accurately conceive. I once knew a case from this combination: large Self-Esteem, Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Firmness. The suicide was a boy of thirteen years of age, whose brother, after trying various other modes of reclaiming him from vicious conduct, had severely beaten him. The boy, seeing no other mode of revenge, hanged himself; and so firm was his resolve, that he kept his legs drawn up to the body, lest they might touch the floor.

This faculty gives a tendency to open the eyes wide, to roll the eye-balls sideways, and to turn the head from side to side. From this arises the term *Circumspection*. A hare surprised in the field, setting on its hind legs, its eyes open, and its head moving to and fro, is a fine emblem of this expression. The language of Destructiveness, Secretiveness and Cautiousness, is well expressed by Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Lord of the Isles':

"For evil seemed that old man's eye—  
Dark and designing, fierce, yet shy;  
Still, he avoided forward look,  
But slow and circumspectly took  
A circling, never-ceasing glance,  
By doubt and cunning marked at once,  
Which shot a mischief-boding ray  
From under eye-brows shagged and gray."

#### HINTS.

Study ease of accent, attitude, gesture; and it will at length become what is called second nature.

Politeness is the shadow of kindness, but the shadow is worth nothing without the substance. C.

#### NATIONAL MELODIES OF AMERICA;

The poetry by George P. Morris, Esq., adapted and arranged by Chas. E. Horn. Part I. New York, Davis & Horn: 1839.

Men whose energies have been successfully directed to the development of our mental or physical resources, to bring into action the elements of prosperity, and in advancing their country in the scale of nations,—seldom fail to receive their reward. Fame and emolument are the certain fruit of exertions, the results of which are seen in national greatness and individual wealth. But labors, the tendency of which is to elevate and refine, to add to our domestic enjoyments and cheer our solitude, are often treated with contempt while they awaken our sympathies, and held up as frivolous while they excite our admiration. The accumulation of wealth and its attendant honors, hold out the greatest incentive to the exertion of our powers. The quiet and unobtrusive student glides unnoticed through the crowd, and the satisfaction which arises from his success is too often the only reward for years of great exertion and weary solicitude. The influence which he exercises is unseen in its operation and silent and slow in its progress. He rears no imposing monument to perpetuate his fame, his only road to distinction lies through the intricate mazes of popular favor, and he often passes through life unrewarded and neglected, leaving to his heirs the fruits of his labors, and to posterity the vindication of his name.

When we consider how little we know of the origin of many of the sublimest productions which the genius of the past has bequeathed us, and of those gifted minds whose inspiration has opened for us a path into the regions of fancy, it is natural to inquire how far we are indebted to contemporary writers for those sources of pure and elevated enjoyment, and to award to them the full measure of our admiration and homage. Many productions, the result of humorous whim or fitful inspiration, have served their purpose when they have been read, laughed at or admired, and then are numbered with "the things that were." But the works of true genius bear within themselves the elements of perpetuity, they become incorporated with the national mind, and give a tone to its exercise, whether for utility or amusement.

It is such works as address themselves to our finer feelings, like the songs before us, that possess this distinguished preëminence. They are touching and pathetic, and strike the chord of our dearest sympathies. Possessed of no exotic grandeur or dazzling brilliancy, they are simple flowers scattered by the waysides of life, whose modest and unassuming beauty charm and variegates the paths of our existence. On that account they are, as they ought to be, treasured and admired. Some of them are already familiar to the lovers of sweet poetry; the airs to which they are adapted, are purely national. It is as a national work that they appear before us, and in that light they demand an extended notice.

In his preface to these melodies, Mr. Horn has so happily illustrated their origin and progress, that we cannot do better than lay it before our readers. He says:



"In the spring of 1837, my professional engagements induced me to visit the enterprising and hospitable city of Natchez on the Mississippi, where first I heard the melodies of the South, sung, danced and accompanied on the banjo and violin by the negroes of the different plantations; and in this section of the country alone, can they be heard with their own peculiar expression of joyousness and melancholy, unaffected by the amalgamation of what is termed science and taste, which, if too lavishly introduced, destroys all national music; feeling being its only requisite. Simple national feeling constitutes its sole charm.

"Here first I heard '*As I was gow'en down Shinbone Alley*,' sung by one of the negro boys with its native simplicity. He was called in to give a specimen of this kind of song; he had an interesting voice, was about nine years of age, and when the line occurred '*He took his gun and shot de nigger*,' he gave such a melancholy turn, in place of the comic humor I had usually heard thrown into it, that I felt assured, a pathetic and mournful song might not only be made of *this*, but also of many other airs I had heard in the course of my journey. I had often set to music, words selected from the newspapers, but without any knowledge of their authors; amongst these were some written by General Morris, with whom, circumstances at a more recent period made me acquainted, and established a friendship between us of which I am proud, and which has given me more pleasure than it is proper for me here to express; suffice it to say, I described to him the impression these songs had made upon me, and also stated that my esteemed friend, Dr. Robinson, of Petersburg, Virginia, (a true lover of native melody) coincided with me on this subject, namely, as to the effect which might be produced by adapting pathetic words to these melodies. I requested General Morris to assist me in redeeming these beautiful refrains from neglect, particularly the one entitled '*Long time ago*.' The proposition to transform *this* into a plaintive song and still retain the burthen, at first startled him; he had little confidence in his subject, fearing it would never command a serious listener after Mr. Rice's '*Shinbone Alley*;' but, with his usual kindness and good nature, he cheerfully commenced his task—with what success, the thousands of copies sold, and the number of editions it has gone through, can best testify. His predictions to a certain extent were true; for some time after its introduction to the public by Mrs. Horn, (for whom it was written and adapted,) when she arrived at the line '*Long time ago*,' it elicited a general smile, but at the conclusion of her song, she left her auditors with tears in their eyes, and a universal demand for a repetition, arising purely from the expression of the words and music. This was the result of the first experiment, *The Southern Refrain*.

"*The Northern Refrain*, (the second number of the series) has nothing national in it except the words and burthen. It is the wild and singular cry, or carol, of the sweeps about the city of New York. The national anthem of '*God save the King*,' had its origin from as humble a source, and although it has now as many claimants as *Junius*, it was originally sung about the streets of London in a similar way. '*De Tanti Palpiti*,' it is said, was suggested to *Rossini*, by hearing a fisher-woman in the market carol the subject, or refrain, while attending her stall.

"With these examples before me, I shall offer no apology for introducing the untutored strains of the lowly, into the drawing-rooms of the accomplished and fashionable. It is a curious fact, that the airs of the South partake greatly of the Scotch character, particularly one called '*Natchez under the Hill*.' This is not to be wondered at, however, when it is remembered that every second or third planter in that section of the United States, is either a *Mac* or a *Dunbar*. I cannot here omit to remark, that from these gentlemen generally, I received much hospitality, and derived a great deal of information.

"My present object is to bring into notice these melodies, which have long been neglected by others more capable perhaps, than myself, of doing them justice. In publishing this part of the series I look forward with confidence to that degree of encouragement which may enable me to continue them. I have endeavored to add something of value to the lyrical stores of this country; if I have succeeded (with the assistance of General Morris, who has so obligingly aided me in the cause) I have attained my object.

"Should the rigid critic complain that I have, in one or two instances, taken liberties with the originality of the melody, a little

examination will convince him that I have done so with scrupulous care, and in no case where it could possibly be avoided.

"With these remarks this *First Part* of the series of '*National Melodies of America*,' is respectfully submitted to the public, by theirs, obediently,

CHARLES EDWARD HORN."

"*Long time ago*," the first of the series, has been some time before the public. Its popularity has ceased to be a matter of question, if any doubt of its excellence ever existed. As a poetical gem, it is the purest and most perfect that we have ever read, if we except "*Woodman, spare that tree!*" by the same author. Its pathos and tenderness are in exquisite keeping with its plaintive burthen, and the sensibilities awakened by the melody, chime harmoniously with the tale of sorrow which the words unfold.

Near the lake where droop'd the willow,  
Long time ago!  
Where the rock threw back the billow,  
Brighter than snow;  
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherish'd,  
By high and low;  
But with autumn's leaf she perish'd,  
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,  
Long time ago!  
Bee and bird and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know!  
While to my fond words she listen'd,  
Murmuring low,  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glisten'd,  
Long time ago!

Mingled were our hearts forever!  
Long time ago!  
Can I now forget her?—Never!—  
No, lost one, no!  
To her grave these tears are given,  
Ever to flow;  
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,  
Long time ago!

The characteristics of General Morris's poetry are chastened fervor and natural pathos, without the meretricious sweetness which surfeits and sickens. He lays the lowliest and loveliest feelings of our nature open before us in unadorned beauty, and therein lies the charm of his writings. His muse delights to portray the silent and unseen workings of the heart, and those emotions "that lie too deep for tears."

Of the "*Northern Refrain*," we are told that "Mrs. Horn, on her arrival in this country, was delighted with the originality and touching simplicity of the morning carol of the New York sweeps. This she committed to memory, when it occurred to her that a new melody might be so arranged as to terminate each verse with that curious musical gem. To her husband she committed the task, and the result is a production of exquisite delicacy and sweetness. General Morris furnished the words, which were written in strict accordance with the lady's wishes; and the composer and writer have done their utmost to embody *her thought*. This little *bijou* is sung by Mrs. Horn in a manner peculiarly her own. On one occasion it elicited a *triple* encore, and produced a sensation seldom witnessed in a concert-room. The song has since become fashionable, and the carol that we had been accustomed to disregard when sung from the chimney-tops by the poor sweeps, is now warbled to admiring listeners, by fair

and gentle ladies in the drawing-room! None but a man of genius like Horn could have wrought this change, or have so managed his subject as not to render it nonsensical, considering that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. In the present instance, Mr. Horn has produced a musical novelty that cannot fail to be universally popular, at least among the good inhabitants of Gotham, whose fancy he certainly has hit."

We subjoin the words of this song; but it would be impossible for us by any combination or arrangement of letters to convey any adequate idea of the carol. We request such of our readers as have not heard a New York sweep, to draw upon their imagination for the melody.

Through the streets of New York city,  
Blithely every morn,  
I carol'd o'er my artless ditty,  
Cheerly though forlorn!  
Before the rosy light, my lay  
Was to the maids begun,  
Ere winter snows had pass'd away,  
Or smiled the summer sun.

In summer months, I'd fondly woo  
Those merry, dark-eyed girls  
With faces of the ebon hue,  
And teeth like eastern pearls!  
One vow'd my love she would repay—  
Her heart my song had won—  
When winter snows had pass'd away,  
And smiled the summer sun.

A year, alas! had scarcely flown—  
Hope beam'd but to deceive—  
Ere I was left to weep alone  
From morn till dewy eve.  
She died one dreary break of day!—  
Grief weighs my heart upon!—  
In vain the snows may pass away,  
Or smile the summer sun.

We now come to "MEETA," one of the most exquisite gems that has ever graced the tiara of the muse. Independent of the thrilling music to which it is adapted, it is a beautiful poem, rich in appropriate imagery, graceful, flowing and melodious. Nothing can be finer than the sentiment, or more chaste and delicate than the manner in which it is conveyed.

Where the ivy-vine is creeping  
Green and strong;  
In a cot sat Meeta weeping  
All night long!  
False the vows her lover plighted  
As the changing moon;  
And that fair one mourn'd—a blighted  
Rose of June!

Heaven crush the wretch inhuman  
Could betray  
Faithful, fond, confiding woman,  
Lured away  
By the star of her affection,  
By love's winning tone;  
Leaving her without protection,  
Lost and lone!

Swift the lightnings flash above her!  
Thunders roll!  
In the tempest flies her lover,  
Light of soul!  
Like the fern in frosty weather  
Droop'd that faded form!—  
Her heart and morning broke together  
In the storm!

The "*Western Refrain*" is a song of altogether a different character from those already noticed. The writer has described a band of emigrants travelling over the Alleghany mountains to the "far west," in pursuit of happiness and independence. He had a difficult task to perform, trammelled as he was by the imperative requisites of the composer, but he has acquitted himself ingenuously and with his accustomed ability. The music to the following words is spirited and life-inspiring. It has been sung at the principal theatres of the north with marked success.

Droop not, brothers!  
As we go  
O'er the mountains,  
Westward, ho!  
Under boughs of mistletoe,  
Log-huts we'll rear,  
While herds of deer and buffaloe  
Furnish the cheer!  
File o'er the mountains—steady, boys!  
For game afar  
We have our rifles ready, boys!  
Aha!  
Throw care to the winds,  
Like chaff boys!—ha!  
And join in the laugh, boys!  
Hah—hah—hah!

Cheer up, brothers!  
As we go  
O'er the mountains,  
Westward, ho!  
When we've wood and prairie-land,  
Won by our toil,  
We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,  
Lords of the soil!  
Then westward, ho! in legions, boys!  
Fair freedom's star  
Points to her sunset regions, boys!  
Aha!  
Throw care to the winds,  
Like chaff, boys!—ha!  
And join in the laugh, boys!  
Hah—hah—hah!

"*Love, honor and obey*," is in the General's best vein. This song is of the same class as "*Rosabel*," "*O would that she were here*," and the numerous other sentimental effusions to which his prolific muse has already given birth. We do not know of any thing that would come with greater sweetness from the rosy lips of a lovely maiden than the words of this song.

When Love in myrtle shades reposed—  
His bow and darts behind him slung—  
As dewy twilight round him closed,  
Lisette these numbers sung:  
"Oh, Love! thy sylvan bower  
"I'll fly, while I've the power;  
"Thy primrose way leads maids where they  
"Love, honor and obey!"

"Escape," the boy-god said, "is vain!"  
And shook the diamonds from his wings:  
"I'll bind thee captive in my train,  
"Fairest of earthly things!"  
"Go, lovely archer, go!  
"I freedom's value know:  
"Then hence away, to none I'll say  
"Love, honor and obey!"

"Speed, arrow, to thy mark!" he cried—  
Swift as a ray of light it flew!—  
Love spread his purple pinions wide,  
And faded from her view!



Joy filled that maiden's eyes—  
Twin load-stars from the skies!—  
And one bright day, her lips did say  
"Love, honor and obey!"

The last song of the series is a tale of every day occurrence in fashionable life, beautifully told! We shall not anticipate the effect of its perusal by any further remark, but lay it before our readers, leaving its intrinsic merits to speak its praise.

The moon and all her starry train,  
Were fading from the morning sky,  
When home the ball-room belle again  
Return'd, with throbbing pulse and brain,  
Flush'd cheek and tearful eye.

The plumes that danced above her brow,  
The gems that sparkled in her zone,  
The scarf of gold-wove myrtle bough,  
Were laid aside—they mock'd her now,  
When desolate and lone.

That night, how many hearts she won,—  
The reigning belle, she could not stir,  
But, like the planets round the sun,  
Her lovers followed—all but one—  
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him—marvel not  
That lady's eyes with tears were wet:  
Tho' love by man is soon forgot,  
It never yet was woman's lot  
To love and to forget!

We sat down to review these melodies, fully impressed with their importance as a national work, and with every disposition to judge impartially, how far the poet and composer had accomplished their task. Both these gentlemen are well known. We were justified from the popularity they enjoy, to expect much from their united labors, and we have not been disappointed. The neglect from which these melodies have been rescued, could not have been greater, than the discrimination, judgment and taste necessary to strip them of their crudity and grossness, and render them fitted for the exalted station in which they have been placed. But the task of the poet was of a still more difficult nature. Some, indeed the most, of our original airs, have been sung in words of an absurd character, and we all know how difficult it is to retain any influence on the mind divested of its original association, and still more to replace that association by another of a higher and altogether different description. With these remarks, we close this notice of the first part of the national melodies, trusting, that public patronage will be so far extended, as to induce the authors to persevere in their good work.

#### PERE LACHAISE.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.—*Richard II.*

Curatio funeris, conditio sepulture, pompa exequiarum, magis vivorum solatia quam subsidia mortuorum.—*St. Augustine.*

It is not my intention to present the reader with a description of this famous cemetery. It has been already the too hackneyed theme of the tourist. I would as soon think of describing Cheltenham or Saratoga. The subject has been exhausted, and there is nothing left to refresh interest or reward curiosity. Besides, the French model has already found copyists at home, and both Boston and Philadelphia can now boast of their transatlantic imitations of the celebrated spot which bears the name of the confessor of Louis the Fourteenth. The cities of the puritan and the quaker have entered the lists with the carnival metropolis of France. With the prejudices of our English stock,

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heightened by the national self-complacency for which we are proverbial, we are yet an imitative people, and ransack the earth for fashions and inventions which we sometimes exaggerate with the zeal of the neophyte.

That familiarity breeds contempt, is a saying as true as it is trite. Daily use is a sad foe to sentiment and romance; and custom soon strips off those beautiful illusions which invest certain objects with a poetical charm. Such things will not bear close or frequent inspection, much less to be handled or analysed. The experience of every one must have taught him, that time, distance, novelty, rarity, contribute more than intrinsic qualities to that mysterious interest which captivates the imagination. Who has not felt his enthusiasm for a favorite author, impaired by the admiration, real or affected, of the indiscriminating crowd, which sullies his beauties, as the delicate bloom of flowers is soiled by coarse and clumsy familiarity? What were beauty itself without the protecting veil of a chaste reserve?

The modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part.

It is stated that an omnibus now plies between Athens and the Piræus. Doubtless, this utilitarian innovation contributes much to the public convenience, and it would be hard to deprive the subjects of Bavarian Otho, whom the Bæotians themselves would have styled a barbarian, whatever his personal qualities may be: it would be cruel, I repeat, to deny the worthy denizens of the city of Minerva the hourly convenience of this popular vehicle, even *Minervâ invitâ*. Yet no scholar can think, without repugnance, of the intrusion upon such classic ground of the cockney locomotive, which must contrast so strangely with the recollections and monuments of the place; the shade of Pericles and shadow of the Parthenon. Through a dreary summer's day did I toil, on foot, along the weary road, which, traversing the *campagna di Roma*, leads from the mouth of the Tiber to the city of the Cæsars. Yet I confess, it was not without a feeling of repugnance, I afterwards learned from an enterprising American that he had corresponded with the late Cardinal Gonzalvi on the subject of establishing steamboats on the Tiber. Certainly *la route vaut bien les souvenirs*, as the Frenchman observed in a similar case, yet the feeling described is natural to every refined or cultivated mind. I should not then have selected so hackneyed a topic, had I not an object in view, which may be gathered from the following discursive remarks.

I repeat, then, I am not about to describe Père Lachaise, but to set down the impressions which it has left on the mind, after a lapse of some years. And first, I shall observe, that it is not a place which I admire, or rather, which corresponds with my taste and sentiments. It has not the soothing, contemplative tranquillity, which should hallow a spot sacred to the repose of the dead. It is not far enough removed from life; it touches the very confines of tumultuous existence; it echoes the voice of the great city, and vibrates with the pulsations of its mighty heart. It speaks too much of the world and its vanities. It savors more of the region on this side the grave, than of the awful realm, the shadowy kingdom beyond. Dust and ashes it clothes in purple and fine linen; and builds palaces

for corruption and the worm. It is a spacious necropolis—a wide city of the dead—gay, gorgeous, and glaring. With the same pomp of worldly ostentation, it has not the solemn grandeur, the dread magnificence, of the pyramid and the catacomb—gloomy memorials of “kings and counsellors of the earth, who built desolate places for themselves.”\* The soothing lines of Gray, suppressed, or rather excluded from his inimitable elegy, cannot be applied to Père Lachaise :

Lo, how the solemn calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,  
In still small accents whispering from the ground  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

It is crowded with columns, obelisks, pyramids, vases, monuments of every form and design, from the splendid mausoleum to the humble cross. Ranged in successive ranks, and constructed generally of white marble, or light-colored stone, and adorned with gay flowers and gaudy chaplets, the tombs of Père Lachaise seem rather tricked out for show, than cherished from affectionate reverence. Not that I would imply, while disapproving of the taste displayed, that its mourners are not sincere, for in spite of the common prejudice, the French are a people of strong and enduring affections. We are told that the ancients were in the habit of adorning their sepulchral monuments with gay devices and festal processions, in order to take from death that horror which their religion could neither dispel nor soothe. Pictures of beauty and images of grace withdrew the contemplation from the melancholy realities within and beneath. The French have been compared to the Greeks in temperament, and hence, perhaps, their recourse to expedients, which, if less graceful and refined, are still designed to cheat the heart with fond illusion:—vain effort to strip the grave of its terrors; for still

Keeps Death his court; and here the antic sits  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

With some exceptions, the most conspicuous monuments in Père Lachaise are those of the marshals and other dignitaries of a glorious but fleeting empire. The heroes of a hundred fields have here pitched their marble tents for an enduring sleep; the relics of uncounted conflicts are gathered in this common receptacle. The champions of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Waterloo; of the Pyramids, the Alps, and the Moscowa, repose side by side, in that profound slumber, which a voice louder than that of the clarion or the battlefield shall break on the last day. The most costly, if not magnificent monument, is that of a Russian lady of quality, and bespeaks the “love or pride” of her surviving lord, whom I saw in Florence, the impotent possessor of untold riches. He has since been deposited at her side.

Hoc quod premis \*\*\*\* habeto  
De tot agris terræ.

There are but few memorials of the *ancien régime* in Père Lachaise. It speaks more of the Chaussee d'Antin,† than of the Faubourg St. Germain.‡ Its splendor is that of the *parvenu*, the *novus homo*. It has usurped the aristocratic domain of the high priest of Louis the Grand, the monarch who built the Louvre and planted Versailles. Your banker is now lord if not noble; and the sceptre has passed from the Thuilleries to the

\* Job.

† The new quarter where the principal bankers reside.

‡ The quarter of the old noblesse.

Bourse. Among the ante-revolutionary relics are the tombs of Molière and Lafontaine—the latter appropriately surmounted by the image of a fox, sly reynard having been from time immemorial, the principal personage and hero of the apologue.

But the monument which the eye of the stranger visits with the greatest interest is the old tomb, where side by side, beneath a gothic canopy of stone, repose upon a mouldered sarcophagus, the sculptured images of Abelard and Eloisa. Rigid in attitude, in the uncouth but solemn style of the middle ages, like the mailed knights stretched at full length in the venerable church of the Templars in London, they contrast as strangely with the objects which surround them as though they were to rise from their graves, and in the habiliments of ancient days, stalk sternly through the streets of Paris. The tomb was removed from the church of the Paraclete, where their relics had reposed undisturbed for centuries, and deposited within the precincts of Père Lachaise. If not indispensable to its preservation, this was a violation of their time-honored sanctuary, which neither the heart can approve nor the taste justify. Their spirits must have been saddened by the spectacle, even though a voice came not forth from their ashes, uttering with plaintive deprecation, “Leave us, ah! leave us to repose!” Distinguished as one of the ablest polemical disputants and writers of his day, Abelard is now remembered only as the unhappy lover of the repentant though still fond Eloisa. So strong is the sympathy of human affections, that love has preserved the fame which genius could not embalm. It is consoling to know that their errors were redeemed by long years of contrition, and that breathing their last sighs in the bosom of the church, they died in the “odor of sanctity.”

But while I commemorate the great, the rich, and the famous, let me not forget the humble poor. A solitary *corbillard* approaches, with no attendant, save the sullen driver, in dark, dingy livery, and perhaps a half-famished dog, which follows with stealthy pace, the very picture of destitute fidelity. The covering is removed from a vault, or rather pit, the common receptacle of all who are interred during the day, without the means of purchasing a separate grave. Into this dreary dungeon of the dead, the miserable shell is unceremoniously cast, there to mingle and moulder with its fellows. Though sad and desolate such doom appear to the spectator, yet of how little moment to the disenthralled spirit! Death, it has been truly said, is a sad leveller, and there is no aristocracy in the grave, whatever pyramid and obelisk, storied urn or animated bust, may proclaim. “The rich and the poor meet together—the Lord is the maker of them all.”

Père Lachaise is a favorite resort of the lively population of Paris. It is without the walls, what the Thuilleries and the Luxembourg are within. It is not uncommonly the rendezvous of lovers, of some I fear who “love not wisely but too well,” an association which calls to my mind the continuous records of Cupid and Death in the newspapers. Married—Died. I have sometimes inclined to the belief, that by stripping the grave of its visible terrors and clothing it with an almost winning aspect, suicide is rendered less formidable to the mind. In no capital is this crime so common as it is in Paris, notwithstanding the popular sarcasm



upon the climate of England. If indifference to death constitute courage, then are the French the bravest of civilized people. Not to speak of the philosophy and sang froid with which they meet dissolution, in bed, in battle, or on the scaffold; nor of the fortitude or indifference displayed by the numerous victims of every age, sex and condition, in their sanguinary revolution; the frequency and mode of their suicides, show that they part lightly and readily with existence, for which they have, nevertheless, a keen relish. The dreadful act is often performed with a sort of dramatic preparation or romantic incident, which can only be intended for effect. Sentimental epistles are carefully prepared for posthumous publication, and some mode of exit selected which is considered distinguished or picturesque. The most approved and fashionable, is to obtain the company of a lady for the last journey, who must, by no means, however, be the wife of the gentleman, as that would be considered in very bad taste. The party then cast themselves down from an upper story, or take prussic acid, or inhale carbonic gas, or perhaps stab themselves or each other with a poniard, borrowed for the occasion from the theatre. I have now a Paris paper before me, which states, that on the day before, a well dressed gentleman threw himself headlong from the lofty *Arc de l'Etoile*, and his body was taken up and carried to the Morgue. The son of an eminent French *savant* shut himself up in his chamber and inhaled the fumes of charcoal, recording his sensations until the pen dropped from his hand, leaving the last word unfinished. A story is told of two genteel looking young men, who called at a fashionable restaurateur's in Paris, and very deliberately ordered a sumptuous repast, to be served up in a private apartment. After they had eaten and drunk of the best, with great appetite and apparent glee, they requested to be left alone. Curiosity was at last excited by their long silence, when upon entering the room they were both found dying or dead, having taken poison. The bill was settled by paying the debt of nature.

These are a few examples out of many which might be cited. A curious book, would be a history of modern French suicides. Morbid vanity, a spurious philosophy, disappointed or criminal love, thwarted ambition, losses at play—these are among the principal inducements to self-immolation in France. In England, both the motive and manner are widely different. There, melancholy, *tædium vitæ*, reverses of fortune, &c., are the chief inducements. The Englishman too, selects a less poetical mode of destroying himself. He is intent upon the act alone, and not upon the impression which it is to make upon the public. He takes ratsbane, or fires a pistol into his mouth, or hangs himself to the bedpost, or drowns himself in a horsepond. He dies because he is tired of life, or has not the means of living, or because it is his humor, but not for effect—to get into the newspapers.

There is one day in the year, called from that circumstance *le jour des morts*, when crowds visit Père Lachaise, for the ostensible purpose of doing honor to the departed, whose tombs are then freshly adorned with chaplets of flowers and wreaths of *immortelles*. There is something in such a custom too public, artificial and dramatic, for a purpose so sacred and solemn. Genuine grief does not obtrude itself upon the public

gaze, but covets solitude, or, at most, the sympathy of tried friendship. It does not, as has, I think, been observed, bargain at the public gate, for a garland of artificial flowers, and then hang it perhaps, by proxy, upon the tomb of parent, wife or child. On such occasions, however, I suppose, the real mourners are not found among the crowd, or at least form but a small number. Hundreds are attracted to the place by curiosity, custom, or the thirst for pleasure or excitement. The day is regarded as a fête, and is celebrated by many with the thoughtless gaiety which characterizes that of Versailles or St. Cloud. All is motion, bustle and glare. Groups of gaily dressed people, chiefly of the middle classes, *les badauds de Paris*, throng the vast cemetery, which does not present an aspect either mournful or solemn. Venders of refreshments and other trifling objects, line the outside of the wall and the narrow street inhabited by the lapidary artists, vexing the air with their shrill, discordant cries. There is a harsh, grating sound of the world, and its vulgarest vanities, which harmonizes ill with the valley of the shadow of death. The scene may be fair to the eye, but it is not soothing to the heart. It brings to mind Holbein's Dance of Death, or the cholera *galoppades*. "*Carpe diem!*" "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," seems to be the prevailing sentiment. It is a hollow, thoughtless, aching gaiety.\* It recalls the last carouse of the suicide, the sardonic grin of death, the Egyptian banquet in the presence of a skeleton. The apparent absence, too, of religious feeling, is chilling to a mind not trained in the schools of a skeptical philosophy. You feel, as though, for the gay, thoughtless multitude assembled here, life and immortality had not been brought to light. Notwithstanding the chapel which crowns the hill, the *ora pro nobis* and *resurgam* often inscribed upon the humbler monuments, the hope of a future life, is not the sentiment which predominates in Père Lachaise. "This is the place of eternal sleep," though no longer written upon its portals, is still, it is to be feared, inscribed upon the hearts of many who enter its gates. Turn we from the gorgeous trappings and gay masquerade of this carnival of death, to the consoling faith expressed in these simple lines of a religious poet:

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
The reasoning sons of men,  
From one oblivious winter called,  
Shall rise and breathe again;  
And in eternal summer lose  
Our threescore years and ten.

From such a scene the heart reverts with melancholy pleasure to the holy calm, the soothing tranquillity of the village churchyard, where the yew, the cypress and the holly, planted by the hand of nature or well-imitating art, overshadow the humble dwellings of mortality, moistened by the tears and decked by the care of silent, unobtrusive affection; where stillness abides as in a sanctuary, and the air is fragrant with the pure breath of the rose, the violet, and the eglantine. Such a one is now pictured to me by memory, where, a visionary boy, I often sauntered with pensive meditation. It is seated upon the brow of a gentle eminence, gra-

\*These remarks are not intended to apply to the French generally, for whom the writer entertains a high respect; but are simply expressive of the impressions left by Père Lachaise.

dually declining on one side, while on the other it descends abruptly to a wood-fringed rivulet, whose presence is revealed by one unvaried sound of plaintive murmur, that seems the natural voice of solitude—where sleep the forefathers, simple but not rude, of the hamlet,—their modest tombs almost hid by tufted grass and creeping wild-flower, are scattered in graceful disorder to the edge of a dense grove of cedars, whose solemn foliage harmonizes well with the scene and the emotions which it awakens.

A pillar'd shade,  
Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
Perennially, beneath whose sable roof  
Of boughs \*\*\*\*\* ghostly shapes  
Might meet at noontide; Fear and trembling Hope,  
Silence and Foresight—Death the skeleton  
And Time the shadow—there to celebrate  
As in a natural temple, scattered o'er  
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
United worship.

As an interesting incident illustrative of French enthusiasm, connected with my recollections of Père Lachaise, it may not be inappropriate to introduce a short account of the obsequies of the celebrated Talma, which I witnessed. The great tragedian had refused, during his last illness, to receive the visits of the archbishop of Paris, who was anxious that he should die reconciled with the church—and, with that view, made the most strenuous and persevering efforts. In explanation, however, it must be observed, that it was necessary Talma should make a solemn renunciation of a profession which is without the pale of catholic communion. Talma refused, as he declared, to stigmatize, by the last act of his life, his professional brethren and the art which had bestowed upon him fortune and renown. This courageous resolution, at a moment when fortitude is most difficult, endeared him the more to a people who were at that time animated against the church with all the fervor of political zeal. The rites of religion being withheld from his obsequies, it was accordingly determined to indemnify his memory, by a splendid popular pageant. Thousands followed, with uncovered heads and in solemn silence, the nodding plumes of the magnificent hearse, as it wended slowly along the extended line of the boulevards. The coffin was covered by a rich pall, upon which were placed, as emblems of his art and fame, the toga, the poniard and the laurel crown. Never did I witness in a crowd such solemnity and reverence. Had the air been rent by thousand acclamations, they could not have equalled the enthusiasm of the profound stillness which prevailed. It was like the march of an army without banner, trumpet or drum. As the procession advanced, its numbers constantly augmented, until, far as the eye could reach, stretched one dense, moving mass. Upon reaching the gate of the cemetery, the coffin was taken from the car, and borne, as in triumph, to the spot prepared for its reception. The spectacle resembled an apotheosis rather than a funeral. The contiguous ground was occupied by a multitude anxious to do reverence to the remains of the great tragedian, the pride of France, who was mourned as a national loss. Talma had been the friend and the favorite of Napoleon, and the recollections of the glories of the empire were associated with the scene. Orations were delivered at the grave by

several authors and professional brethren, who all bore high and touching testimony to his genius and merits. The spectacle was truly French, yet it was imposing, and I confess that I caught no small portion of the common enthusiasm. It was, indeed, a solemn scenic representation, and was an appropriate termination of the career of this unrivalled master of the tragic art.

I must now exercise my rambling privilege, by taking the reader, if he will accompany me, to Rome, where I witnessed a funeral ceremony equally curious, though very different from the one which has just been described. Strolling one afternoon through the streets of the ancient capital of the world, without any object save the gratification of a vague curiosity, the shades of evening began to fall while I was yet distant from the quarter where I lodged. Just as I was about to turn my steps homeward, my ear was saluted by a strange, wailing sound, which seemed to proceed from afar. It approached, however, rapidly, and I had not waited long before a singular procession emerged from an adjoining street. A coffin, borne on the shoulders of men who had advanced with a rapid step, was followed by a long train of monks, cowed to the chin, with apertures for breath and sight. Each held aloft a torch, which flared wildly as they went, uttering a muffled, melancholy chant. Their dark livery, masked visages, hurried gait, glaring torches, and wailing, lugubrious tones, combined to impress me with a feeling bordering on fear. It was a scene worthy of the pen of Goethe, or the pencil of Reitsch. The witches in Macbeth could not have presented a more fiendish aspect upon their barren heath, or dancing around their cauldron of hell-broth. I almost imagined, that a troop of howling demons were dragging some miserable victim to the black abyss. Impelled, however, by a feeling stronger than mere curiosity, I followed the ghostly procession until we entered together an old church in the neighborhood of the Parts del Popolo. Here the monks performed a brief service, in the same hurried manner and muttering tones. They then retired, leaving the coffin in the hands of the officers of the church, who, carrying it into an adjoining apartment, lifted a stone trap from the floor, and plunged it headlong into the yawning vault. A loud crash, followed by a hollow, rumbling sound, was scarcely heard when the stone was replaced, and I came away with feelings which I shall not attempt to describe.

The summit of Père Lachaise affords, perhaps, the finest prospect of Paris, and the surrounding country. Far as the eye can reach, it wanders over a spacious plain, covered with towns and villages, crowned by the towers of St. Denis, and the battlements of Vincennes, and presenting a distant view of the ancient castle and forest of St. Germain, with other objects almost equally striking. At intervals, the winding Seine is beheld, like a silver band stretched loosely across the landscape. The prospect is pregnant with life, beauty and interest, yet calm and subdued. Immediately below spreads the mighty city, with its lofty domes, crowning towers, piercing spires, splendid palaces, dense streets and spacious gardens. Its discordant sounds and multitudinous voices are all lost in one low muffled cadence, heard remote like the murmur of a distant ocean. There stands the living, here the dead city. What an epitome of human fortune is comprised within those ample walls! What a mass of being,



what a current of life, what a stream of passion, is ever pouring through those populous streets! What a fever of existence, what a ferment of vitality! Opulence and misery, splendor and deformity, virtue and crime, innocence and corruption, age and infancy, strength and weakness, all mingle in discordant harmony.\* There the loud laugh drowns the aching sigh; here imprecations mingle with the voice of benediction; there the rich man riots in superfluous wealth; here the squalid child of poverty perishes with hunger. The monarch sits enthroned in his palace; the magistrate takes his place on the judgment seat; the criminal, crouching in his dungeon, awaits the hour of his doom; the bride arrays herself for the altar; the poverty-stricken mother sheds bitter tears over her pining little ones; vice spreads lures for the destruction of innocence; the gamester stakes his life upon a cast of the die. Love glows, avarice watches, ambition fires, revenge burns, labor toils, luxury riots. Soon the fever will subside, the tumult be hushed, the eventful drama be brought to a close. The myriads that crowd those thronged streets shall, one by one, be brought hither and laid in the dust, whose every particle will, ere long, be a fragment of mortality. The river of life which flows through those countless channels, is slowly and silently uniting its agitated currents, to lose itself forever in this vast reservoir of death! Such were the solemn reflections which stirred my spirit while gazing upon the magnificent prospect that stretches beneath and around Père Lachaise—

Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime  
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime.

Washington, D. C.

J. L. M.

## TO ———.

Being lines written in her Album, the title page of which was inscribed "A book of Flowers and Poetry."

And such thy graceful idleness!—Since last  
We met, this book of varied flowers hath grown  
Beneath thy magic pencil. Nature's gems,  
In many a tasteful wreath, are imaged forth  
With all their brilliant loveliness;—I gaze  
Upon the rare and bright conceptions which  
Have vied in doing justice to their types,  
And see in all the beauties glowing there  
Fit emblems of thy gentleness and truth.  
I seek no strained analogies;—I take  
No definitions from the hackneyed books  
That youthful misses dream on dotingly,  
And say, that this means Hope—the other, Love—  
A third bud Constancy—Beauty a fourth—  
And so, till all the floral jewelry  
Of nature be exhausted. Such task for those  
Who deal in trite, unmeaning common-places!—  
Yet if you wish to have an emblem here,  
Be it of thee;—and view in all the rare  
Similitudes of beauty pictured forth—  
Grace unadorned, and native modesty—  
That as by spring showers and the sunbeams bright,

\* Discors Concordia.—Ovid.

These denizens of nature have had birth,  
In fragrance and in simple elegance,  
So have the virtues of thy guileless mind  
Been trained in grace by gentle influences;—  
See in their purity and sweet adornment  
A proper emblem of thy beauteous self!—  
Ever as this thy recreations be!  
Let the bland lessons from the natural world  
Be teachers of your heart! Let music's spell  
Waken the tender chords of sympathy,  
And elevate the mind to noble thoughts!  
And when you thus transcribe the living flowers,  
Making them glow in freshness on your page,  
Forget not Him, who gave the Lily grace,  
The Violet perfume, and the Rose its charms;  
Forget not Him who formed thy gentle heart  
To understand—to feel—to love—to praise;—  
And should, amid the throng of holier thoughts,  
Some earthly memories steal upon your sense,  
I would you think of him who penned these simple lines.

## NEW WORKS.

Viator; or a Peep into my Note Book. By the author of A Grumbler's 'Miscellaneous Thoughts,' &c. New York; S. Colman—1839.

It is with extreme pleasure that we notice another literary work, from the pen of the gifted author of Hoffman's "Legal Outlines," and "Course of Legal Study."

It is already well known, that this gentleman has made his bow to the literary public, by the issue of "A Grumbler's Miscellaneous Thoughts;" a work which it is not our present purpose to speak of; but which, it may be said in passing, has made morality lovely—drawn knowledge from her hiding place, and reduced wisdom to apophthegms.

Viator, or a Peep into my Note Book, is a volume which is vastly more meritorious in its pages, than pretending in its title. It consists of notes on miscellaneous subjects, and deals sometimes in fact, sometimes in fiction—sometimes in didactic reflection, sometimes in fanciful conceit—has here a touching incident, and there a reminiscence of *vertu*—a graceful description in this chapter, and a metaphysical disquisition in that. It is one of the few books which, touching on many subjects, is successful in all. For in the hands of Mr. Hoffman, whatever the theme,

"Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,"

the interest is undivided, and the charm unbroken; and so much are we delighted with its perusal, that not until it is laid aside, do we discover how greatly we have been instructed. The inexhaustible fullness of Mr. Hoffman's mind, his stores of knowledge, and "wisdom hived with many a studious year"—are here familiarly and beautifully seen, and gem his teeming page, with sparkling thoughts, instructive allusions, and felicitous illustrations.

The world is becoming more liberal, as it becomes more enlightened, and is manifesting every day, a greater willingness to admit, what hitherto has with jealousy and reluctance been conceded—that to possess rare qualities of one kind, is no bar to the possession of qualities equally rare, of a different kind.

To the meed of this praise, no one can lay higher

claim than the distinguished subject of the present notice. For almost in the midst of his legal lucubrations, and at a time when the reputation of the jurist seems at its height, the public is presented with the present, and former volume, from which it appears that, whilst learning is still faithful to her favorite, the muses also have wooed his acquaintance. The mantle of the poet is cast gracefully upon the shoulders of the sage; and erudition, relieved of its nakedness, is warmed into new and glowing life, by the soul-giving fervor of imagination. Who to read the following highly wrought and poetical passage, would ever suppose that its author had been as devotedly affianced to the "Lady Common Law," as was ever Sir Edward Coke himself, the solemn godfather, and apostolical propounder of her doctrines! p. 168.

"How many latent and refined beauties—discoverable alone to the eye of taste—are spread over this land [Italy] of the clear blue empyrean; over this land of mountain snows and flowery vales; this land of the vine, the orange, the fig, and the olive! How much is the soul excited in this dominion of lavas and of subterranean fires, in this land of ancient ruins and of modern luxury, of priestly superstitions, and of classical and moral associations—the land of painters, of poets, of musicians, of architects, and of sculptors; the land of the witcheries of fancy, and the sublimities of varied genius; a land full of cascades, of grottoes, of the reminiscences of sybils, of dryads, and of nymphs; the region of the 'fell Charybdis and the howling Scylla'; a land where the sunbeams repose on the distant hills, reflecting their varied and gorgeous lights from the windows of a thousand habitations, fantastically perched on almost inaccessible cliffs, and where the twilight lingers on among the green valleys, as if reluctant to part with so much beauty, or to cloud them in the shades of night!

'Fair Italy,

Thou art the garden of the world, the home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree,  
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?  
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
More rich than other clime's fertility;  
Thy wreck of glory, and thy ruin graced  
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.' "

Or the following upon the same subject, to which the author clings with all the affectionate admiration and sorrowing sympathy of a poet. p. 41.

"All who have visited that country must, I think, have experienced the like alternations of feeling—for beauty and deformity; wealth and poverty; magnificence and meanness; adoration and profanity; piety and superstition; ignorance and learning; cleanliness and beastiality; genial sunny skies and gloomy chilling blasts; lovely women and loathsome hags, are all more strangely blended, and more frequently witnessed there, than, perhaps, in any other land!

"Italy is truly a country greatly blessed of God, and cursed of man; one to be loved and hated; sought and avoided; praised and blamed; a country that all must desire to visit, few to live and die in; a land of numerous reminiscences, quite as full of pain, as of pleasure; a land where civilized man was never greater, and yet where civilized man was never more debased; a land, in fine, where may be culled all that ennobles, and all that dishonors our species!"

But to the fine taste, and graceful fancy, thus beautifully disclosed, is superadded, whenever the subject admits of it, a fullness, a faithfulness, and a warmth, in his descriptions of material nature, which make it plainly apparent that only the attempt is wanting, to enable him to rival with his own, the productions of even the immortal Sir Walter himself.

Where one is disposed to quote a great deal, it is a hard thing to select a little; but we will not refuse our readers a partial gratification, because the space allot-

ted to us interferes with our kind wishes in his behalf to make it complete. The description and reflections which follow, are taken from the note entitled "Public Cemeteries," the result of a visit by the author to Laurel Hill Cemetery, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. p. 184.

"Not all the marble magnificence of the proud city in whose environs it is situate—her Banks and her Exchanges, nor yet the splendor of her ornate Churches, nor yet those monuments of her benevolence, her Colleges, and her Hospitals, nor her far-famed Water-works, could fill my mind with half the admiration, or enlarge my soul with a tythe of the salutary train of thoughts, as the moral beauty, the classic embellishments, and the sacred purposes of this delightful Repository of the Dead! This spot is forever dedicated to the uses of a public Cemetery, in which are to repose the wise, the good and the powerful—and possibly the simple-headed, the mere worldling, the recluse, and the half-forgotten, who are living—to be born; and to die in this now powerful and growing metropolis. It consists of an enclosed space of about thirty acres, comprising every variety of scenery, elevated in situation, and, in all respects of a proper soil. It is distant some three miles from the city, upon a wide avenue, known as the Ridge road; and in approaching it the visitor passes the Girard College, and, by a slight deflection may stop at Fairmount, the Prison, &c. &c.

"The entrance to the cemetery is by an arched portal, passing through a building of great architectural beauty, and which at once strikes the beholder as peculiarly appropriate in style and embellishment. In the front it presents an imposing colonnade of eight columns of the Roman Doric order, surmounted by a correspondent entablature; this, again, supports a ballustrade, and the whole is finished by placing immediately over the gateway a funeral urn, appropriate in its design, and beautiful as an ornament. In the portico, upon each side of the gateway, is a niche for the reception of emblematic statuary, and the whole effect of the entrance-building is made still more grand and imposing, by a continuation upon each flank of a series of lesser columns, forming a colonnade in the same general style as the building itself, and which apparently much magnifies its extent. Once inducted through this chaste and imposing portal, and pursuing his walk but a few steps, the visitor finds himself in the midst of a scene of surpassing natural beauty. Lawns of velvet turf, gravel walks stretching off every where, seemingly into the entanglements of a labyrinth; deep and impenetrable shades from lofty oaks; the tristful grace of bending willows; the perfumes of many flowers; and the melody of birds, all unite in forming a scene as truly delightful to the senses, as it is genial to those sweet tempers of the mind, which are so apt to manifest themselves in these abodes of the lamented and honored dead.

"Upon the west side of the enclosure the scene becomes indescribably beautiful. The spectator approaches over grounds nearly level, until he stands upon a bank whose precipitous sides are covered with massive rocks, time-worn and moss-grown; whilst, here and there, are seen some hardy evergreens which have thrust their roots within the clefts, and drawing thence their slender sustenance, expand above in shady trees, or in more humble shrubs. Here the kalmia delights to expand its showy blossoms, and the hemlocks, pines and spruces blend their foliage with the broader leaves of numerous other trees—whilst every little tuft of earth hanging loosely on the rocks, is garnished with flowers of various hues.

"At the foot of the precipice glides the placid Schuylkill, here widened to the dimensions of a lake, whose unruffled bosom sends back to the eye of the beholder, the reflected image of the beauties which encompass him. The whole is expressive of deep repose, rather heightened than dispelled, by the distant view of commercial activity on the opposite banks, where the passage to and fro of the canal boats gives animation to the landscapes, whilst intervening distance lends enchantment to the view, by taking from the busy stir its noise and grossness. It is this rocky hill side with its trees, its shrubbery, its numerous flowers, vines and tendrils—all of nature's own planting, that to me was the most enchanting—there, on a tiny peninsula, jutting somewhat into the river, I mused for a while, and thought that even a grave, nestled in so recluse a spot, had many charms: this, of all the rest, seemed to me the most attractive for a burial place; and indeed the whole hill-side seems



destined, at no remote day, to be the favorite spot—and, like the banks of the Nile, will spread its monuments and tombs from the water's edge to the very summits of these rocks."

But it is the rare and peculiar merit of the observant and philosophical author of *Viator*, to have adapted his writings with singular felicity to the taste of the reading public; for, the rage for novelty, so characteristic of the age, has affected the reading world in common with others. And with this trait Mr. Hoffman shows himself to be well aware. For whilst it is plain that he is determined to instruct, it is at the same time equally apparent that, he is constantly and carefully conscious, how important, and even necessary, it is that he should please. The result is that his volume abounds with such a judicious and wholesome variety, that the interest is maintained even about subtle points of criticism, or cunning speculation; and the reader pursues his employment with pleasure, and is made wiser without being weary.

Commending *Viator* once more to the reader, and hoping that the present brief introduction may induce him to prosecute further the acquaintance of its author, we respectfully give him good bye.

The Poets of America, illustrated by one of her Painters. New York: S. Colman. 1839.

We commend the custom, which is prevailing to some extent, of republishing productions of merit in the form of gift-books or annuals. It is a splendid mode of enshrining the works of genius and of giving them a circulation which, in many instances perhaps, despite their intrinsic excellence, they never would have obtained. There should be something beside tinsel and beauty and articles "*got up*" for the occasion, to recommend the Tokens and Souvenirs of the season. The *utile* should be blended with the "*dulci*;" at least, the elegance of binding, and the splendor of paper, print and engraving, should be combined with productions really meritorious and worthy of preservation. While we are willing to acknowledge that our annuals probably contain many pieces of this kind, and while we have no particular objection to seeing them, from year to year, issuing from the press, yet we think that standard and well-known works will afford a more ample and suitable opportunity for the display of taste and talent in the style, binding, illustrations, &c., than any that can be framed and moulded expressly for that purpose.

We have before us a combination of this kind—a union of taste and genius—a cluster of rich *intellectual* gems set in a splendid *material* casket. "*The Poets of America*," is a book beautiful and unique enough to be an importation from fairy land. Nay, were it not for its name, we should be uncertain now, whether it has not come to cheer an idle hour of dark November days, or amid the bleak winter, from the realm of bright winged *genti*, where the dreams of poesy are embodied, where the waters gush out beneath blue skies from fountains of crystal, and the trees drop pearls entwined with "dark and glossy leaves." But it is stamped with our country's own proud armorial bearings, and is lettered with a title which thrills a peculiar nerve of the heart. "*The Poets of America!*" She has her poets. There blooms many a flower in her green free woodlands, and many a gem sparkles by her rushing waters. And what land is there, on all this broad earth, where

the spirit of poetry should kindle so naturally as in our own

"Land of the forest and the rock,  
Of dark blue lake and mighty river"?

The lyre hangs shattered amid the desolate temples of Greece, and gray ruin has defaced column, shaft and architrave, in Rome; and where now, we ask, should poetry so naturally flow forth and become classic, as in this land where *mind is free*—where the shrines of her inspiration are the unpolluted and majestic monuments of nature, the streams that mirror heaven and its stars, the sweet, fair vallies, the eternal mountains and the rainbow-girdled cataracts? And we have produced poetry, if not of the highest order, yet of so much excellence in a brief lapse of time, that we are proud of it, and will if we go on thus, anon, have green trophies won in the fields of literature, to hang beside "the bruised arms" and the memorial marbles that are piled above the bones of our ancestors.

But we have touched upon a lofty theme, and have thus been led to indulge in a strain of remark upon which we cannot dwell, and to which, perhaps, we should not in this place have diverged. We commend the book before us to the patronage of our countrymen. In point of elegance it is well fitted to adorn a centre table, or grace a boudoir; while, containing specimens of the productions of Drake, Halleck, Sprague, Bryant, Percival, Benjamin, Sigourney, Gould, and a host of others, each in himself a host, it will form a noble addition to the library of taste and intellect. It, by no means, contains all the flowers of American poesy. We assure the reader, in the words of the editor, that "ample materials, untouched in the present work, are at hand," and we sincerely hope, with him, that "an opportunity of presenting specimens from the pens of many writers not represented in the present collection," will soon occur. He promises us, "should the reception of this volume be such as may reasonably be anticipated," "to issue another similar in character and style." We trust that his reasonable anticipations will not be disappointed.

It would be superfluous for us to enter into special criticisms here. At least whether it would be so or not, we do not intend to do so. The poems are generally, we presume, well known and well liked. Well known and well liked as they are, however, we must transfer one or two to our columns, and we wish that we could transfer, with those we select, the beautiful etchings with which they are intermingled and surrounded in the work from which we copy them.

Here is Willis's Annoyer; or Love's "*jottings*" up and down in ocean, earth and air.

Love knoweth every form of air,  
And every shape of earth,  
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,  
Like thought's mysterious birth.  
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky  
Are written with Love's words,  
And you hear his voice unceasingly,  
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart,  
From the tip of a stooping plume,  
And the serried spears and the many men  
May not deny him room.  
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,  
And be busy in his dream;

And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,  
Like a fay on a silver beam.  
He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,  
And rides on the echo back,  
And sighs, in his ear like a stirring leaf,  
And flits in his woodland track.  
The shade of the wood and the sheen of the river,  
The cloud, and the open sky—  
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,  
Like the light of your very eye.  
The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,  
And ponders the silver sea,  
For Love is under the surface hid,  
And a spell of thoughts has he.  
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,  
And speaks in the ripple low,  
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,  
And the hook hangs bare below.  
He blurs the print of the scholar's book,  
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer:  
And profanes the cell of the holy man,  
In the shape of a lady fair.  
In the darkest night, and the bright day-light,  
In earth, and sea, and sky,  
In every home of the human thought,  
Will Love be lurking nigh.

Here is one by Pierpont, sweet, indeed, as "the silvery tones of a fairy's shell."

#### PASSING AWAY—A DREAM.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,  
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—  
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell  
That he winds on the beech, so mellow and clear,  
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he, his notes as silvery quite,  
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—  
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,  
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,  
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;  
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,  
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,  
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime  
That told of the flow of the stream of time,  
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,  
And a plump little girl for a pendulum swung,  
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring  
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing,)  
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,  
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

O, how bright were the wheels, that told  
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!  
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,  
Seemed to point to the girl below.  
And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours,  
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,  
That she held in her outstretched hands and flung  
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung  
In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,  
That told me she soon was to be a bride;  
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,  
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade  
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,  
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,  
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.  
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush

Had something lost of its brilliant blush;  
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels  
That marched so calmly round above her,  
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals  
Upon Noon's hot face. Yet one could but love her,  
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay,  
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;—  
And she seemed, in the same silver tone to say,  
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!  
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:  
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,  
Yet, just as busily, swung she on;  
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;  
The wheels above her were eaten with rust.  
The hands, that over the dial swept,  
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,  
And still there came that silver tone  
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,—  
(Let me never forget till my dying day  
The tone or the burden of her lay,—)  
"Passing away! passing away!"

The Literary Souvenir—A Christmas and New Year's Present  
for 1840—Philadelphia; E. L. Carey & A. Hart.

This annual is, we believe, composed entirely of articles from the pens of W. E. Burton and Charles West Thompson, Esq's. We have read a portion of its contents and glanced at the engravings. Some of the latter are old acquaintances. "The Water Nymph," by Forrest, from Sully, forms the beautiful vignette of the work. The poetical department is supplied by Mr. Thompson, the prose by the editor. "The old Dutchman and his Long Box," is a humorous description of the adventures of an old Hollander in this new world in search of "Aamsdertaam," which he finally discovers on the banks of the Erie Canal.

"A Rummage in my Old Bureau," is an interesting article, containing the reminiscences of a Nonagenarian.

"The Canal Boat," gives a ludicrous representation of the varied scenes and manifold miseries incident to one of those almost obsolete modes of conveyance.

"A Peep at Midnight from a College Window," presents us with a group of the ghosts of some of earth's illustrious, who "revisit the glimpses of the moon," and meet, in a curious medley, in their old retreats on the banks of the classic Cam.

The longest tale in the book—"The Aeronaut's Revenge"—we have not read; and, indeed, this is intended and will be received as a hurried and passing notice, not entitled to the name or consideration of a critique.

Phantasmion—two vols. New York—S. Colman—1839.

We have received a copy of this work. It is a tale of *faery*, said to have been written by Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, only daughter of the poet. The introduction to the American edition, is by Grenville Mellen. We have read but a portion of Phantasmion, and are not prepared to criticise; but we presume that those who like, occasionally, to leave the dusty and beaten track of every-day life and to forget, for a while, the evils of "pressure" and "suspension," by roaming through the dominions of Oberon and Titania and communing with bright and airy fancies, will be gratified by a perusal.

It comes from the press in a neat style, and forms a part of Colman's Library of Romance.